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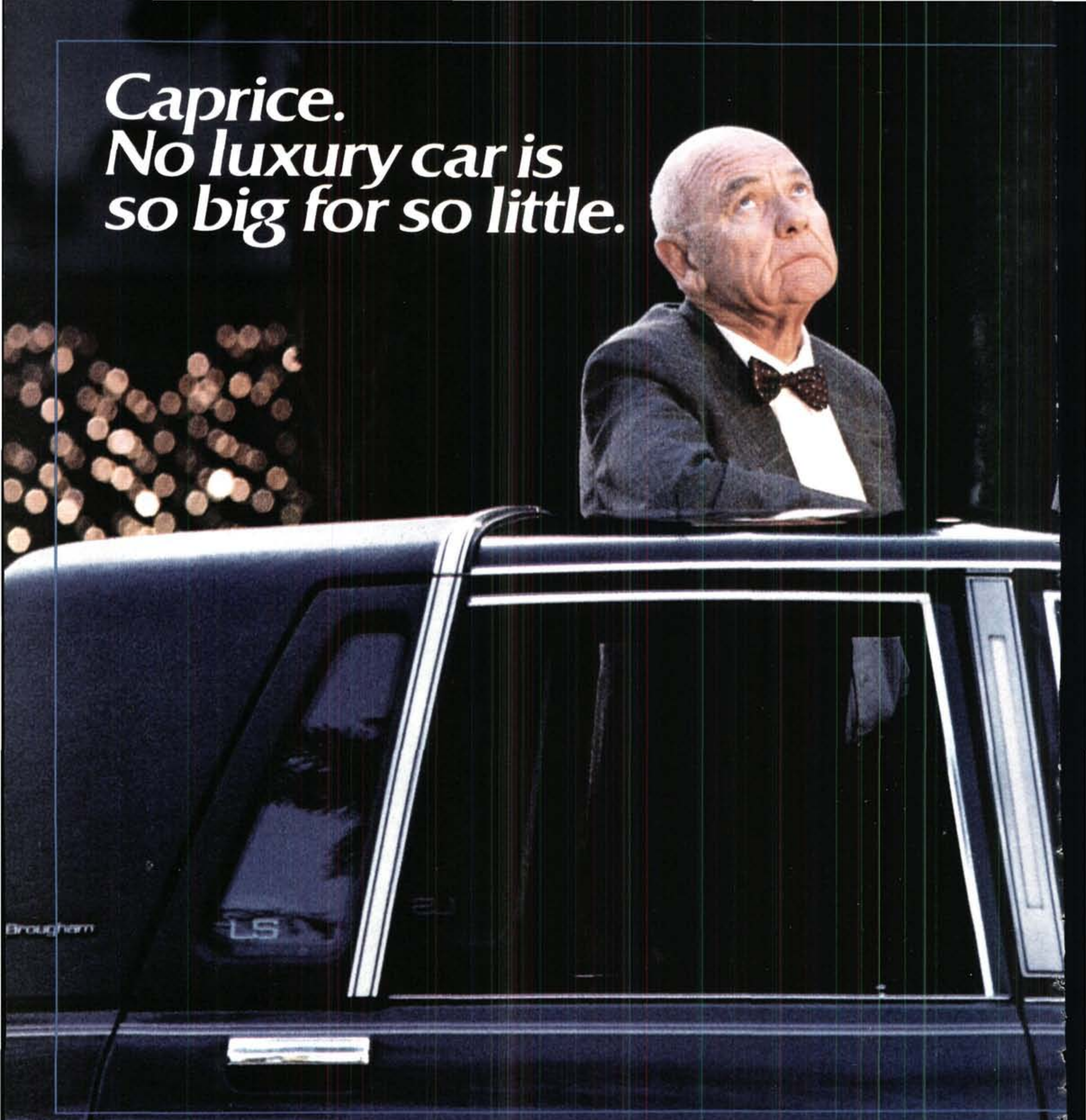

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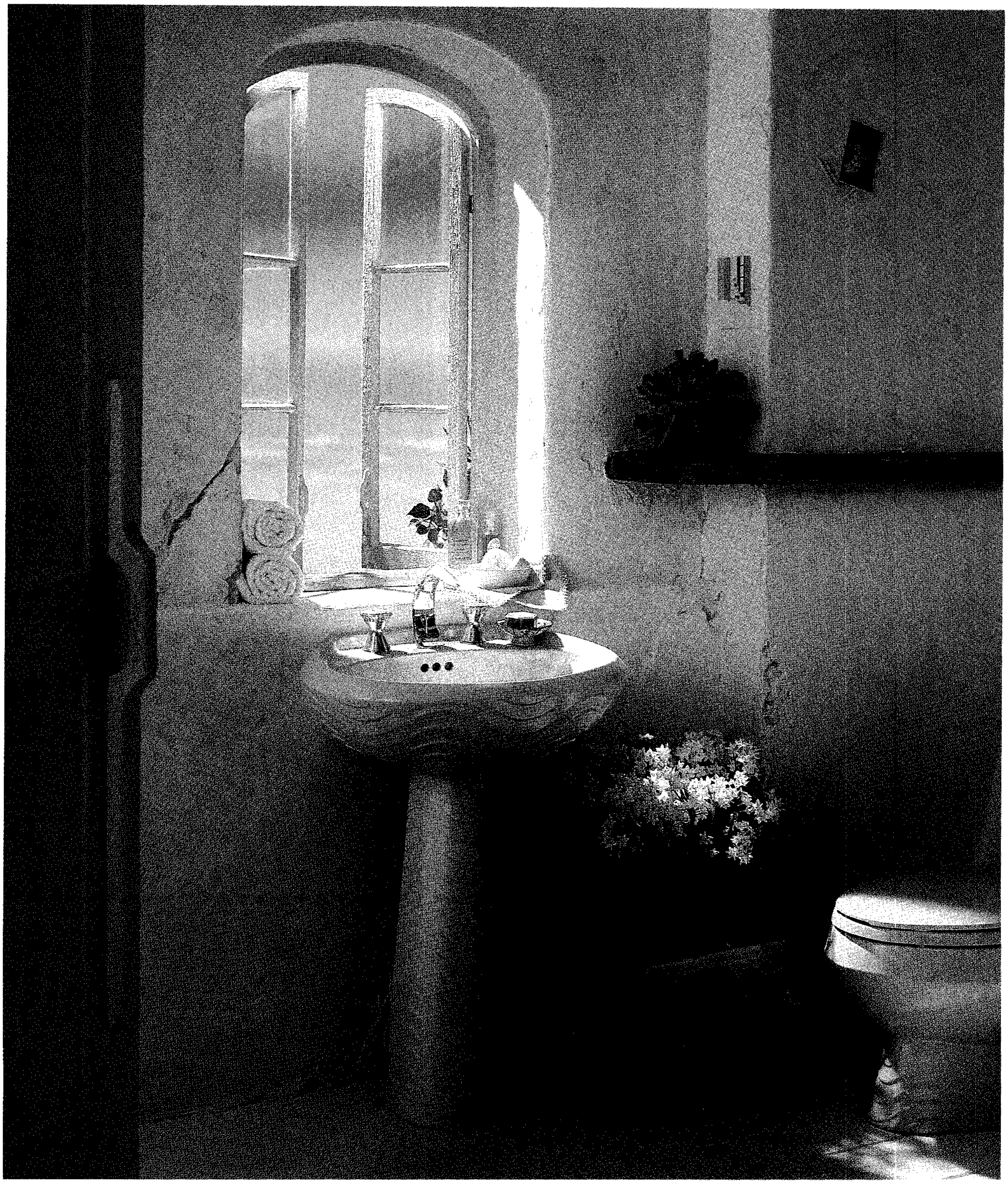

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—The "boys" are three retarded men and a schizophrenic who, under professional supervision, share an apartment. Tom Griffin's good play, though inevitably touching, is also often very funny, and never sentimental. It is acted to near-perfection by a first-rate company, which includes Christine Estabrook, Josh Mostel, Joe Grifasi, William Jay, Dennis Boutsikaris, and John Wylie. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi is accomplished and fascinating as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays, except Feb. 9, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

The Cherry Orchard—Even the fine performances of Erland Josephson as wistful, hapless Gaev and Zeljko Ivanek as scruffy, passionate Trofimov cannot shed light on Peter Brook's opaque production of Chekhov's masterpiece. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy by David Steven Rappoport, CAVE LIFE, is the third of this season's productions. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 11. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of THE ELEPHANT MAN, Bernard Pomerance's 1979 play, will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—A revival of Michael Weller's 1979 play, with Terry Kinney and Jane Kaczmarek. Preview Tuesday, Feb. 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Man and Superman—In this latest revival of Shaw's 1903 anti-romantic comedy, David Birney is miscast as the glib radical-intellectual Jack Tanner, and Frances Conroy is misdirected (by William Woodman) as his unwanted ward, Ann Whitefield. But the production—which does not include Act III and the brilliant dream sequence commonly known as "Don Juan in Hell"—is saved by the deftly winning performances of Michael Cumpsty, Anthony Fusco, and Kim Hunter (as Mrs. Whitefield, Ann's mother). (1/25/88) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—This is as much a celebration of Shakespeare's comedy as a presentation of it, with A. J. Antoon at the helm. The real source of magic lies in the beautiful scenery of Andrew Jackness and the rich, gorgeous score by Michael Ward. (1/25/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of the beguiling "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—Back *with an* even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by the notion of theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

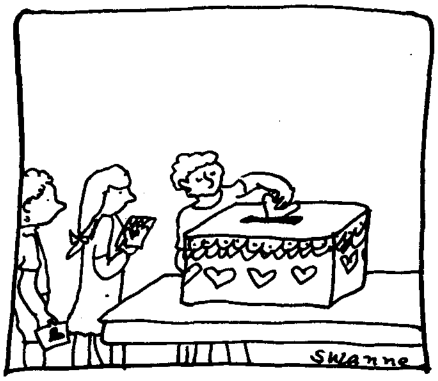
Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. An import from South Africa, it was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Serious Money—Caryl Churchill's play, a recent offering at the Public, has moved to Broadway. It attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. In fact, both the satire and the verse are rather limp. Allan Corduner remains from the Public cast, and the otherwise new group is headed by Kate Nelligan. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (12/14/87) Preview Monday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 6:45. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Symphony of Rats—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. A production of the Ontological-Hysteric Theatre and the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($90 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)



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Long Runs—**broadway bound:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon *takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from* ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Morgan Freeman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,568 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fences:** Billy Dee Williams now has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the nerd:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:30, and Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7.) . . . **starlight express:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—The final performances of a revival of the 1968 musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Franz Lehár's **the merry widow.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey little show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by our distinguished alumnus Thomas Meehan. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

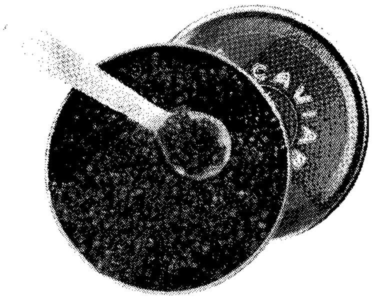
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Raymonda Variations," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Symphony in C." (Nina Ananiashvili and Andris Liepa, of the Bolshoi Ballet, will perform in "Raymonda Variations" and "Symphony in C.") . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Bugaku," "Ives, Songs," and "Symphony in C" (with Miss Ananiashvili and Mr. Liepa). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Raymonda Variations" (with Miss Ananiashvili and Mr. Liepa), "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Bugaku," "Ives, Songs," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 14: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 16: "Bugaku," "Ives, Songs," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Ives, Songs," and "Bournonville Divertissements." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Ohio Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Patterns of Change," "Adagio for Two Dancers" (New York première), "Scenes from Childhood," and "Games" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Schubert Waltzes," "Solstice" (New York première), "Gravity," and "Cascade." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2: "Patterns of Change," "Pavane," "Scenes from Childhood," and "Games." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more nota-



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ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING,** a merry soul, spreads her cheerful voice around the Oak Room Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 9-11, at nine-fifteen, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **PEGGY LEE'S** feet aren't in such hot shape—she banged them up in a fall last year in Las Vegas, and she sings sitting down now—but the rest of her, including her soft, low, slinky voice, is perfectly fine. Her shows are at nine and eleven Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 9-13.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. A Latin-jazz festival is in progress. The lineup: Monday, Feb. 8, trumpeter **JERRY GONZALEZ** and his Fort Apache Band; Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 9-14, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio and flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** quintet; Monday, Feb. 15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** and starting Tuesday, Feb. 16, Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. **JOHN HARTFORD,** who usually has country matters on his mind, sings and picks his banjo on Thursday, Feb. 11. **DAVID BROMBERG,** who plays a whole slew of stringed instruments, will be here the next three nights, Feb. 12-14. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **RED MITCHELL,** a New York-born bassist who has lived for many years in Sweden, is spending February on the premises. **NORMAN SIMMONS** is his partner through Saturday, Feb. 13; **ROGER KELLAWAY** joins him on Sunday, Feb. 14; and **HANK JONES,** a model of delicate swing, works with him starting Monday, Feb. 15. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **BUDDY TATE,** a Swing Age tenor man, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 9-14; **CARRIE SMITH,** a noted interpreter of Bessie Smith material, lends her deep, rich, down-in-the-valley voice to the proceedings. On Mondays, **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the bearded baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, directs his Telepathic Big Band. **OLIVER LAKE,** one of the altos in the W.S.Q., brings in his own foursome on Wednesday, Feb. 17. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home Tuesdays through Saturdays to **GEORGE SHEARING,** the English-born pianist, who is famous for his cool, pearly touch and his bons mots. Sets at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair. A number of the people who regularly perform here play a kind of shiny, plush chamber jazz—music in which swinging tends to take a back seat to atmospherics and sonic inventiveness. Among them is guitarist **BILL FRISELL,** whose quartet will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 9-14, and vibraphonist **GARY BURTON,** whose group has the floor starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. Music after eight.

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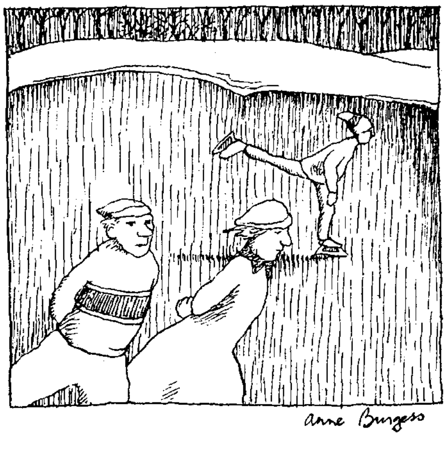
Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a little grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The schedule: Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10, **PETER MALINVERNI;** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 11-13, **LARRY VUCKOVICH;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. Unfortunately, it isn't safe from number-crunching landlords; the occupants, who've been here since 1972, are being given the heave-ho at the end of the month. One of them is Alicia Sherman, who sings when she isn't tending bar. Sometimes, she manages to do both simultaneously. The other evening, when **BROOKS KERR** played a 1912 Irving Berlin waltz called "When I Lost You," she sang along. She gets to sing from the other side of the bar Wednesdays through Saturdays (except Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13) from ten until three. Brooks Kerr, a pianist who knows all kinds of ancient music and gracefully fields requests from bar birds with long memories, performs from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five Mondays through Fridays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Monday, Feb. 8, pianist **DICK HYMAN;** Tuesday, Feb. 9, Virg Dzurinko; Wednesday, Feb. 10, pianist Roy Meriwether's trio; Thursday, Feb. 11, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI;** Friday, Feb. 12, pianist **TERRY WALDO,** a Eubie Blake protégé and ragtime specialist, with trumpeter Peter Ecklund and banjo player John Gill; and Saturday, Feb. 13, singer Randa McNamara's trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **PAUL WEST** work together Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 9-13; **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** swing into action on Tuesday, Feb. 16. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans pianist who turns much of what he touches into a flexible and satisfying kind of stride. First set at nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Tuesday, Feb. 16, is the room's first birthday; **JOHN ZORN,** an eminent downtown saxophonist, and Pianosaurus, a folk-rock outfit that uses toy instruments, will play birthday music. Roy Nathanson and Curtis Fowlkes, a saxophonist and a trombonist who work on other occasions for the Lounge Lizards, lead a band on Mondays, Feb. 8 and 15. Ex-dB **CHRIS STAMEY** holds forth on Saturday, Feb. 13. Music after nine.



Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Monday, Feb. 8, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Tuesday, Feb. 9, **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a jump-blues band from Providence, Rhode Island; Wednesday, Feb. 10, the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** and the Ordinaires; Thursday, Feb. 11, Hot Tuna guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Friday, Feb. 12, blues saxophonist **EDDIE SHAW;** and Saturday, Feb. 13, R. & B. pianist-singer **KATIE WEBSTER** and New Orleans soul singer Mighty Sam McClain. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A quintet directed by the young guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** is re-creating the Old World sounds of the Quintette du Hot Club de France, the all-string ensemble founded by Django Reinhardt and Stéphane Grappelli in 1934. **MICHELE BAUTIER** contributes vocals in Français, Anglais, and Franglais ("Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup"). Shows Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 9-13, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Until recently, a provision in the city's Coolidge-era Cabaret Law prohibited this club and many other unlicensed cabarets around town from putting groups larger than trios onstage. (Some establishments obeyed the letter of the law, and put three performers onstage and one or two or three more just off of it.) The general effects of the law were to deprive musicians of opportunities for work and to narrow the range of music to be heard in a city whose boosters like to refer to it as, among other things, the Jazz Capital of the World. Late last month, a State Supreme Court judge ruled that the law was unconstitutional, and as a result this room is now free to book quintets and septets and marching bands. Velez Sez, a jazz-rock sextet led by a percussionist who has worked in the fusion band Spyro Gyra, is here Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. The **BODEANS** are a Wisconsin band whose major interest is girls. ("Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams" is the title of their first record, and the jacket features a soft-focus photograph of a long-haired, Victorian-looking babe leaning into the wind.) The BoDeans are young and earnest, and their country-flavored rock and roll is earnestly traditional; their chief eccentricity is Sammy Llanas, one of their lead singers, who sounds like he has a bad head cold. The BoDeans will be here on Saturday, Feb. 13, along with Concrete Blonde. Two old-timers, **LEON RUSSELL** and **EDGAR WINTER,** perform on Sunday, Feb. 14. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. *Carnaval* is being celebrated here Friday through Sunday, Feb. 12-14. Wear your dancing shoes. Tuesday, Feb. 9, Puerto Rican cuatro player **YOMO TORO;** Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, protest singer **GIL SCOTT-HERON;** Tuesday, Feb. 16, Frankie Ruiz; and Wednesday, Feb. 17, Brazilian percussionist-singer **NANA VASCONCELOS** and his followers. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays; from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays; and from ten on Sunday, Feb. 14. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The

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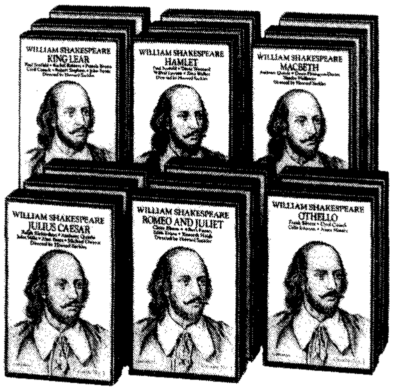

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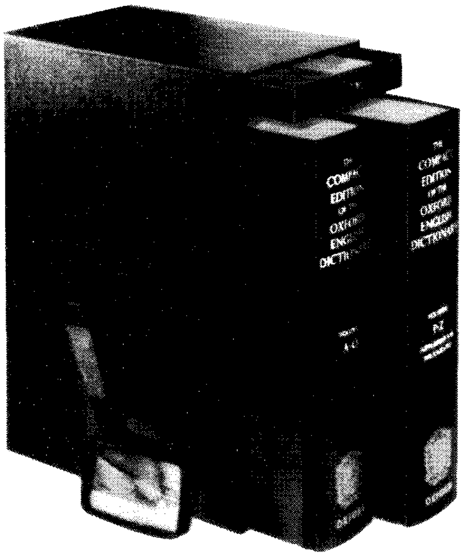

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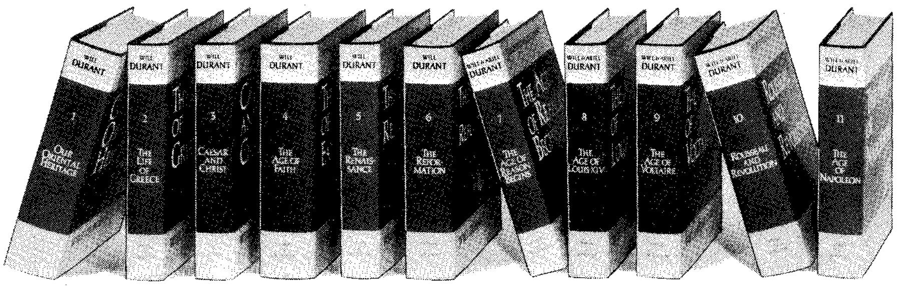

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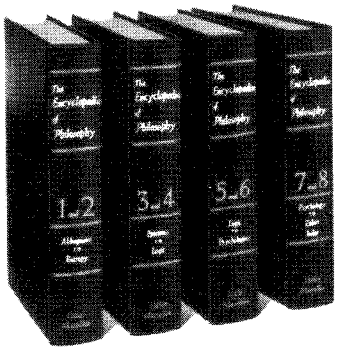

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site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **HUBERT SUMLIN,** a blues guitarist who spent twenty-two years with Howlin' Wolf and another four years with a Wolf ghost band led by Eddie Shaw, is here Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **HAROLD LAND,** a hard-bop-rooted tenor saxophonist who came to the fore in the mid-fifties with the Clifford Brown–Max Roach quintet, is here Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 9-14, with the **TIMELESS ALL-STARS,** a sextet that also features **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** (vibes), **CURTIS FULLER** (trombone), and **CEDAR WALTON** (piano). **ART BLAKEY** and his six-man youth corps, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** work out on Mondays and for six nights starting Tuesday, Feb. 16. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. Monday, Feb. 8, the **SURREAL MC COYS,** a New York country band; Tuesday, Feb. 9, the Lonesome Debonaires; Thursday, Feb. 11, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S SOCIETY SITUATION DANCE BAND;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, Loup Garou, a zydeco band; and Sunday, Feb. 14, the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A bi-level operation that is dominated, top and bottom, by pianists. On Mondays at eight, piano people play in the gym-size downstairs room for the benefit of WBGO, a Newark radio station. **HILTON RUIZ** and **EDDIE PALMIERI** perform Feb. 8, and **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** holds forth Feb. 15. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is on duty with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 9-14. Brackeen, a pianist with a lavish, intricate style, played with Art Blakey in the early seventies; **MULGREW MILLER,** who will be here with a bassist starting Tuesday, Feb. 16, was one of Blakey's pianists in the early eighties. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." People have come here a thousand and one Mondays to listen to **MEL LEWIS'S** big band; it will be around for the next two Mondays and the six nights in between, Feb. 8-15. On Tuesday, Feb. 16, **DOROTHY DONEGAN** brings her show here. A Donegan performance usually features a whirligig display of Art Tatum-style piano (during which one is likely to hear stride passages, rhapsodic Gershwin, a patch of Rachmaninoff, an ornate bossa nova) and a fair amount of mugging and foot-stomping fooling around. She accompanies her playing with humming and low, satisfied "aw"s; she hobnobs with the customers; she plays standing up and one-handed; she hitches her skirt up in a getting-down-to-business gesture, cocks an eyebrow, and heads into some rocking boogie-woogie. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. A combo run by tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and singer **ETTA JONES** performs Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 10-14; trumpeter **JORDAN SANDKE'S** quartet moves in on Wednesday, Feb. 17. Music from about nine. Dining.

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ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RUBY BRAFF,** a stem-winder of a cornettist who makes you lean forward when he descends into the secret chamber that is his lower register and sit up when he rises to a rare high note, works with guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and bassist **JACK LESBERG** through Saturday, Feb. 13, and with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, Feb. 15. Moore is here also on Sundays, with guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RODNEY DANGERFIELD—With Bob Nelson. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 9-13, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7.)

WALTER THOMPSON BIG BAND—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

LENORA CHAMPAGNE—Home for Contemporary Theatre and Art, 44 Walker St. 431-7434. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 10-14, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Tito Puente, Phil Woods, John Pizzarelli, Bob Mover, Tony Monte, Kenny Washington, and James Williams. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

INSTITUTIONAL RADIO CHOIR—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.

TOMMY FLANAGAN AND GEORGE MRAZ—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT AND PÉ-DE-BOI—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 8.

REGGIE WORKMAN ENSEMBLE AND THE MAYA MILENOVIC DANCERS—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.

DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS—P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 12-14, at 9.

TRIBUTE TO WOODY HERMAN—With the Thundering Herd and Richard Stoltzman. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

ELODIE LAUTEN—La Mama La Galleria, 6 E. 1st St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.

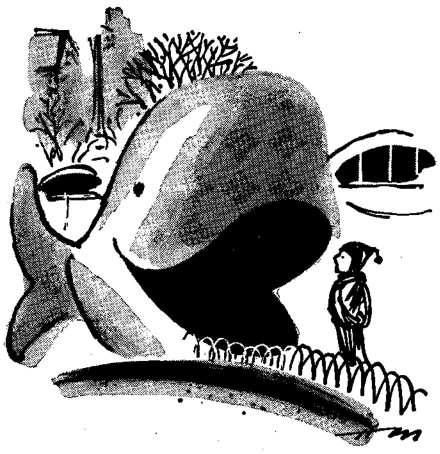
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CECILE GRAY BAZELON—Precisionist paintings of long hallways and similar interiors. Through March 5. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—Eight paintings on horizontal canvases. Through Feb. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)



MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943) / **WALT KUHN** (1877-1949)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. / Landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St., is showing late paintings by Hartley.

MARK LEITHAUSER—Paintings, drawings, and prints of fantasy landscapes and still-lifes by an artist whose style has been influenced by Dutch and American past masters. Through Feb. 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Drawings from his last ten years. Through Feb. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

PAUL RESIKA—Pastels and oils of Provincetown and vicinity. Through Feb. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DONALD SULTAN—Prints and drawings from the past five years. Through Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Recent paintings. Through Tuesday, Feb. 16. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

ART/ARTIFACT—A hundred and sixty African objects, most dating from the early nineteenth century, have been culled from the collections of three museums, which originally gathered them for ethnographic purposes. Through April 17. (Center for African Art, 54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: Early modernist paintings by Alfred Maurer, Ben Benn, and Marsden Hartley. Through Feb. 27. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Eighteen artists of the New York School are each represented by a work on paper and a painting, selected by Irving Sandler. Through Feb. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: The variety of styles Bauhaus artists used is reflected in a collection of paintings, drawings, and photographs. Johannes Itten, Josef Albers, and László Moholy-Nagy are among those represented. Through March 12. (Opens at noon.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Realist paintings and drawings by six contemporary Spanish artists, including Claudio Bravo and Antonio López García. Through Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / EUGENIE BAIZERMAN (1899-1949)—Paintings and monoprints. / Small figurative oils. Through Feb. 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

THOMAS BANG—Sculptures combining such disparate materials as fabric and cast iron. Through March 2. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

MATTHEW DAUB / PETER FRAENKEL—Realist watercolors of cityscapes. / Still-life oils. Through Feb. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD DEACON—Five large-scale sculptures. Through March 5. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ADOLF DEHN (1895-1968)—A retrospective of prints. Through Feb. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—New paintings. Through March 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

LOIS DODD / AMY SCOTT—Landscapes of Maine and the Delaware Water Gap. / Still-lifes on paper. Through March 2. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

RAYMON ELOZUA—Mixed-medium wall sculptures are among these works inspired by the decline of the steel industry in America. Through Feb. 20. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

SONDRA FRECKELTON—Recent watercolor still-lifes. Through March 2. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP GEIGER—Urban landscapes on panels, and paintings of nudes. Through Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

DIETER HACKER—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID HUMPHREY—New surreal paintings. Through Feb. 27. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARDS JARDEN—Laminated-paper sculptures sit atop faux-marble columns. Through Feb. 27. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gwen John (1876-1939)—Thirty drawings and watercolors, with examples from her entire career, and three oils. Through Feb. 27. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Terence La Noue / Kenneth Noland—Mixed-medium paintings. Through Feb. 27. / New minimal canvases, with Plexiglas additions. Through Feb. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leo Manso / Sideo Fromboluti—Collages and assemblages. / Charcoal drawings of figures and landscapes. Through March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

André Masson (1896-1987)—Bronze sculptures and related drawings. Through March 5. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings, including a 1918 self-portrait, on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—Prints from late in his career. Through Feb. 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Reliefs: painted aluminum cutouts on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam / Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Recent paintings and drawings. Through March 12. / Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through April 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Zakanitch / Milan Kunc—Chairs and cherubs are among the images painted on abstract backgrounds. / Photocollages. Through Feb. 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by Lovis Corinth, Käthe Kollwitz, and Paula Modersohn-Becker. Through March 12. . . . **KENT**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Richard Artschwager, James Lee Byars, and Joel Shapiro. Through March 5. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract works by European and American artists, including Judy Pfaff, Elizabeth Murray, and Marianne Eigenheer. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **TILTON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by ten artists which were first exhibited by the artist-dealer Betty Parsons. Jackson Pollock, Agnes Martin, and Barnett Newman are among those included. Through Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—Annotated photographs that were taken with a Kodak Instamatic 124. Through March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. The Museum of Modern Art will open a show of Acconci's work on Thursday, Feb. 11.)

John Armleder—Works on paper. Through Feb. 20. (Newburg, in a new location, at 580 Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Four paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Louis Comtois—New multiple-panel color-field paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Bill Creevy—Conventional and idiosyncratic pastel still-lifes and landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Hanne Darboven—Photocollages. Through Feb. 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Gene Davis (1920-85)—A survey of his paintings. Through Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Hambleton—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 18. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Grace Hartigan—Figurative paintings. Through March 5. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Roni Horn / Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation. / Three sculptures made from mooring buoys the artist found about a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, in a Washington State scrapyard. Through March 5. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., has additional work by Miss Horn.

Cletus Johnson—Constructions and collages dating from 1974 to 1986. Through March 5. (Walls, 137 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.) . . . ¶ New work is on view at Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Feb. 27.

Jane Kaufman—Painted and collaged patchwork quilts. Through March 5. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Robert Kaupelis—Abstract paintings. Through March 1. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Steve Keister—Sculptures coupling wire-frame chairs or chair parts with abstract fibre-glass forms. Through March 5. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Ronnie Landfield—Abstract paintings. Through March 3. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Doris Lubell—A selection of new paintings and of works from the past twenty years. Through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Allan McCollum / Daniel Buren—Ten thousand hand-painted two-by-five-inch Hydrocal sculptures; no two are alike. / Drawings documenting an installation the artist designed for the Palais-Royal, in Paris. Through Feb. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ The prolific Mr. McCollum is showing another seventeen hundred of his sculptures at Nosei, 100 Prince St., and drawings at Pretto, 103 Sullivan St., which opens at 1.

Reuben Nakian (1897-1986)—Bronzes, terracottas, and maquettes for large outdoor pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

John Okulick—Monumental mixed-medium wall reliefs and freestanding cast-bronze sculptures. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Pedro Perez—Sculptures incorporating working clocks and liberal amounts of gold leaf. Through March 5. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

David Reed—Abstract paintings that have a low lustre. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Richard Saba—Abstract paintings. Through March 2. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Christina Schlesinger / Tomme Potter—A series of paintings entitled "Twenty-one Ways of Looking at a Waterfall." / Silver-gelatin prints of aquatic subjects presented as abstractions. Through Feb. 28. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Ernest Shaw—Plywood sculptures that the artist shaped with a chain saw and then painted. Through Feb. 20. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Nancy Spero—A two-gallery exhibit. Through March 5. Forty-three collaged drawings from her "Artaud Series," dating from 1969-70. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.) . . . ¶ "War Paintings," a series from the sixties. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

Paul Waldman—A joint show of allegorical paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 27. (Cadot, 470 Broome St., and Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Roger Williams—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 5. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 35 Wooster St.: Works by nine emerging artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN**, 70 Greene St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by eighteen artists who have been in residence at the Edward Albee Foundation art colony, among them Denise Green, Michael David, and Mia Westerlund Roosen. Through March 5. . . . **INGBER**, 415 West Broadway: Paintings by young artists who have been influenced by the late painter Gretna Campbell, including Henry Finkelstein, Deborah Rosenthal, and Elizabeth Higgins. Through March 5. . . . **MARCUS**, 578 Broadway: Works on paper by Jene Highstein, Ellen Phelan, Will Mentor, and others. Through Feb. 27. . . . **VIAFORA**, 568 Broadway: Seven conceptually diverse paintings and sculptures that express a predilection for geometry or engineering. Through Saturday, Feb. 13.

Sculpture—Minimalist works from the sixties and early seventies by Carl Andre, Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, and others. Through Feb. 27. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Tony Bechara—Recent pattern paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St.)

Macyn Bolt / Krzysztof Wodiczko—Styrofoam

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wall sculptures. / Cibachrome prints of a slide project the artist did at Documenta 8. Through Feb. 28. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Bruce Conner—Drawings, photograms, and collages by an artist who also makes experimental films. Through March 19. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Denise Corley—Portraits painted on linen-covered corrugated plastic. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Howard Halle—New works. Through Feb. 28. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—His Picassos, dating from 1962 to 1964. Through March 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Walter Martin—Sculptures. Through Feb. 28. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Wall-to-wall commercially printed posters that contain such impersonal phrases as "Adults Only Please" and that are dotted with framed copies of letters by Woolf, Conrad, Hardy, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 17. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Eugène-Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc (1814-79)—Watercolors and drawings by this architect, who championed the restoration of French medieval buildings. Through Feb. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Small Works Show—The twelfth annual, this year selected by Carlo Lamagna. Through March 11. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

P.S. 1—The main galleries have separate shows by Noriyuki Haraguchi (sculptural installation), Jackie Winsor (sculptures), Richard Tuttle (sculptures), James Bishop (drawings and paintings), and Peter Fischli and David Weiss (sculptures, photographs, and a video), and a group show, called "The Logic of Display," of paintings and sculptures incorporating photographs. Through March 6. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Photographs and sculptures by John Baldessari, Annette Lemieux, Haim Steinbach, Mary Ellen Mark, and others, in an exhibit titled "The Return of the Hero." Through March 12. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of thirty-eight black-and-white prints by this painter, whose photographs, dated from 1928 to 1932, were found after his death. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Tina Barney—Large-scale color photographs of nice people in nice houses. Through Feb. 27. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Up-close views of coal mines, blast furnaces, and other industrial structures. Through Feb. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Photographs of India. Through Feb. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Allan Chasanoff—Still-lifes in black-and-white and color from the past three years. Through March 10. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Thirty photographs of African sculptures that were in a 1935 exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art are on view at the Metropolitan. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nancy Goldring—Cibachromes of tableaux the artist has set up in her studio. Through March 5. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

Tony Mendoza / Diane Farris—Black-and-white photographs on which anecdotes have been printed. / Manipulated prints. Through Feb. 20. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Gilad Ophir / Peggy Ann Jones—Black-and-white photographs. / Pinhole-camera prints. Through Feb. 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large-format Polaroids of Miami, and manipulated black-and-white prints. Through March 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Laurie Simmons—Cibachrome prints of the Venthaven Museum of Ventriloquism, in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky. Through Feb. 27. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

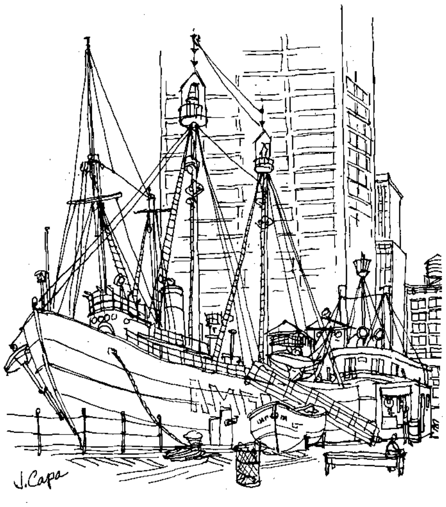
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Fragonard paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). . . . **Photography:** Prints of African art made by Walker Evans. Starts Tuesday, Feb. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The centerpieces of an exhibit of Vito Acconci's work are three reconstructed outdoor installations, one of which has a half-dozen once abandoned cars, that are meant to be climbed through, sat on—whatever. Starts Thursday, Feb. 11. (A complementary show is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ A show of prints which scans the political and social views of more than a hundred artists working in this country during the past twenty-five years, among them Miriam Schapiro, Jane Dickson, Romare Bearden, and Hans Haacke. Through April 19. . . . **Photography:** Prints by Josef Albers. Through April 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Of special interest are forty-seven paintings by postwar American artists, including Pollock, Rothko, Stella, Lichtenstein, and others, and large-scale sculptures by Nevelson and Calder. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of Richard Artschwager's paintings and sculptures from the past twenty-five years. Through April 3. . . . ¶ A Charles Sheeler retrospective offering paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through April 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A survey of prints by Alex Katz. Through April 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A survey of present-day Scandinavian crafts comprising the work of thirty-five artisans. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A show of ancient terra-cotta objects—toys, fertility figures, reliefs—from South and Southeast Asia. Starts Thursday, Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love," which is often considered his greatest work, are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by Leonid Pasternak (1862-1945), the Russian Impressionist painter and the father of Boris Pasternak. Genre scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits (of, for instance, Lenin, Tolstoy, and Einstein). (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Drake Manuscript consists of two hundred captioned watercolors of life in the West Indies, thought to be the work of someone on the voyages of Sir Francis Drake. The manuscript is on view along with transparencies of the individual pages. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Bird prints in the library's collection, organized chronologically (1550-1900) and selected so as to show a range both of birds and of print techniques. (Open daily, except Sundays, Friday, Feb. 12, and Monday, Feb. 15, from 10 to 5:45.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Macbeth," with Olivia Stapp, Justino Díaz, Bruno Beccaria, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Leona Mitchell, Nicola Martinucci, and Franco De Grandis; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Aprile Millo, Isola Jones, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Macbeth," with

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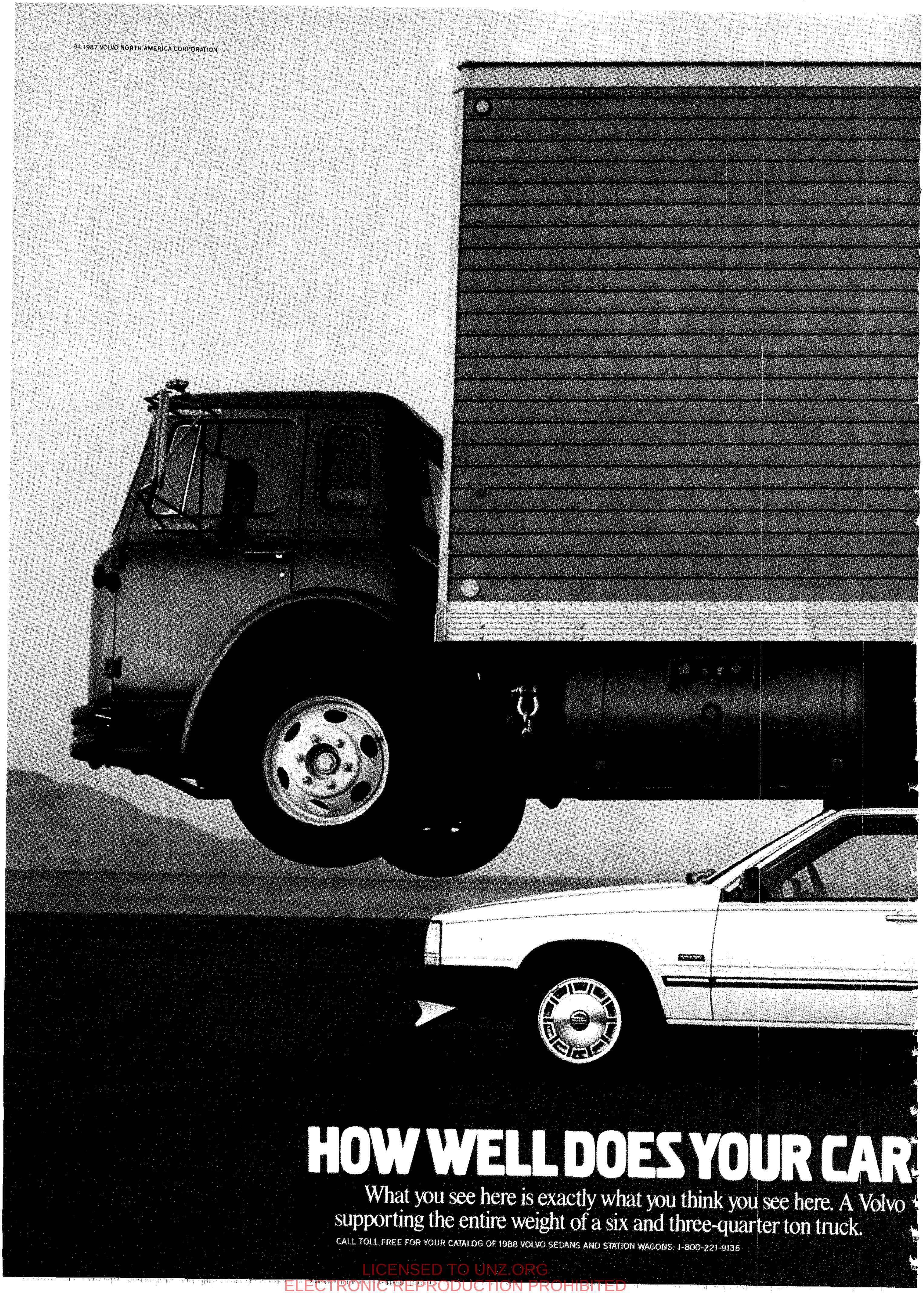

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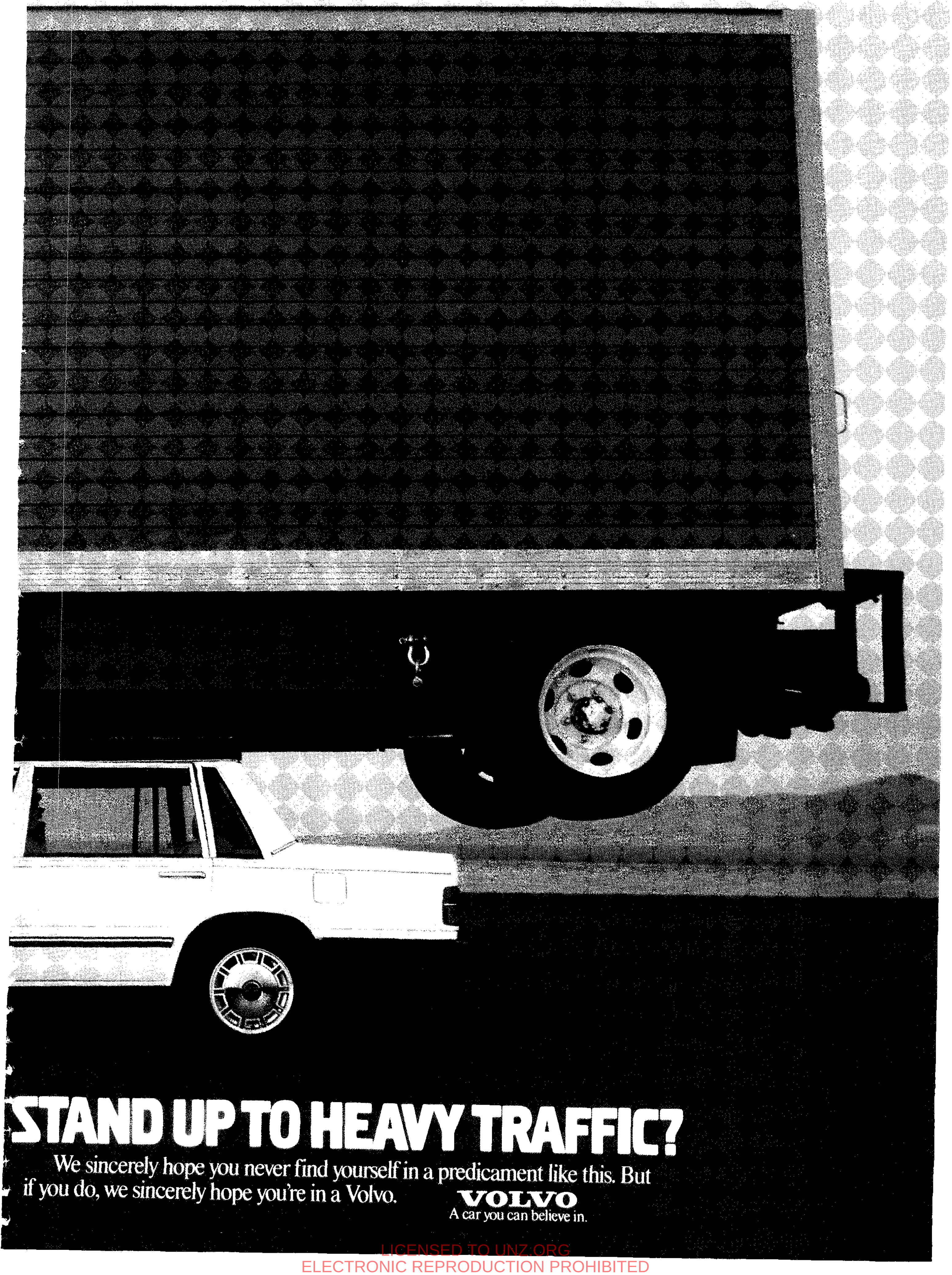

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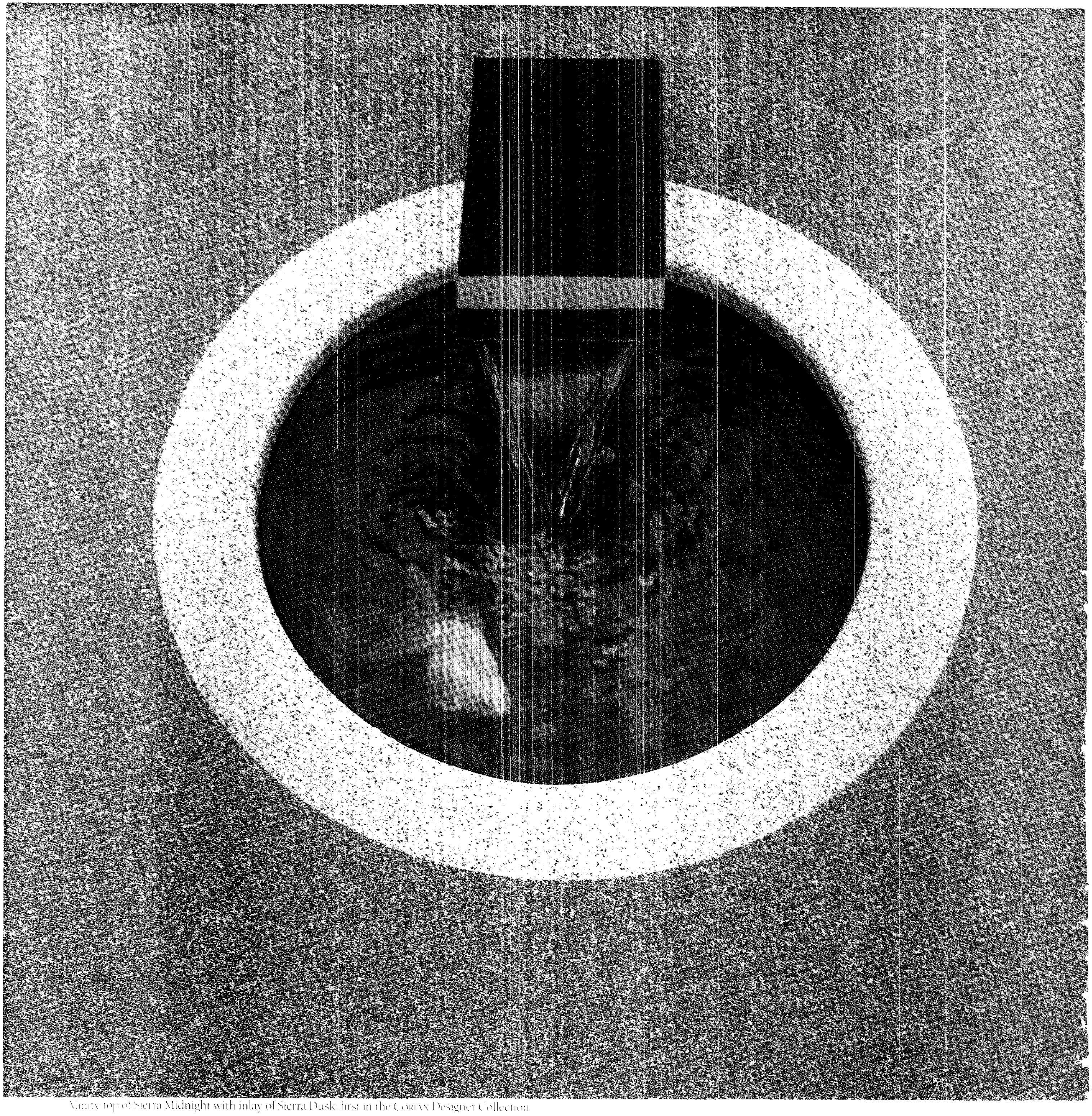

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Shirley Verrett, Justino Díaz, Neil Wilson, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 7: A new production of "Siegfried" (a nonsubscription performance), with Hildegard Behrens, Wolfgang Neumann, and Horst Hiestermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1:30: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Leona Mitchell, Nicola Martinucci, and Franco De Grandis; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Luisa Miller," with Aprile Millo, Isola Jones, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Macbeth," with Shirley Verrett, Justino Díaz, Neil Wilson, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7: "Siegfried," with Hildegard Behrens, Wolfgang Neumann, and Horst Hiestermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Kathleen Battle, Dawn Upshaw, Vinson Cole, and Alberto Rinaldi; Ralf Weikert. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Haydn-Bartók-Rachmaninoff program, with Zoltan Kocsis, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto, with Alexander Toradze, and Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 15, at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting the pianist Vladimir Feltsman's orchestral début here. A benefit for the orchestra's pension fund.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting Bruckner's "Te Deum," Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus," and Verdi's "Four Sacred Pieces," with the Westminster Choir and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, among other works, the première of Matthias Kriesberg's "Chronosymphonies," with the amplified Kronos Quartet. Other guest artists include Paul Sperry, tenor, and Leslie Guinn, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Cyprien Katsaris, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music in the complete incidental music to "Egmont," with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., narrating, and Benita Valente, soprano. Also on the program are the "Emperor" Concerto, with Richard Goode, piano, and the Second Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Leonard Slatkin conducting a program of music by William Bolcom, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. With Mark Peskanov, violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Glenn Dicterow, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

The Gregg Smith Singers and Chanticleer—Collaborating in a program of three premières, and choruses by Gabrielli and Robert Ward. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Boys Choir of Harlem—Walter Turnbull directing. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 4.)

Sine Nomine Singers—In a program of songs and readings (by Rochelle Oliver and Fritz Weaver) about love. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Benefit—Orchestral, choral, and chamber works in honor of the late composer Thomas E. Barker. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

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RECITALS

Dorian Wind Quintet—Two of the works on the program are by Lee Hoiby, who will accompany the ensemble on the piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Playing new music for the saxophone. With Eugene Rousseau and James Forger, saxophone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Stanley Drucker, clarinet; David Jolley, horn; Judith LeClair, bassoon; and James Van Demark, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—With Dawn Upshaw, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—Presenting a program of American protest songs, from 1788 to 1985. With Iris Hiskey, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Stephen Oosting, tenor; Glenn Billingsley, baritone; Walter Hilse and Bennett Lerner, piano; and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3.

Mozartean Players—In a Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

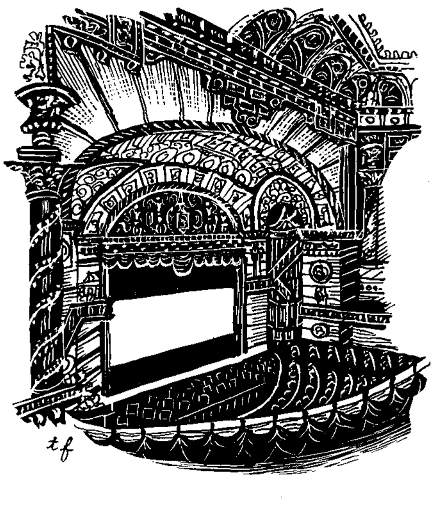
New York Camerata—Playing, among other works, the première of John Gibson's "Quartet." (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Radu Lupu and Murray Perahia—Duo piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

John Gibbons—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. With assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—In a Mozart-Berg-Verdi program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Thomas Bogdan—Tenor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)



Music for a While—Playing music by Guillaume Dufay. (Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene St. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano, in a program that includes James Yannatos's "Sounds of Desolation and Joy." Kalya Yannatos, the composer's daughter, will dance to the music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Verdehr Trio—Contemporary and classical chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Ani Kavafian, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 16-17, at 8.)

Goliard Chamber Soloists—In a Beethoven-Weber-Ravel program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 1. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Feb. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Monday, Feb. 15, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Monday, Feb. 15, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 8:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 6.)

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Nanao Sakaki reading from his own poetry, in Japanese, with English translations read by Allen Ginsberg. (The Gas Station, Avenue B at 2nd St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ William Kennedy, Edna O'Brien, Douglas Bauer, and Pinckney Benedict reading from their own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Harold Brodkey reading from his new novel. (Donnell Library, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ André Gregory, Paula Kenny, Lynne Thigpen, and Paul Hecht reading from the stories of Mark Strand, Sean O'Casey, Toni Cade Bambara, and John O'Hara. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 6:30.)

Discussion—Ved Mehta being interviewed on contemporary Indian culture by Robert B. Oxnam. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9, starting at 8:30 A.M.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 11: "The Tree We Hurt" (directed by Dimos Avdeliodis; in Greek); and "The Red Balloon" (1956; Albert Lamorisse; a French film, without dialogue).
From Feb. 12: "Los Ambiciosos" (1959; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Gérard Philippe, Maria Félix, and Jean Servais.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald. From Feb. 12: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
Theatre 3: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 11: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 11: "Manon of the Spring" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Travelling North" (Carl Schultz), with Leo McKern and Julia Blake.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 11: "Hope and Glory" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "The Dead" (†). From Feb. 12: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (Louis Malle; in French).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
Theatre 2: "She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 11: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.
From Feb. 12: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film. From Feb. 12: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Wall Street" (†). From Feb. 12: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 16: "Hoxsey: Quacks Who Cure Cancer?" (directed by Ken Ausubel), a documentary. From Feb. 17: "Frida" (1984; Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Computer Animation Show."
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 2: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Housekeeping" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "King Lear" (Jean-Luc Godard). From Feb. 12: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Singing the Blues in Red" (†). From Feb. 12: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson. From Feb. 12: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.
Theatre 2: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Fatal Attraction" (†). From Feb. 12: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Feb. 11: "Crazy Moon" (Allan Eastman), with Kiefer Sutherland.
From Feb. 12: "The Dead" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Distant Harmony" (DeWitt Sage), a documentary about Luciano Pavarotti's 1986 tour of China.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Grand Highway" (Jean-Loup Hubert; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Feb. 11: "Jean de Florette" (†).
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"She's Having a Baby" (John Hughes), with Kevin Bacon and Elizabeth McGovern.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Mélo" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Half of Heaven" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Family" (1988 †).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (†)..
Theatre 4: "The Last Emperor" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 11: "The Couch Trip" (Michael Ritchie), with Dan Aykroyd. From Feb. 12: "A Tiger's Tale" (Peter Douglas), with Ann-Margret, C. Thomas Howell, and Charles Durning.
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Patti Rocks" (†). From Feb. 12: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Feb. 11: "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
From Feb. 12: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Wall Street" (†). From Feb. 12: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Five Corners" (Tony Bill), with Jodie Foster. From Feb. 12: "Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Anguish" (directed by Bigas Luna), with Zelda Rubinstein and Michael Lerner.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito. From Feb. 12: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 11: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. From Feb. 12:

"Satisfaction" (Joan Freeman), with Justine Bateman.
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 11: "Empire of the Sun" (†). From Feb. 12: "Ironweed" (†).
Theatre 6: "For Keeps" (John G. Avildsen), with Molly Ringwald.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 11: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
From Feb. 12: "Shoot to Kill" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Sidney Poitier and Tom Berenger.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Julia and Julia" (Peter Del Monte), with Kathleen Turner, Gabriel Byrne, and Sting.
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Cop" (James B. Harris), with James Woods and Charles Durning.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Serpent and the Rainbow" (Wes Craven).

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Braddock: Missing in Action III" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris. From Feb. 12: "Action Jackson" (Craig R. Baxley), with Carl Weathers and Craig T. Nelson.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Moonstruck" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 9: "Suspiria" (1977; directed by Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper; and "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave.
Feb. 10-11: "Gothic" (1987; Ken Russell); and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
Feb. 12-13: "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Something Wild" (†).
Feb. 14: "Two Women" (†); and "The Condemned of Altona" (1963; Vittorio De Sica), with Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell, Fredric March, and Robert Wagner.
Feb. 15-16: "Thérèse" (†) and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†).
From Feb. 17: "The Whistle Blower" (1987; Simon Langton), with Michael Caine, Nigel Havers, and James Fox; and "The Fourth Protocol" (1987; John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

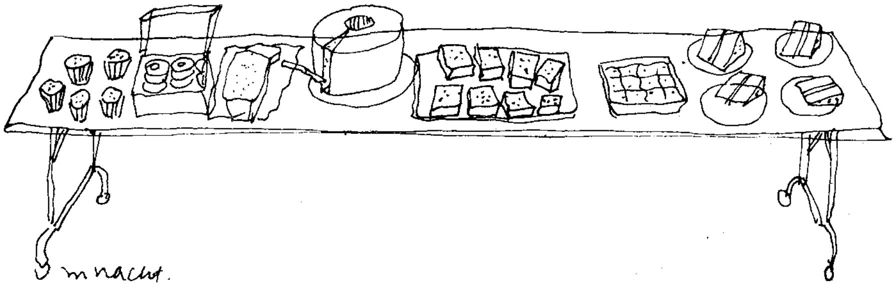
FILM FORUM 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 8: "French Cancan" (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf; and "Invitation to the Dance" (1956; Gene Kelly), with Kelly and Tamara Toumanova.
Feb. 9: "Mambo Madness and Other Latin Rhythms," a program of films showing Latin dance in America from 1930 to 1950; and "Creation of the World" (1978; Vera de Figueiredo).
Feb. 10-11: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and Aline MacMahon; and "Footlight Parade" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.
From Feb. 12: "The Boy Friend" (†).

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 8: "Shockproof" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight; and "The Steel Helmet" (1951; Samuel Fuller), with Robert Hutton and James Edwards.
Feb. 9: "One P.M." (1969; Donn Pennebaker), with Rip Torn; "All Boys Are Called Patrick" (1957; Jean-Luc Godard; a short film, in French); and "See You at Mao" (1970; Jean-Luc Godard), a documentary.
Feb. 10: "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971; Curtis Harrington), with Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
Feb. 11: "House on Haunted Hill" (1959; William Castle), with Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart, and Richard Long; "Homicidal" (1961; William Castle), with Glenn Corbett; and "The Tingler" (1960; William Castle), with Vincent Price.
Feb. 12-13: "The Golddiggers" (1988; Sally Potter), with Julie Christie and Colette Laffont; "Thriller" (1980; Sally Potter); and "The London Story" (1988; Sally Potter).
Feb. 14: "Muriel" (1963; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
Feb. 15: "Shock Corridor" (1963; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best; and "The Baron of Arizona" (1950; Samuel Fuller), with Vincent Price and Ellen Drew.
Feb. 16: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (1985; Wayne Wang); and "China on the March" (1958; Moan Bhavnani), a documentary.
Feb. 17: "The George Raft Story" (1962; Joseph M. Newman), with Ray Danton, Julie London, and Jayne Mansfield; and "Pulp" (1973; Mike Hodges), with Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 8: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Feb. 9: "Bound for Glory" (1976; Hal Ashby), with David Carradine; and "Leadbelly" (1976; Gordon Parks), with Roger E. Mosley.
Feb. 10: "Little Murders" (1971; Alan Arkin), with Elliott Gould; and "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" (1966; Norman Jewison), with Alan Arkin, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters, and Brian Keith.
Feb. 11: "The Lady Eve" (†) and "No Time for Comedy" (†).
Feb. 12-13: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Feb. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.
Feb. 15: "Lost Horizon" (1937 †) and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (†).
Feb. 16: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (†).
Feb. 17: "Little Women" (1933 †) and "Pride and Prejudice" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a



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limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.) **Theatre 1:** Feb. 8 at 2:30: "La Corona di Ferro" (1941; directed by Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gino Cervi. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "Luciano Serra Pilota" (1938; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Amedeo Nazzari. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Four Steps in the Clouds" (1943; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gino Cervi. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "Bellissima" (1952; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2:30: "L'Uomo Dalla Croce" (1943; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Tavazzi. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6: "Non Mi Muovo!" (1943; Giorgio M. Simonelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Eduardo, Peppino, and Titina De Filippo. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "T'Amerò Sempre" (1943; Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alida Valli, Gino Cervi, and Jules Berry. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "Fabiola" (1949; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Michèle Morgan, Michel Simon, and Henri Vidal. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: "L'Arte di Arrangiarsi" (1955; Luigi Zampa; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5: "T'Amerò Sempre." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2: "Fabiola." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5: "Le Amiche" (1955; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Eleonora Rossi-Drago, Valentina Cortese, and Gabriele Ferzetti. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "L'Arte di Arrangiarsi." . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5: "Le Amiche." . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Gli Innamorati" (1956; Mauro Bolognini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Franco Interlenghi, Antonella Lualdi, and Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 6: "White Nights" (1957; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Maria Schell, and Jean Marais.

Theatre 2: Feb. 8 at 6:30: A program of short films by Donna Cameron, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo and Masayuki Mori. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 3 and 6:30: "Aqabat Jaber" (1986; Eyal Sivan), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Stars Look Down" (1939; Carol Reed), with Emlyn Williams, Michael Redgrave, and Margaret Lockwood. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Applause" (1929; Rouben Mamoulian), with Helen Morgan, Joan Peers, and Fuller Mellish, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 3 and 6:30: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Charles Aznavour, Marie Dubois, and Nicole Berger.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Feb. 13, a retrospective of the films of St. Clair Bourne. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A retrospective of the films of Keisuke Kinoshita, all in Japanese, with English subtitles. Feb. 9 at 6:30: "Times of Joy and Sorrow" (1957), with Hideko Takamine. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6:30: "Big Joys, Small Sorrows" (1986), with Go Kato. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 6:30: "Morning for the Osone Family" (1946), with Haruko Sugimura; and "The Ballad of Narayama" (1958), with Kinuyo Tanaka.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through March 1: "New York World Television Festival," a program of twenty-seven international productions that have won awards during the past year. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 12: "WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The first section, featuring news, public affairs, and documentaries, will be on view through March 19. The schedules of performances are complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Feb. 8 at 8: "Sound of the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini, in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 10-12, at 8: A program by dancer–filmmaker–performance artist Ellen Fisher. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "Shock, Shock, Shock" (1987; Todd Rutt and Arn McConnell); "Kevin & Joe in Dimension Six" (1984; Todd Rutt and Arn McConnell); "A Trip to Where?;" and "Journey in Time" (1971). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 8: A program of films by new filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 8: "The Exile" (1947; Max Ophuls), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maria Montez. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: "All That Heaven Allows" (1955; Douglas Sirk), with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson; and "The Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome" (1954; Kenneth Anger), with Anger, Curtis Harrington, Anaïs Nin, and Samson de Brier.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object. One of the most sensuously atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, Richard Loo, and Lucien Littlefield. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—It might have been a lovely little musical, with the bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heartbreakingly winning. But Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from his supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately and dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. With Christopher Gable, Max Adrian, Georgina Hale, Tommy Tune, and Glenda Jackson in a wonderful cameo. (Film Forum 2; starting Feb. 12.)

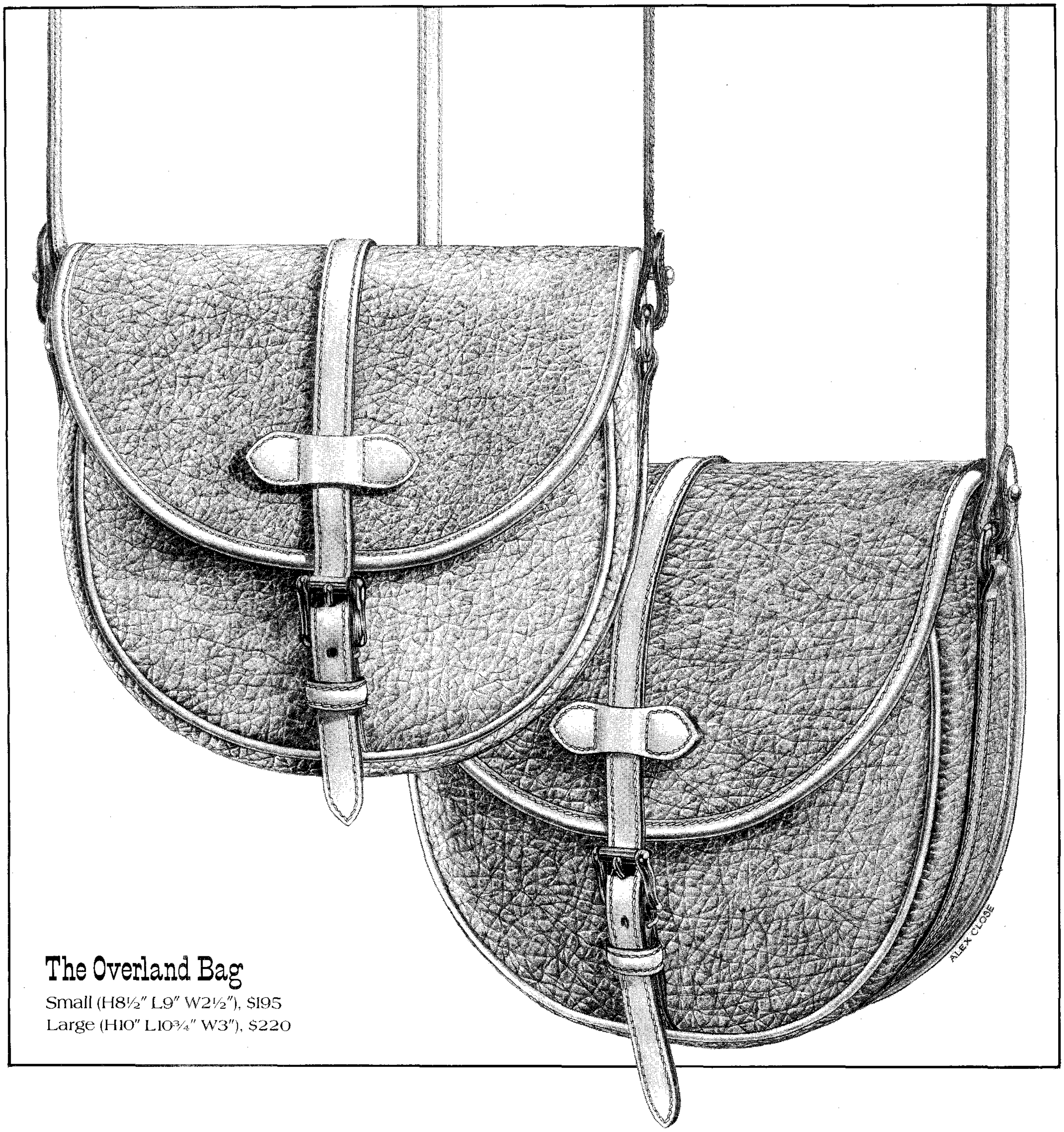
Broadcast News—The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks puts us inside the world of a network's Washington bureau and sets up an adversarial relationship between the reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), who represents TV's corruption of the news into entertainment, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a near-genius newsman who, on the surface, at least, represents substance and integrity. The heroine, Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer, and she and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends. The satirical, romantic-comedy dilemma is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. Basically all the picture is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. And it lacks any filmmaking excitement. With all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/11/88.) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (New Carnegie.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son; when she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be, and as she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, the viewer's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic tensions of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Festival; starting Feb. 12.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) John Williams' editorializing music swells



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Beekman, and Regency. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Criterion Center; through Feb. 11.)

The Family—Ettore Scola's chronicle of a Roman middle-class family from 1906 to 1986 uses formal gimmicks to disguise its lack of substance. The film's nine episodes take place at precise ten-year intervals; both the first episode and the last involve the taking of a group photograph; and all the action is set in the family's spacious apartment. Scola is a proficient craftsman, and the movie never seems claustrophobic. It might be better if it did feel more confined, though: the exercise would have some point, at least. As it is, the film's comfortable European-humanist manner is infuriating. Scola and his co-scenarists (Ruggero Maccari and Furio Scarpelli) work the dull middle ground of human experience—amazingly little happens to any of this family's dozens of members—but the story's uneventfulness doesn't really mean anything, either. The filmmakers seem to be aiming for the blandest kind of universality. They want to celebrate ordinary life, but without daring to seem ordinary themselves: terrified of boring us with the crushing sameness of the everyday, they fill the movie with little "touches," bits of business to keep us chuckling contentedly. If we didn't know better, we'd swear that this fussy, empty movie had been made to demonstrate the decadence of bourgeois filmmaking, European style. With Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, Stefania Sandrelli, Andrea Occhipinti, Jo Ciampa, and, in a cameo, Philippe Noiret. In Italian.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Feb. 11.)

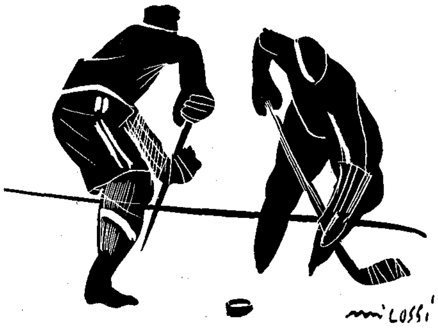
Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Bay Cinema, Cinema II, Art Greenwich Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 15-16.)

Half of Heaven—Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's film, set in Franco's Spain in the years following the Second World War, has an odd, elusive tone. It tells the story of Rosa (Angela Molina), a smart, energetic country woman who, after a series of small adventures, winds up as the owner of a fancy restaurant in Madrid. There are elements of soap opera in the way the narrative moves—from struggle to heartbreak to triumph—mixed with a fantastic, magic-realist strain. Both Rosa's grandmother and her own daughter have witchlike powers, which they use in very ambiguous ways. Rosa herself is spectacularly down-to-earth, and often doesn't know what to make of the supernatural interventions in the determinedly normal course of her life. Gutiérrez Aragón directs in the spirit of his heroine. His uninsistent, one-thing-after-another style is a mixed blessing: when the story takes its more flamboyant turns, his detachment produces distinctive comic effects; at other times, not enough seems to be happening on the screen. Despite the occasional dead patch, the movie is generally absorbing and enjoyable. Molina is lovely and skillful, and Fernando Fernán-Gómez, as a drunken middle-aged government official who guides Rosa in the more earthbound aspects of her life in Madrid, gives a richly funny performance. Also with Margarita Lozano, as the grandmother, and Carolina Silva, as Rosa's strange daughter, Olvido. Screenplay by the director and Luis Megino. In Spanish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 11.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema.)



Ironweed—The director, Hector Babenco, treats William Kennedy's Albany novel, set in 1938, as a joyless classic; the movie has no momentum—the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence. As Francis Phelan, the alcoholic hobo hero who is torn by guilt over the family he deserted twenty-two years ago and sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to, Jack Nicholson seems to be in a slow-motion dream. The only moments of reprieve from all the sombre artistry come when Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier; it's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song." Tom Waits, Hy Anzell, and Margaret Whitton provide brief changes of mood and emotion. The screenplay is by Kennedy. (1/11/88) (Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center; starting Feb. 12.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Cinema 3; through Feb. 11.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece—a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges' comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

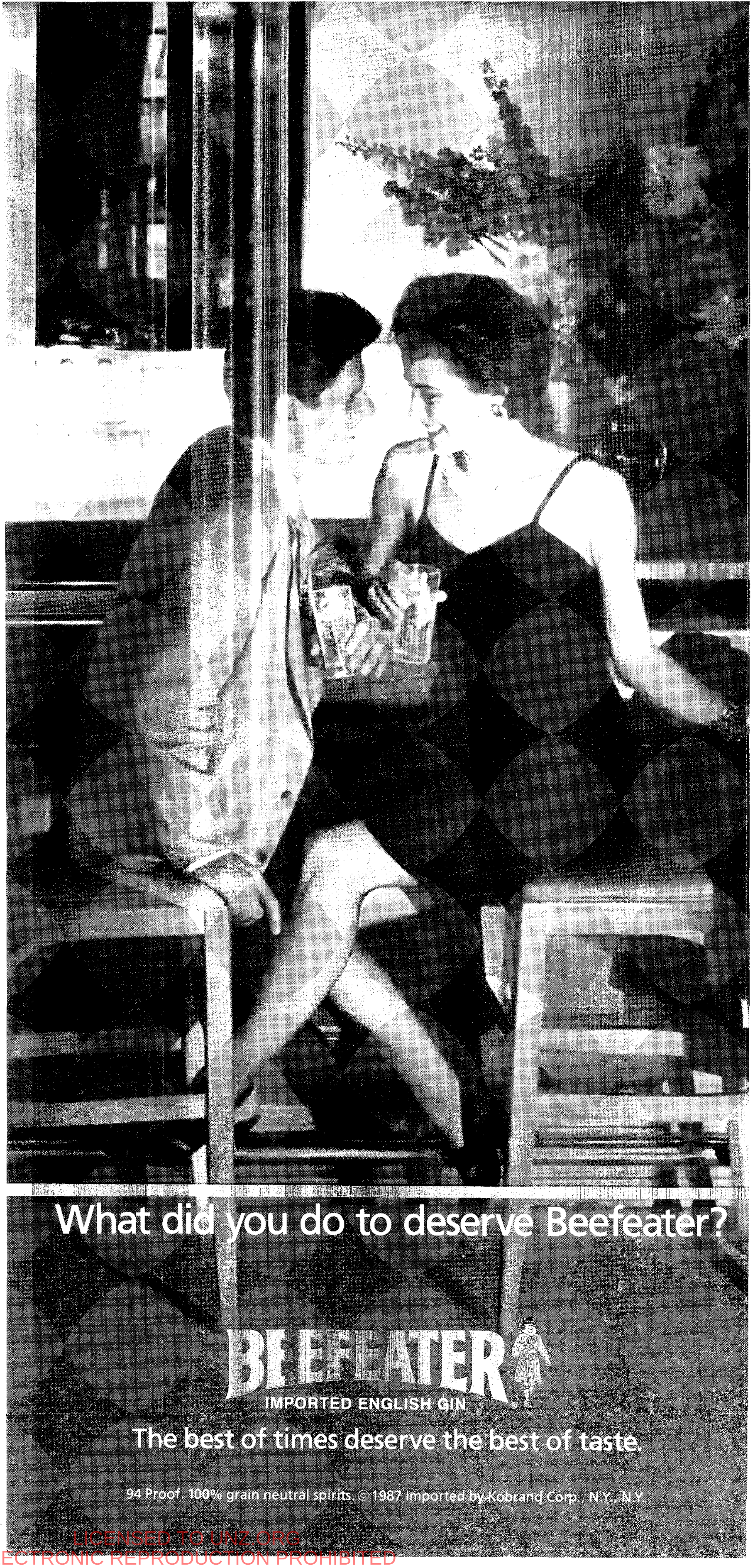
Little Women (1933)—There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish Amy. With Frances Dee, Edna May Oliver, Douglass Montgomery, and Paul Lukas. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and Ian McNeice, who plays the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original uncut version of the James Hilton novel, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part high-flown, cracker-barrel sentimentality. The early trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia, resembles, as Graham Greene pointed out, a film star's luxurious estate in Beverly Hills. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, and Thomas Mitchell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza; through Feb. 11.)

Mélo—Alain Resnais's latest film is based on an old-fashioned drama of infidelity written in the nineteen-twenties by Henry Bernstein. The play, conventional and well constructed, is a pristine example of the kind of popular art that's doomed to become "dated." This must have been the quality that attracted Resnais to such unlikely material; in any case, he calls attention to the story's outmoded theatricality by treating it with ostentatious respect. The performance is solemn, elegant, and stiff, and the self-conscious style has the effect of making the characters seem weirdly unmoored—as if they were adrift in some featureless space between the twenties and the eighties, between theatre and "real life," and so on. (Since the material doesn't really play, we have plenty of time to discover—or invent—ways to link this corny melodrama to earlier Resnais works like "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," "Last Year at Marienbad,"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and "Providence.") The director's exaggerated formality, his scrupulous technique, and his extreme reserve occasionally succeed in giving the characters the odd poignance that puppets sometimes have. Even at its best, though, "Mélo" isn't much more than a classy dinner-theatre production—without the dinner. With Sabine Azéma, André Dussollier, Pierre Arditi, and Fanny Ardant—the same quartet of actors who have appeared in each of Resnais's last three films. (Bernstein's play has been filmed several times, in different languages: the English version, in 1937, was called "Dreaming Lips," and starred Elisabeth Bergner and Raymond Massey.) In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Warner.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

No Time for Comedy (1940)—S. N. Behrman's romantic comedy about life in the theatre, adapted by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. The film is halfway between play and movie and it doesn't quite work as either; it lacks a spark, but it has amusing repartee and good New York "types," and it starts out well. A boyish Minnesota hick (James Stewart) writes a sophisticated drawing-room comedy about titled lords and ladies; it becomes a hit and he marries his star (Rosalind Russell) and writes a succession of hits. But he meets a rich blond muse (Genevieve Tobin) who flutters her eyelids while telling him that he has deeper possibilities—that he's a "latent artist"—and his head gets puffed up. At this point the picture stalls and becomes more forced. The supporting players are very assured in the way they hit their laugh lines, especially Allyn Joslyn as a wise-guy Broadway director, Clarence Kolb as a producer, Charlie Ruggles as the muse's husband, and Louise Beavers as an actress who, between jobs, works as a maid. But Rosalind Russell's line readings are too rhythmic and mannered, and her no-nonsense, skeptical modern-woman role is tiresomely true blue, and although James Stewart dominates the film with ease, there's not much excitement in what he does. The film recalls that period when people could stroll in Central Park at night while waiting for their reviews, and then flip to the theatre page in one newspaper after another. Lamely directed by William Keighley, for Warners. With J. M. Kerrigan, Lawrence Grossmith, and Frank Faylen as a cabdriver. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11.)

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Patti Rocks—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie (John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's *all* he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting.—T.R. (Metro Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, but when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen. It belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Singing the Blues in Red—As an exercise in left-wing self-examination, Kenneth Loach's film is doggedly authentic; there's none of the hip posturing and sneaky bad faith that often mar "committed" films. Unfortunately, it's not very lively. The movie, which was released in Europe with the much better title of "Fatherland," focusses on an interesting figure: Klaus Drittemann (Gerulf Pannach), an East German folk singer who's expelled by his government because his songs are critical of its totalitarian brand of socialism, but is no happier with Western-style capitalism (here embodied by aggressive reporters, mealy-mouthed Cabinet ministers, and sleazy record-company types). He's skeptical of everything, uncomfortable everywhere. Loach and his screenwriter, the playwright Trevor Griffiths (who also worked on "Reds"), want us to see Drittemann—whose name means Third Man—as a noble, troubled leftist hero, a man whose ideological statelessness is emblematic of the dilemma of European socialism. Pannach projects a wary intelligence that holds our interest for a while, but he never has a light moment, and the performance becomes monotonous. And the film goes terribly wrong in its last third, which is set in England: Loach and Griffiths, as if fearful that their criticisms of East German repression might provide aid and comfort to the reactionary enemy, overload the case against the West. (They don't really *have* to drag in a Nazi collaborator.) The movie is awkward, humorless, intellectually confused, and not very well acted—but it isn't facile, and that's something to be grateful for. Superbly shot by Chris Menges. In German and English.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

Something Wild (1986)—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The script—a first by E. Max Frye—is like the working out of a young man's fantasy of the pleasures and punishments of shucking off middle-class behavior patterns. The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie. Starting with David Byrne and Celia Cruz singing Byrne's "Loco De Amor" during the opening credits, and ending with a reprise of Chip Taylor's "Wild Thing" by the reggae singer Sister Carol East, there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed on-screen by The Feelies. The score—it was put together by John Cale and Laurie Anderson—has a life of its own that gives the movie a buzzing vitality. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta as the dangerous, menacing Ray; Dana Preu as the kook's gloriously bland mother; Margaret Colin as bitchy Irene; and, tucked among the many performers, John Waters and John Sayles. (11/17/86) (Cinema Village; Feb. 12-13.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Thérèse (1986)—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this

Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. For Thérèse, carnal passion and spiritual passion seem fused. But Cavalier walls off Thérèse's inner struggle, and since nothing happens to her outwardly, she becomes only an aesthetic or possibly erotic object. And after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Cinema Village; Feb. 15-16.)

Two Women (1961)—A young widow, Sophia Loren, takes her teen-age daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village and then starts back home too soon; both mother and daughter are raped by Moroccan soliders. Emotional, even shattering, but far from depressing. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Eleanora Brown, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian.—P.G. (Cinema Village; Feb. 14.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), with a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. With Derek de Lint as the professor who's too virtuous for Sabina, Pavel Landovsky as the man with the tiny pet pig, Erland Josephson as the barroom janitor who was formerly the Czech ambassador in Vienna, Donald Moffat as the chief surgeon, Stellan Skarsgard as the engineer, and Daniel Olbrychski as the interior ministry official. Script by Jean-Claude Carrière and Kaufman; editing by Walter Murch; cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (The Prague scenes were shot in Lyons and Paris.) (2/8/88) (Loews Tower East.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas. The dialogue gets overexplicit, the tone becomes desperately moralistic, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and Olympia; through Feb. 11.)

Some Companies Have To Make Up Stories Like Ours.

Considering how it all started, the Near East success story is fairly remarkable.

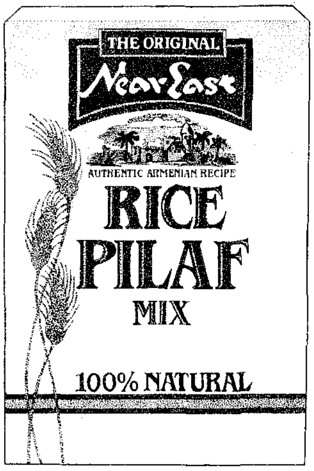
At Hannah Kalajian's diner in Worcester, Mass., one of the most popular items was her traditional rice pilaf.

Hannah would share her recipe with anyone who asked for it. But most said that when they tried it at home, it didn't turn out right.

So she began packaging the ingredients, and called her product Near East.

Now, thirty years later, Near East Rice Pilaf has loyal customers all over the country. People who enjoy its delicate, lightly seasoned flavor, and appreciate the fact that it's made from all natural ingredients.

At some companies, the advertising department has to make up stories like this. That's because they don't have a product like ours.



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THE NEW YORKER

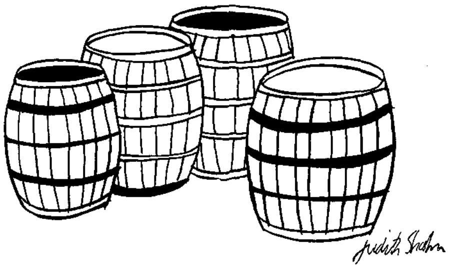
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A COPY of *Physicians' Travel & Meeting Guide* came to us last week, a remarkable magazine. Sandwiched in between some travel pieces on Hawaii, California, and Japan, and drug advertisements ("When the diagnosis is irritable bowel syndrome, Relax with a Classic . . . Donnatal"), is the pastrami: a forty-page guide to medical seminars and conferences in January, February, and March, such as "AIDS: Current Concepts," "New Advances in Biological Psychiatry," "The New Frontiers of Arrhythmias," "Pediatric Update 1988," and "Recent Developments in Clinical Practice," which take place at Disney World; in Kenya and Puerto Vallarta; and aboard the QE2 in the Virgin Islands. The guide describes twelve hundred and fifty-nine such events between New Year's Day and March 31st, in comfortable warm places such as Cancún and Tahiti and boats on the Nile River, or comfortable cold spots such as Jackson Hole and Aspen. Not once does it use the words "tax deductible" or "legitimate business expense." It doesn't need to; doctors went to high school, too. An index by medical specialty lets a dermatologist, say, choose between Cairo, New Delhi, and Steamboat Springs in February for his junket, and an index by location lets a doctor who'd like to, say, visit St. Thomas for a few days choose between "Managing the Critically Ill Patient," "Malpractice Management," "Surgery: Acute Care," "Topics in Gastroenterology," "Update in Ob-Gyn," and "Topics in Aging and Psychiatry" as a reason to go there. During the chilly months, a mere twelve conferences take place in New York City, a major center of medical research and teaching, and only ten in Boston. In Hawaii you find a mighty luau of a hundred and forty-seven of them, Colorado about the same, ditto Florida, followed by other palmy locations where you can play golf on lush emerald fairways, or enjoy a sunny afternoon of tennis under the rubber trees, or sail a catamaran, or walk through the groves of bamboo and tamarind, or swim and climb out of the pool dripping wet in the moonlight.

Why isn't the Magazine Publishers' Association keeping us informed about winter workshops on "The Function of High Dudgeon in Editorial Writing" and "Update: Colon and Semicolon" and "The First Person Plural: Why Do We Still Use It, for Heaven's Sake?" in gorgeous, sun-drenched paradise places during these bleak and bitter months, when the wind whips around the corner like a bad metaphor and the sky is full of flat, gray, dull, dreary, useless, leaden adjectives? Believe us, if we writers could spend a subtropical tax-deductible week pondering the subjunctive mood, here is one "we" who would "Hello, darling," she said, leaning over the wiry man's shoulder, brushing his right cheek with her ear, as the Underwood stopped dead. "Almost done? The suitcase is downstairs. The cab'll be here in a minute." She kissed him. He started to say "I'm in the middle of a—" She said, "Put down that silly thing you're writing and stand up and kiss me like a man."

The aging man held her long, lovely fingers to his lips and forgot what he had been about to think about tax reform and instead thought, Love, oh, love is the answer. Only love can cure this sick, acquisitive society of ours—only love and a new morality based on generosity, which tempers Judeo-Christian individualism with the ancient tribal wisdom of commonality and givingness and group-derived identity: a non-Western wisdom found far from New York City, in tribal places such as the Yucatán, Oaxaca, Maui, the Tuamotu Archipelago, Santa Monica, Key West, and even Miami. He would go there with her, and they would find it together and write a book about it, and their journey would be research, the expense partly borne by the American tax-paying public, whose tribal generosity to travellers is legendary.



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Flash Act

FOR many years, Harold Nicholas appeared, alongside his brother Fayard, as the younger, slightly smaller half of what was once a very famous tap-dance team. (Fayard is seven years older than Harold, but, as Rigmor Newman, Harold's Swedish girlfriend and manager, says, "who can be sure exactly what the two numbers are that the seven separates"?) From the late twenties until just after the Second World War, the Nicholas Brothers, or Nicholas Kids, as they were sometimes called—they were only about five and twelve when they became famous—starred regularly in vaudeville and at the Cotton Club, occasionally in the movies, and even on radio, where their tapping was broadcast, without apology, as percussion solo. Then, in 1945, Harold Nicholas moved to Paris and began a second career, as a European cabaret and revue star, and the Nicholas Brothers rarely performed again.

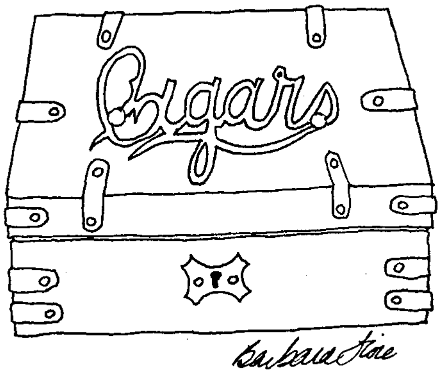
On a miserable, sleet-filled night

recently, the Film Forum II—a movie house, all the way downtown on Watts Street, that's better known for Latin-American political documentaries than for revivals of vaudeville acts—screened the few surviving film clips of the Nicholas Brothers in performance, and Harold Nicholas came along to watch. The little bits of dance on film—none much longer than five minutes—had been salvaged and Scotch-Taped together from ancient prints by Bruce Goldstein, the Film Forum II programmer, with the help of the film collector Ernie Smith. Despite the weather, the house was filled. There were a lot of younger dance buffs, most of whom knew the Nicholas Brothers only by reputation or as a novelty act featured in one of the musical-anthology films that Hollywood turned out in the nineteen-seventies. Ripped from the context of musicals they ornamented, many of the sequences had a surreal flavor, but the Film Forum audience nevertheless saw something extraordinary: two dancers of Astaire-like elegance, inventiveness, and originality who had somehow, despite the indignity of being typed as a novelty act, found an expressive language as memorable as any in American popular dance. (The audience also happened to see in the Nicholas Brothers two of the best-dressed men in the history of the movies; Bobby Short once said that when he was a boy his ambition was to look like Harold Nicholas.)

In one of their very first film appearances, the Nicholas Brothers appear at a Harlem talent show. "Are you professionals?" the m.c. asks dubiously. "Professionals, nothing. We're past that stage," the seven-year-old Harold replies. "We're *amateurs*." Harold, a delicate, elegant child, is the prodigy of the team. Fayard, taller and tauter, as streamlined as a greyhound but with an eager, wide-eyed attack that perfectly complements his kid brother's hauteur, is the lesser dancer but always clearly the leader. Almost every number they perform is, and was intended to be, a "flash act"—a showstopper—but a certain inwardness and slyness shared by the two brothers keep their work from ever exhausting us.

The Nicholas Brothers are most famous for their rubber-legged acrobatics—they seem to have been able to slide into and out of splits and walk up walls—and here their virtuosity remains unrivalled. (Interestingly, their most famous acrobatic stunt—a move where Fayard is almost absent-mindedly amusing himself with a series of near-splits when Harold, suddenly appearing out of nowhere, slides right through the arch of his brother's legs and bounces up to smile at him—was worked on by George Balanchine, who coached the brothers in the Rodgers and Hart musical "Babes in Arms.") Practically every move in break dancing, however new it may look, is not just foreshadowed but completely expressed in what the Nicholas Brothers did. But the real glory of their work lies in their simplest dancing and in their gift for counterpoint: Harold, bending forward, tails flying, will rip off a cascade of quick rocking steps and gestures, and Fayard, beside him, will suddenly paraphrase Harold's movement as a series of quicksilver slurs and slides. They were hardly ever allowed to appear with women partners (the main exception is a wonderful sequence in "Sun Valley Serenade"), and so their dancing became a fraternal rather than a romantic metaphor—full of shared secrets and also of a certain friendly, slam-dunking competitiveness. Their progeny seems to include not just Michael Jackson but Michael Jordan.

The film clips got a standing ovation. Afterward, Harold Nicholas was surrounded by a circle of young admirers, and he invited them to join him and some older friends for a nightcap at Chez Josephine, on West Forty-second Street. Harold Nicholas is a tiny man—only about five feet two. Like Astaire, however, he has a high forehead and a long jaw, and this makes him seem a picture of attenuated elegance. He has always looked vaguely Oriental, and in recent years he has emphasized this look by growing a Fu Manchu mustache. Also like Astaire, Harold seems to be a size 5 man in a size 4 skin: his flesh seems drawn so tight on his body that any movement—even a simple smile or handshake—sends a sympathetic bounce up and down his entire length.

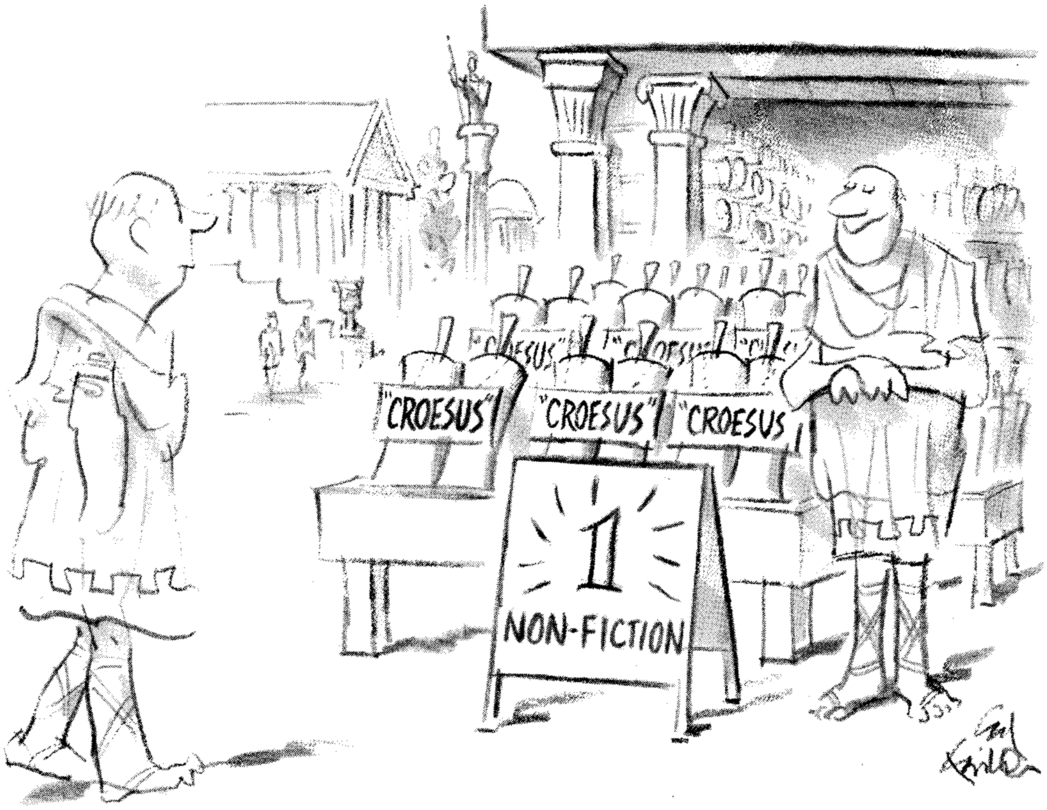


"Fayard's in Los Angeles," he said after everyone had settled in at the restaurant and someone had asked the obvious first question. "He had two operations on his hips, and had to have new hips—those plastic hips—put in. But he's back dancing again now." As he talked about his brother's operations, Harold's hands became first the surgeon's, delicately inserting plastic hips in Fayard's side, and then Fayard himself, back up on his feet, a little shaky but still a trouper.

"Fayard taught me everything," he went on. "Our parents were both musicians—my father was a drummer and my mother was a pianist—and they managed the orchestra at the Standard Vaudeville House in Philadelphia. Fayard used to watch all the dance acts, and then he started to imitate them. His favorite comedian was Harold Lloyd, so when I was born he insisted that my parents call me, his little brother, Harold Lloyd—it's my full name, but I've never used it. When I was five, he started teaching me everything. Fayard was a great dancer, and I just tried to keep up with him. I would lean on him all the time. I learned first on one leg and then on the other leg, and then I kind of got the two together. That's why you see me doing all that stork work." Harold could tap away on one leg, balanced perfectly, while the other just hung around and kept time appreciatively.

"I think I'd have to say that I was a natural dancer, though," he said. "You know, I never really liked to rehearse. I never wanted to go all out until there was a reason to go all out. Astaire, he was a perfectionist, and Gene Kelly, he was a perfectionist, and Fayard, *he* was a perfectionist. When we did 'The Pirate' with Kelly, he and Fayard were mad at me for not going all out at rehearsal. I wanted it to be perfect, too, but I wanted it to be perfect at the perfect time. I didn't mind trying things onstage. Somehow, I never got hurt. I didn't even use kneepads to do the splits. The only time things ever got risky was once at the Roxy. We needed a big move for the finish, but, for some reason, we couldn't have slides built. There was this big, eighteen-piece orchestra right in the middle of the stage, so Fayard and I decided to jump over the orchestra. In the first show—this was back in five-a-day—he jumped over the orchestra in one direction and I jumped over the orchestra in the other direction." Harold's hands became the two brothers greeting each other in midair, high above the orchestra at the Roxy. "But then we talked it over after the show and we asked each other, Well, did we really *enjoy* jumping over the orchestra? And Fayard said no, not really—he *didn't* really enjoy jumping over the orchestra. Well, I tried it again by myself in the next show, and I thought, No, *I'm* not enjoying this, either. And the orchestra, for their part, *they* didn't really seem to be enjoying us jumping over them. So we stopped."

Someone spoke of how wonderful it had been to see Harold partnered, for once, in "Sun Valley Serenade," with a stunning young woman. (In that number, Harold turned his usual fluid, mercurial style into something more flirtatious—machine-gun bursts of tapping followed by a sudden freeze and a shy, mischievous sidelong glance at the beautiful girl.)



"Well, that was Dorothy Dandridge," Harold said. "She *was* very beautiful, and we were married for five years after that."

An old friend came by, and Harold spoke to him in rapid, fluent French. "I lived in France for eleven years," he said when the friend had left. "Fayard was in the Army during the war. In fact, that number we do in 'Stormy Weather' we had only a week to choreograph and rehearse, because Fayard was going right into the Army. I went to France after the war, but I found a tutor here first to teach me the language."

"I thought you said you learned your French from chorus girls," his girlfriend, Rigmor, remarked.

"That was only the *important* French," Harold Nicholas said.

Howling

A YOUNG woman who lives in Montana writes:

No one who meets Bob Ream would guess right off that he howls. He is in his early fifties, and is a large, calm person with an unhurried stride, a Huck Finn grin, and a habit of saying nothing until he has something to say. He is also a state legislator, a forestry professor, and a wildlife researcher—that's where the howling comes in. For most of his adult life, Bob has studied the habits of wolves. It's a job that takes patience and imagination, because wolves are rare and ghostly, and people learn about them largely from the things they leave behind—scat, or a deer carcass, or a line of tracks across the snow. A long time ago, Bob taught himself a wolf howl and began to use it when he thought wolves were nearby. But it wasn't until March 1, 1985, at about ten o'clock in the morning, that the wolves finally talked back. He told me about it one afternoon as we drove up the snowy North Fork valley toward the Canadian border, where it had happened.

"It was one of those crystal-clear days," Bob said. "Twenty below zero. Two researchers and I travelled twelve miles by snowmobile to an elk that some wolves had killed. There wasn't room for all of us on the machine, so they pulled me on skis. We had to stop twice so I could warm my hands. Well, we got to the kill site and watched it for a while. A coyote and a bald eagle were there, and a bunch of ravens were hanging around. We thought the wolves were probably nearby, so I said, 'Let's try howling,' and we did. All three of us howled. And no sooner had we finished than a wolf answered. Then another, and another. It lasted from three to five minutes. They were only about two hundred yards away, and they were *loud*. And afterward it was so calm, so still. I'd been looking for wolves for years. It brought tears to my eyes."

The North Fork of the Flathead River, which the road follows, flows south from headwaters in British Columbia and forms the western border of Glacier National Park. Its drainage is a long valley of meadows and lodgepole pines flanked by rows of sharp, gleaming mountains. During the past decade, the valley has become a hot spot in the world of wolf research, because the animals have begun to reinhabit the area without coercion or encouragement from human beings. Wolves were wiped out in Montana and in most of the rest of the United States by about 1930, Bob told me, so their reappearance in numbers is big news anywhere it happens.

In 1979, Bob and his researchers trapped a female wolf who was roaming the North Fork alone, and put a radio collar on her. They studied her travel patterns, and in the winter of 1982 they found that she had apparently teamed up with a very large male who was missing one toe on his left front foot. Those two were very likely the progenitors of what Bob and his team called the magic pack—magic because they were so elusive, even for wolves. The magic pack eventually divided into four packs, of twenty-two wolves in all.

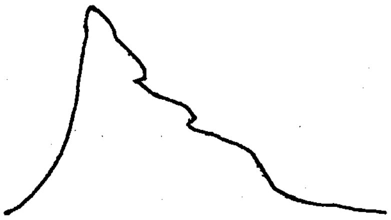
When we reached the border, Bob and I were joined by Arnie and Helen Bolle, a couple in their early seventies, who had followed us in their car. (Arnold is a retired dean of forestry at the University of Montana.) Together, we headed out in Bob's truck for a spot where Bob hoped to pick up radio signals from one of the packs. Four of the wolves had collars, he told us. "Oh, boy!" Helen said. "One for each of us." It was a black, moonless winter night—the kind that makes you keep the headlights on high beam. Eventually, we stopped at the edge of the empty road, and Bob picked up some beeps on his radio receiver. He replaced the truck's whip antenna with a directional one, listened again, and pointed to a rectangle, several miles to the east, that was a shade or two lighter than anything else. "That meadow is probably where they are," he said. "And they're moving."

I realized then that my stereotype of a howling wolf—a voluble loner on a hilltop, silhouetted by a full moon—had nothing to do with the situation at hand. These wolves were loping together along an unlit valley floor. They were busy. Getting them to howl, I thought, would be like asking a bowling team to stop and sing an opera.

"I think I'll try now," Bob said. Helen and Arnie and I waited what seemed like a long time. Bob didn't hurry. He took some deep, slow breaths. Then he cupped his mittened hands around his mouth, tipped his head back, and did it.

A wolf howl is to a domestic-dog howl what an air-raid siren is to my Toyota horn. The howl doesn't yip or whine; it soars. Bob's howl began in the bass register, as mournful as a foghorn, and swooped up to a muscular shriek that, frankly, raised my hackles. It descended slowly, with a couple of heartbreaking cracks, then levelled out and stopped and echoed off the mountains. The whole thing had a quality of utter extension and yearning in it, not unlike Marlon Brando calling for Stella.

This is a diagram I drew of Bob's wolf howl:



At first, I thought that it looked like some of the mountains that jut up from the edges of the North Fork valley. Then I decided that it looked like the profile of a seated, howling wolf.

Bob howled twice more, and stopped. We listened as hard as we could, hands cupped behind our ears. Then we heard them. Distance and an opposing breeze miniaturized the howls. But they were there—a thin, faint chorus.

The next day, hoping to find the wolves' tracks, we skied into a meadow that was on their route. Arnie and Helen and I tried some howls. Helen and I had problems with pitch—we sounded frail and yippy—but I thought I managed a convincing catch in my voice on the descent. Arnie was much more wolflike, although his timing was off and he didn't have the volume that Bob had built up over twenty years of howling.

Howling is a social activity, Bob said. Lone wolves rarely howl, because they have no one to howl at. But a pack might howl as a way of warning off any intruder wolves, or, when a pack spreads out to hunt, the members might howl simply as a way of counting noses. We howled again, for the heck of it, and Bob waved his arms like a conductor.

Helen and Arnie and I drove home together, leaving Bob to his work. "When I think about it, I think I've heard Bob howl before," Helen said. "But I can't put my finger on when it was. Did you ever hear him howl before, Arnie?"

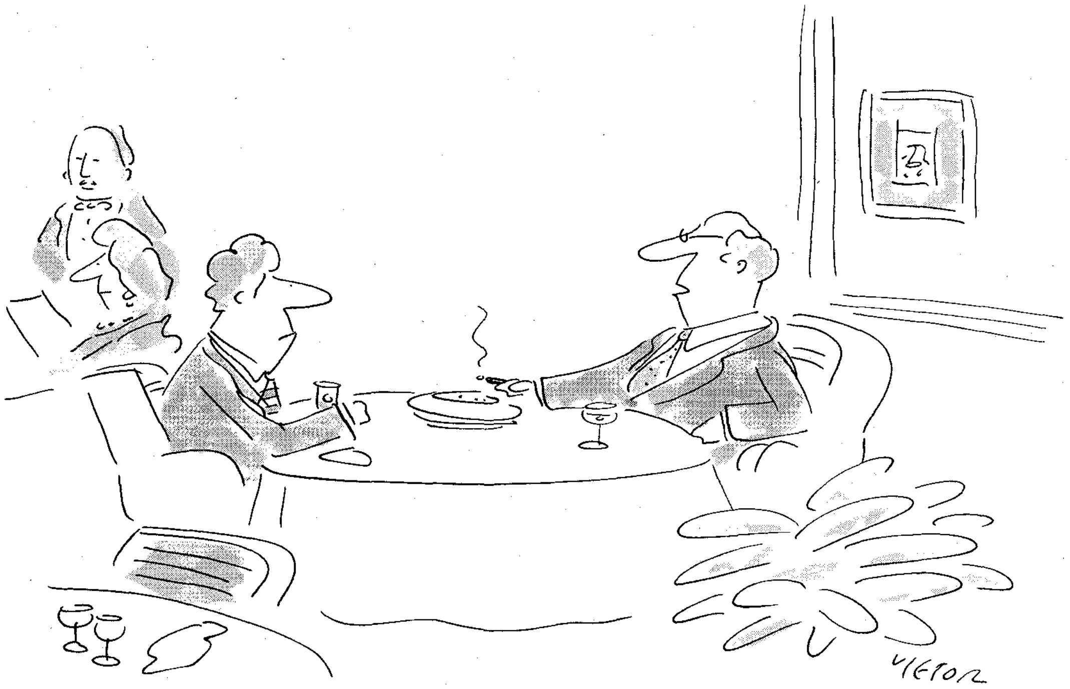
"Yes," Arnie said. "At his fiftieth-birthday party—remember? He howled, and somebody played it back to him on the saxophone."

Not for Rent

NOTE from a friend who's spent the last few weeks apartment hunting:

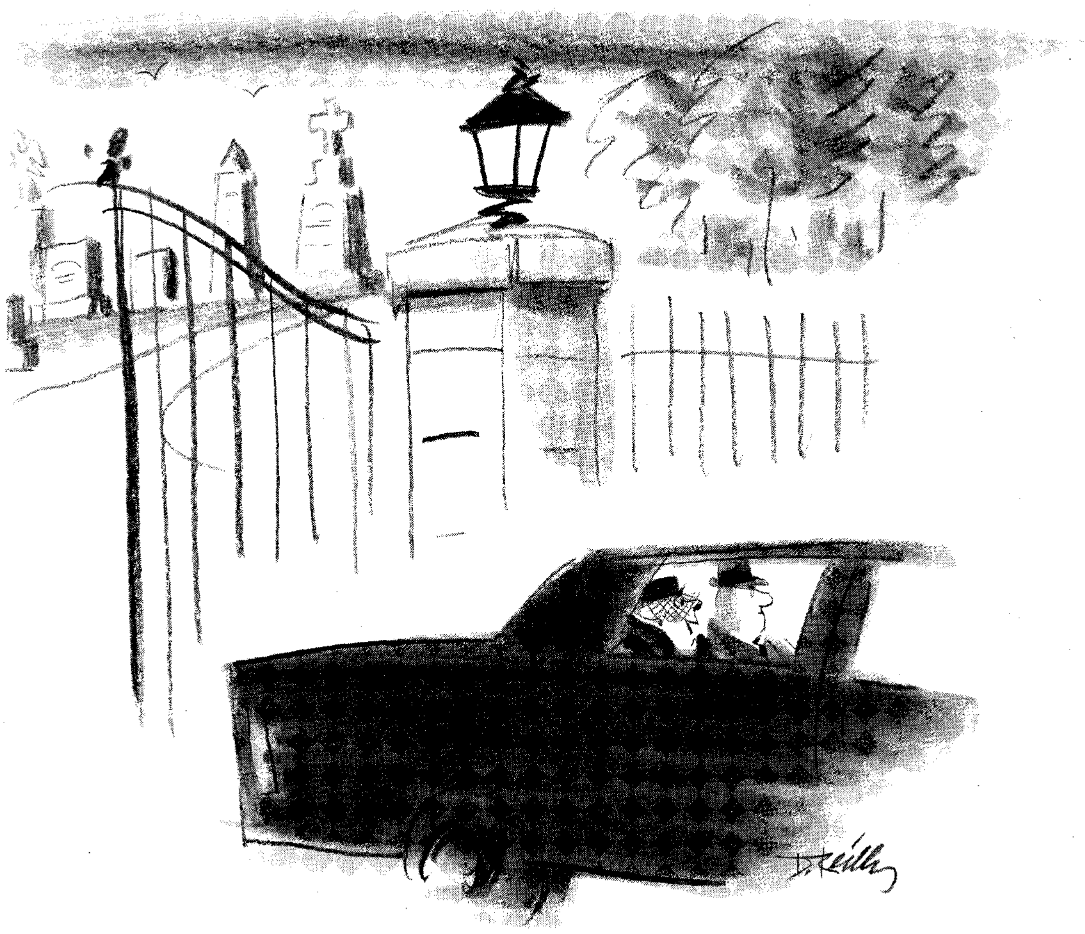
Just when I've vowed to stop being so *obsessed* with finding a new apt, I'm invited by one Bob Russell to go on a tour of eccentric living spaces around the city. Scared off at first—Russell says he's a broker, and I just can't be around brokers right now. But Russell quickly assures me he's not a *real-estate* broker—he's a *painting* broker, and a party-giver and tour guide, fond of themes. This tour's theme, Russell tells me, is obsession. "I believe you are where you live," he says.

First stop on tour: Russell's own apt—4th-flr Upper E Side wlk-up stu. Bargain charmer pied-à-terre w/expo brck in finest nbrhd. Place is small, dark—wndws totally shuttered. *No* vu. But full of strange-looking furniture and objts arranged helter-skelter.



"I predict fear will replace greed in '88."

Russell announces to guests (fourteen or so) that apt represents the inside of his head. Inside of his head this tiny? Has wooden shutters? Russell also announces that nothing in apt cost him over fifty dollars, and most objts retrieved from dumpsters. Dumpster loot includes nice chairs, tables, straw rugs, weird lamps, a Thebes stool, mirrors, paintings, and big mechanical things scattered around rm. Most of apt dominated by three gigantic stuffed trophy heads—Cape buffalo, gemsbok, wildebeest. Large stuffed cock pheasant sitting on desk. Apt appears to be one-third stuffed animals, two-thirds living space. Evil broker would probably describe as "cozy." Introduced to John and Jane Stubbs, whose loft on our tour. John and Jane worried. John: "Bob's might be the most eccentric apartment on the tour." Jane: "I don't know how ours is going to compare. I do hope it's amusing. Mostly, it's just cluttered."



"He was grateful that he lived to see Bork unshackled."

• •

Second stop: John and Jane's loft, at Bway and 18th. Huge! Two expos! Mint Cndition! Eurostyle kitchen! 2000 sq ft! D/W, ww cpt! Up-and-coming new Flatiron Dist! John and Jane both architectural-book-and-print dealers, so loft full of thousands of priceless works. John especially ebullient host, spills popcorn on valuable copy of "Catherwood's Views in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatán." Laughs casually. His book, after all. Sm loft for bdrm, built to look like Greek temple. Stuffed armadillo on table. Whole place *gorgeous*. Guests gasping, slightly subdued. Jealous, maybe? Tour participant named Brian, standing in corner, taps my shoulder, confides, "My apartment isn't on the tour. I was sick to hear about that. I guess I'm not eccentric enough." Anyway, is this place rental or what? Get John's card and call tomorrow.

Third stop: 100-yr-old floating tugboat docked in Hudson near Tribeca. Location, location, location! Vu of Maxwell House neon in NJ. Wd stove. *Freezing*. People actually *live* here? Jimmy, tugboat owner, says yes, of course, it's not so bad—in fact, his girlfriend's nine-year-old son very happy living in smokestack. Planning more renovation? Jimmy: "Oh, yeah. But it'll never be done. It's kind of existential that way. It's not a goal of mine to have it finished, because it never will be finished. But I do plan to get back to some projects on land at some point." Russell rented rm in the hull one summer as "summer home." Guests murmur to Jimmy that it's a "great space." Man emerges from engine rm, says, "I didn't know anyone was coming. I looked out and saw shadowy figures approaching the boat, and I thought extraterrestrials had landed."

Fourth stop: Best Brkln Hts one-bdrm w/details galore. Occupant Angus Wilkie, expert on and dealer in Biedermeier-style furniture. Every piece of furniture in apt precious antique Biedermeier thing: desk, chairs, armoire, bed, tables, sofa. Not to mention not one but *two* wbf—one in LR, one in bdrm. Curved marble mantels. Orig tile bth. Hdwd floors. Elegant stuff *everywhere*. Even *dog* is elegant—big white animal with dreadlocks, lounging on Biedermeier fainting couch. Ask to use phone—relieved that it's plastic. Pulled aside by another guest, who says, "I'm glad we're not just seeing grand apartments, because life isn't like that."

Last stop: E Vill—dwntwn's HOTTEST address—to visit apt of ex-diplomat, ex-businessman friend of Russell's. Worldly goods of many years this man spent in a sprawling classic six now crammed into E Vill classic two. Huge chandelier, probably from former apt, in LR. Russell bills this as "elegance in reduced circumstances." John and Jane Stubbs collapse in back rm on couch. John: "For all I know, I could be on *Mars* right now." Sign that tour party is winding down? Friend of Russell's whispers, "Of all these places, I like Bob's the most. He has the best philosophy, which is to just live your life and keep your eye on the dumpsters, and as soon as you see something great get a truck and haul it off."

IN TÍR NA NÓG

OF the two books, it was the second the twins finally opted for—“La Brea Story,” a picture book on “The Death Trap of the Ages,” the Pleistocene asphalt pits (“commonly and incorrectly called ‘tar pits’ ”) just off Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles. They had put aside the first, a pop-up icon assemblage of immortal motion-picture moments—from “King Kong,” “Gone with the Wind,” “The Seven Year Itch,” and “Casablanca”—having delighted in its two New York scenes. They had themselves stood, with their mother, Kaye Wayfaring, atop the Empire State Building and astride a grating’s corner as the subway rumbled earth-tremor-like beneath them. Moreover, they knew that Marilyn Monroe had been Kaye Wayfaring’s dear friend, but had died “decades ago, when your father was your age,” and after a time they had asked to be read to on the theme of the days before anyone was alive, by their grandmother, Mawrdew Czgowchwz.

“The *tar* pits—the *tar* pits!” They commenced in unison. “The *ass*-fault pits! The *ass*-fault pits!” They continued in descant, gyrating, correcting each other, rescinding and affirming the smoke-screen words “tar pits” and “asphalt.”

“Jack Benny always called them the tar pits,” Mawrdew Czgowchwz remarked.

“Who was Jack Benny, Grandmother—*your* old friend?”

“Well, yes, he was. He used to let me on his radio show. He’d play his violin, and I’d sing something funny.”

“Sing something funny, Grandmother!”

“Like what?”

“Sing ‘Eartha,’ Grandmother. You were *supposed* to sing ‘Eartha’ in Seeaddle, but there isn’t any money.”

“Not ‘Eartha,’ dear ones, ‘Erda,’ ” Mawrdew Czgowchwz replied. “Erda is a German lady—a goddess—who comes out of the earth, and sings.”

“Does she come out of the *tar* pits, Grandmother? The *ass*-fault pits—does she, does she?”

“Well, now, there’s an interesting idea. Now they’ve cancelled the Seattle Ring, perhaps they’d do it down here at the tar pits.”

“What does she *want*, Grandmother? What does she want? Where is she going?”

“She doesn’t seem to want anything but to talk. You see, she knows everything, poor creature.”

“She knows *everything*, Grandmother?”

“Well, yes, at first—but it’s a long show, and she forgets. She takes a great nap for herself while everyone else is singing, and when she wakes up she’s changed her mind. ‘Dazed am I since I woke,’ she says. ‘The world seems wild and strange to me.’ ”

“*Is* the world wild and strange, Grandmother? *Is* it—*is* it?”

“Betimes.”

“It’s *not*—it’s *not!*”

“It’s not, is it? Why’d you ask, then, if it’s not?”

“It’s not bedtimes!”

“Oh! No, no—only for Erda. It’s always bedtime for Erda.”

“Grandmother, when may we go and interrupt Mother and Uncle Jameson?”

“Any minute now. Come look a little longer at these prehistoric things—wild horses, for example.”

“ ‘SWAN SONG’?”

“ ‘Swan Song.’ ”

“Sounds ridiculous,” the scenarist complained.

“It is,” the actress admitted.

“ ‘That’s all, folks!’ You did say French?”

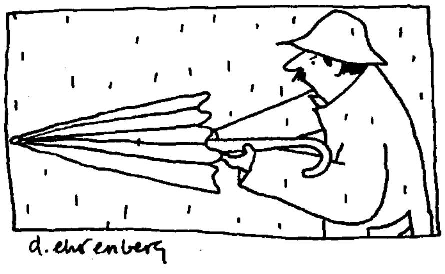
“They’ve all got French names, they claimed they flew over on Air France, and the play she’s a sensation in—the other one, besides ‘Phèdre’—is called ‘Le Chant du Cygne.’ ”

“What’s the package—yourself and a French ventriloquist?”

“Turning . . . *turning!*”

Jameson O’Maurigan, who had walked to the edge of the terrace to look at the sun starting to set over the Pacific, turned back to rejoin Kaye Wayfaring, his partner in the Yeatsian board game Great Wheel, who, having thrown the dice and landed on Phase Sixteen, turned a card and read it:

Phase Sixteen has a dream thrust upon it and finds within itself an aimless excitement. If it use its intellect to disengage the aimless child, it finds the soul’s most radiant expression and surrounds itself with some fairyland, some mythology of wisdom or laughter. If it subordinate the intellect to the Body of Fate, all the cruelty and narrowness of that intellect are displayed in service of preposterous purpose after purpose till there is nothing left but the fixed idea and some hysterical hatred. Examples: William Blake, Rabelais, Paracelsus, some beautiful women . . .



“I’ve turned back, so—tell me the rest.”

“Why *am* I telling you all this?”

“Because it’s prepost’rous. Because you mustn’t do it. So, where are you now?”

“Sixteen. What have you done to these dice? I won’t do it, even if the pitch *was* high concept. At Hors Gabarit, in Laguna Niguel. I said, ‘Jean-Loup, you could outline this opus in squid ink in the white space on your plate, between the steamed cactus, the blue polenta chevrons, and the scorched sweetbreads.’ You don’t then envision a screen-classics pop-up book of ‘Swan Song’?”

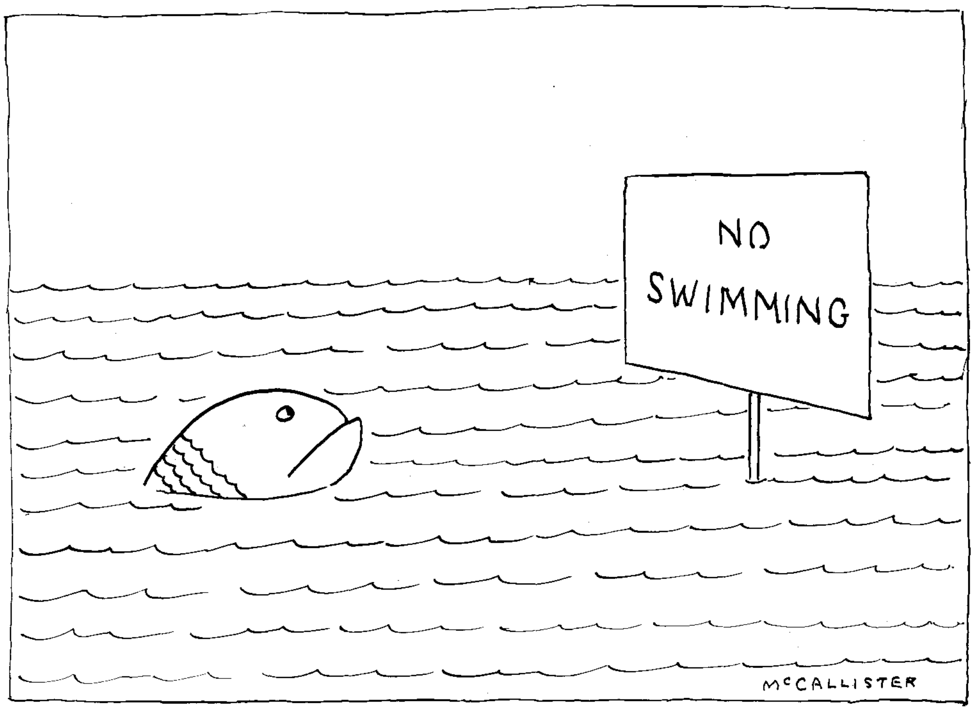
“I don’t envision the *picture* as parlayed—with the *beau mec* flamboyantly stampeded to death by all the wild horses in the Camargue, wasn’t it, and you yourself stark and affixed in ‘Le Chant du Cygne,’ the show that must go on? It’s unnerving, entirely. In any case, all that is more the stuff of the legitimate stage these days—all done in retrieved arenas, with lasers and carrousels.”

“Whatever. Meanwhile, apropos stampede, better take cover—here come your fans.”

“They are my imps, my lucky dice. I deny them naught. I’ll put them in pictures—they *ought* to be in pictures.”

“Put them in the new extravaganza. Depict your woman, your pirate queen Granuaile, kidnapping them from the English and prizing them more than all her fabulous horde, and I might play her for you after all.”

The twins came less than halfway across the terrace. Stopping there, they set about rehearsing (Kaye thought, remembering her own childhood maneuvers in the nineteen-forties) some mannerly approach. It was Jameson’s habit, having schooled them thoroughly in the four questions “Who am I?,” “Where do I come from?,” “What do I want?,” and “Where



am I going?," to demand of them at each new approach, "Where to?" When he called, they were ready.

"The tar pits—the *ass*-fault pits!"

"Jack Benny always called them the tar pits," Kaye Wayfaring said.

"Commonly and incorrectly," Jameson countered, and then, "The Death Trap of the Ages."

"Los Angeles?" Kaye Wayfaring challenged, while the children, forgetting their anthem, looked back and forth between their mother and the comical visitor.

"Los Angeles? La Brea. The tar—rather, asphalt—pits of La Brea, in the City of Los Angeles, California. Where we are not now—being, here as we speak, in the best place, some say, on earth: Laguna Beach, California also—in fact, more so."

"I remember when she used to go on Jack Benny's show. She'd be Erda, down in the vaults where he kept his money, always trying to tempt him with the Rhine gold to a game of blackjack. He'd play the violin and she'd sing 'My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice.' Somebody would always butt in with 'Wrong opera! Wrong opera!' Your grandmother," Kaye offered, "can be a very funny lady."

"Is Eartha in the tar pits, Uncle Jameson? Is King Kong? Is Frankenstein?"

"Not 'Eartha,' darling, 'Erda.' You must ask your grandmother. Your grandmother knows all about it."

"She says ask you can we go see."

"To the *pits*—the *ass*-fault pits! Can we go, Mother?"

"Yes, yes. Go ask your grandmother when, O.K.?"

As they marched back across the terrace, their shadows lengthening in the sunset, she thought, Stop again, stand, stay, thou art fair. (When they opened the pop-up book to "Casablanca" and a microchip mechanism had played the first few bars of "As Time Goes By," she'd flipped the pages back to "King Kong," thinking, This is no time for "As Time Goes By.")

* * *

"Grandmother can go anytime," said Jameson. "She's out of work."

"Aren't we all," Kaye Wayfaring answered. "Well, not you—there's always work for you, isn't there?"

"Isn't there—for me and my sort. Where there's life—"

"I wish you did horoscopes," the actress declared in earnest, picking up the magazine she'd started grazing at breakfast and had kept in reserve all day. "I'd so much rather read you on life's free-loop spaces than these cunning hacks in the trades."

"What did she say?"

"Well, if you must know why I'm telling you all this, she said—well, read it."

Jameson reached for *Company Town* and read "Ask Astarte," Gemini:

When the war was over, you blasted off like a rocket headed for a different planet. You moved from the old home town to a mecca of madness. Come spring, a weird series of coincidences will push you into the same situation again, but this time you're likely to head for a foreign country with dreams of becoming an international operator. Before the excitement begins, fast from fantasy for three months. Face the reality you're ready to leave behind.

Jameson closed the magazine. " 'Phase Sixteen has a dream thrust upon it and finds within itself an aimless excitement.' 'International operator.' Where have I heard that lately?"

"On Terrible Teeth's new release, 'All This Is True,' right after 'You Got It Wrong.' "

"Ah, yes—well, there you are."

"Am I? 'Come spring, a weird—' Should I take this pitch in to that cunning little psychic on Kilkea, just off Melrose?"

"When, tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow. 'What's the matter with my star?' she'll ask, as if all the other names on her Rolodex were dress extras. 'I always know when something's the matter.' 'I don't know,' I'll say, 'check this.' "

"Aren't you overlooking someone, someone cunning, closer to home—to you—than Kilkea, just off Melrose?"

"Here they come back. What did she say?"

"Grandmother says tomorrow, so!"

"She said see if that's O.K."

"It's O.K. Are you inviting your father and your Uncle Tristan as well?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Good. O.K. Go tell Grandmother it's a deal."

•

As the sun set, and Mawrdew Czgowchwz ushered her grandchildren in to supper, Kaye Wayfaring watched Jameson O'Maurigan looking at the Pacific.

What does he want? He wants me to play the White Sea Horse, his Irish pirate goddess. He wants the diva, herself indoors, to play Elizabeth the English Queen. What do I want? Where am I going? I want the answers to a few simple questions—a prepost'rous demand. I'm going along, so, to the La Brea Tar Pits. Tomorrow. Isn't information-gathering a function of covetousness? Yes, tomorrow.

Kaye Wayfaring sat alone in the atrium garden of the La Brea Discoveries museum, under a lush canopy of laurel. "Herself indoors," she muttered. Outdoors, in late February, Los Angeles, at its yearly greenest, cleansed by the Santa Ana winds and freshened by the welcome morning rains, rose from the new eighties metropolis downtown, tier upon tier, open-fanned, from Silver Lake to the Pacific Palisades.

All afternoon, in the beyond, out at the beach, from Malibu to Redondo, the Pacific, energetic, a brilliant azurite, had sped hundreds of sailboats northwest-southeast along the coast, and southwest to Catalina and San Gabriel Islands. Then, suddenly, at the beach, and in the San Fernando Valley, a snowfall.

"Snow at the beach! Snow in the Valley!" the twins had cried out, their attention decisively diverted from the La Brea discoveries.

"It's on the *television!* Snow at the beach—snow in the Valley! Snowmen—there'll be *snowmen!*"

"Neither of them, you see, has ever seen a snowman," the twins' father, Jacob Beltane, had advised his twin brother Tristan and their mother, Mawrdew Czgowchwz.

"Now, where would I have been that I wouldn't know that about them, then?" Mawrdew Czgowchwz had replied. "I've only been in New York, I haven't been in Tír na nÓg."

"Where's that?" the twins had cried out simultaneously, in case something beyond the San Fernando Valley and beyond snowmen had been revealed.

"Tír na nÓg? Oh, Tír na nÓg's the Land of Nod. Well, not exactly. It's the Land of the Young. It's Irish."

"*We're* young!"

"We're *Irish*, too—three-*quarters!*"

"You're young—but you're not going to stay that way forever, are you?"

"No!"

"No!"

"Not on a dare. Well, you see, in Tír na nÓg that's the way. The indigenes stay forever young. Terrible place altogether."

"Can we go—"

"To see the snow?"

"Can you go—now, that I don't know. You must take that up with the authorities."

Jacob Beltane had turned to his brother Tristan. "Hah!"

"The authorities—or one of them—says 'Hah!' "

"Mother?"

"Mother?"

◆

What a setup. What was I supposed to say then—no? No, under no circumstances, young lady, young man. Impossible, young ones.

They've gone. They've gone.

All our parodies of the Chekhov exercises started like that. Somebody in the wings calling out, "Goodbye! Goodbye!" and then coming onstage, bewildered always, saying, "They've gone! They've gone!"

I let them go without me. I was suddenly captivated by the glass-box image of the La Brea Girl: she keeps turning into her own skeleton—the facsimile of the one diggers found here in the pits—and then back into herself in the flesh again, looking like a Gauguin girl in Tahiti, in Tír na nÓg. (Here is no Tahiti; here is no Tír na nÓg. Here is the Death Trap of the Ages. And here I am.)

What am I doing—that interview I wouldn't do last weekend? Informed the caller I only ever do them on the job.

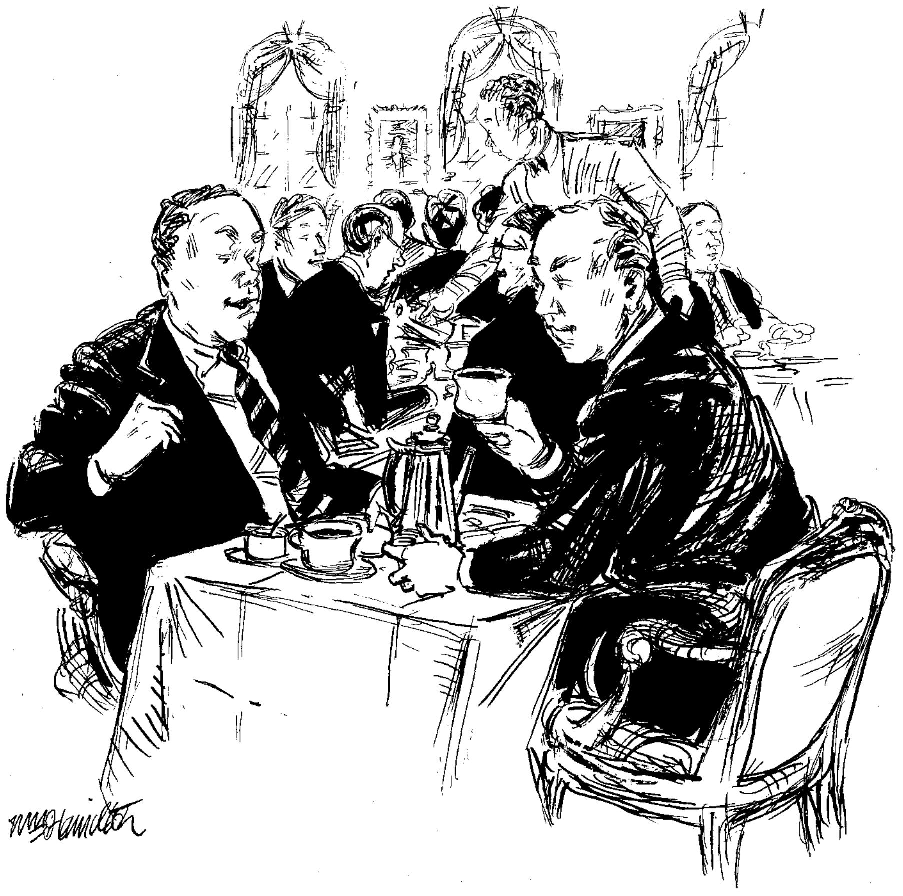
That is obviously just what I'm doing. Listen, I don't do anything over the phone but order refreshments in, and neither do you want to come all the way down to Laguna, or even over to Silver Lake. Nor am I free to meet you at the Polo Lounge, or by the Hockney pool in the new Roosevelt, or in any restaurant on La Cienaga. So meet me at the old reliable La Brea Tar Pits. We'll walk around. Meet me in the atrium garden of the new museum. There are no unnerving attractions in the garden. I'll arrange for my mother-in-law to remove my husband and children. She'll spirit them away to chase rainbow snowmen in the Valley.

How would he start? Let's play solitaire interview pinochle on a snowy afternoon.

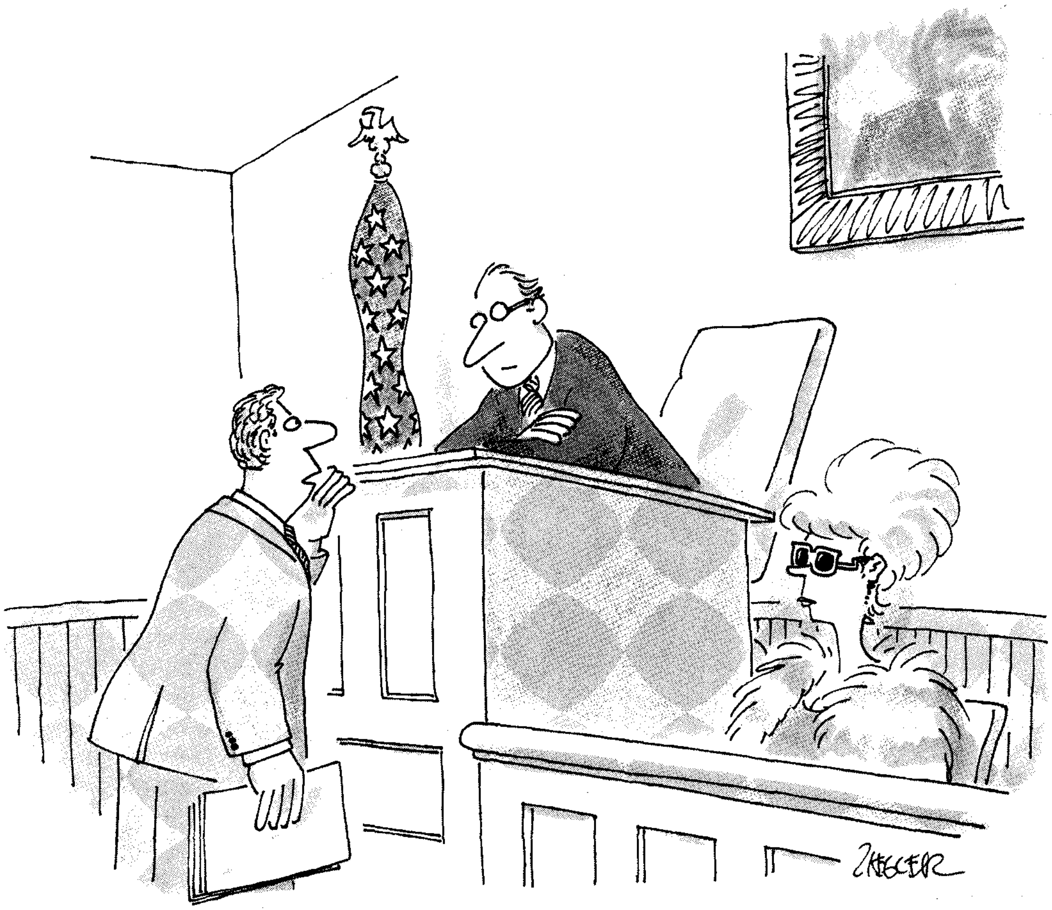
Miss Wayfaring, why have you declined to be interviewed or photographed by *Life* and the rest to celebrate Hollywood's hundredth birthday?

Declined? I haven't. It's manners to wait till you're asked. I've not been.

Why—or why not?



"Shall we talk ninja to ninja?"



“Permission to exchange phone numbers with the witness, Your Honor?”

You’d better ask Hollywood.

You haven’t made a picture since “Avenged.” Do you think maybe the town’s forgotten you?

Well, they sent you—or did they? Look, I live here—part of the time permanently. In Silver Lake, at the other end of Sunset Boulevard. Also in Laguna Beach. Happily.

Methinks he thinks the lady doth— She doth; she always did. “The untold want by life and land ne’er granted,/Now voyager sail those forth to seek and find.” The untold want wasn’t hers. She told hers—she told them all. Next question.

On safe ground, how did you begin your day in Silver Lake—or was it Laguna?

Laguna—or, as the children say, “Labeena Gooch.” With the “I Ching”—I threw my age. I threw “Gathering Together,” Hexagram Forty-six, the fourth line changing, yielding “Holding Together”—do you love it?

When? Oh, I took up the “I Ching” years ago, years ago. As a matter of fact, talking consequences, as the upshot of the invitation to impress my shoeprints in cement over in Sid Grauman’s sidewalk on the occasion of the première of “We Are Born, We Live, We Die.” You know what lines went right next to the footprints? They were my first throw. You can still go and look at them—“Fellowship with Men.” Who ever said publicity is meant to deceive the populace? I was sincere.

Time out of mind ago it was, that night, in Tír na nÓg. Yes, “We Are Born, We Live, We Die” was the second nomination. No, I don’t like to talk about the Oscars. Yes, I realize Garbo never got one. Yes, I have—my mother-in-law introduced us. No, we’ve never discussed never winning the Oscar.

I don’t know when. It may have been as a consequence of my brother’s gift to me of a spray-painted gold Nehi Cola bottle, which I, in a rage, all too soon after broke to bits against the rocks of Warwoman Dell. That wouldn’t be hard to understand, would it? Interpretation is no remedy, however, and as a result, consequently, I came to turn against it. I try never to interpret anything, least of all a part in a play or picture.

“When creatures gather together . . .”

Yes, I saw the picture *Life* released of the centennial indigenes—the several rows of them standing in front of the Paramount gate. I was thinking of them just now in terms of the beasts and birds of yesteryear, of heretofore, sunk into the fatal muck here at La Brea.

My brother and I used to play La Brea Tar Pits at the edge of the stagnant mud pond in Warwoman Dell. Warwoman Dell was situated in Clayton, Georgia; it probably still is—you could look it up. I’m never going back, not even with the children. Wild horses—

“ ‘WE wait for a small herd of horses to pass by as they slowly graze at the foot of a hill.’ ”

From across the garden, a docent voice, reading from the same book Mawrdew Czgowchwz had been reading from to her grandchildren the day before, addressed its young audience, any and all passersby, Kaye Wayfaring, and her imaginary collocutor.

“ ‘Suddenly, nervous and alert, they move away and break into a run. From nearby bushes a tawny lioness streaks towards a young horse, lunges at its head, and knocks it to the ground. A short, wild struggle ensues in a cloud of dust—’ ”

“And a hearty ‘Hiyo, Silver!’ ”

“Excuse me, Désirée, but I am your moderator, reading at the moment out loud, for your entertainment and, hopefully, edification from this book, ‘La Brea Story,’ published by the Division of Education in coöperation with the Earth Sciences Division, Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. May I continue?”

“Everyone knows there are no lions left anymore anywhere near Los Angeles. Only coyotes. For lions, you go to San Diego.”

“This book—in fact, this place—isn’t about now. It’s about the past, the remote past.”

“Well, it’s stupid—violent.”

“ ‘A short, wild struggle ensues in a

cloud of dust and all is quiet. A larger male lion proudly joins her, and she moves back as he satisfies his hunger on the warm body.' "

"This is making me sick. I'm going to be sick—in the tar pits."

"You stay away from those tar pits! They dug a dead woman out of one of those things."

(Goodness, that child is Ralph Von Gelsen's precocious daughter, Désirée. Goodness? Goodness has nothing to do— I am invisible; make me invisible.)

" 'Shaken and shocked at the quick and violent action, we cover the short distance to the stream. Resting in the shade of a tree we watch the activity. . . .' Désirée!"

"I'll be right back. I have to say hello to somebody I know."

(Nothing to do with it, dearie. I'm not invisible; you're invisible.)

"Hello, Miss Wayfaring. Long time no see. I notice you too are resting in the shade of a tree, watching the activity."

"Hello, Désirée. How's everything? How's your father?"

"Not so bad, Miss Wayfaring—not so bad as it was. Only my father isn't everything—my father only *thinks* he's everything."

"Hmm—you look well, I must say. You're growing like—"

"Well, I've got a chance at last. I finally convinced him to stop sending me to all those dubious intergalactic schools—that it was either Hollywood High or the Rubber Room at Camarillo. Of course, being an adolescent, I am terrified of the earthquake, but I'm learning fast how to push all the energies into the third eye, so if I do go under I won't have to spend eternity haunting the astral. How are *you*? I *loved* 'Womanly Girl.' It put me in such a renovated, *up* head. It was my favorite video for a *year*, at least, even after Shocked Rock came out with 'Why Can't I Make You Love Me?' Radical work!"

"Thank you. Well, as you may know, I've got twins. They were just here, but they've gone off with their father, their uncle, and their grandmother, looking for a snowman in the Valley."

"I was wondering what brought you here alone. Of course, you're *never* alone, are you, truly?"

"What do you mean?"

"Désirée! We're leaving now!"

"I've got to go. I just mean, needless to say—well, never mind. Take care of yourself, and of the twins. Don't fall into the pits—promise!"

•

Heard that for years, about everything. Skirt the edge; don't get too close, you'll fall in.

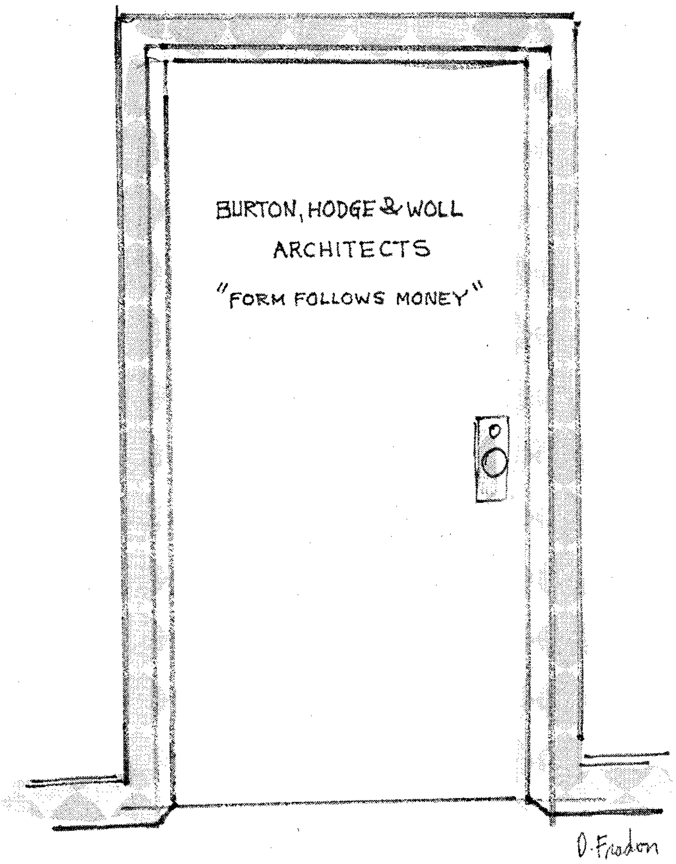
Last night my mother-in-law was reading to the children, as I've told you, from that book we just heard from. It's a grim thing. There's a passage in it about the vultures—how they'd swoop down over the four-footed earth walkers, the quadrupeds. The children love to regress and imitate the quadrupeds, while their various male relations and honorary relations play predators—prehistoric predators. How the vultures, the *Teratornis* vultures, would get the tips of their wings caught in the bubbling asphalt and, weighted down, would suffer the same fate as those they preyed on. And on and on as she read it . . . "There are no more 'territory' vultures in Los Angeles, are there, Uncle Jameson?" the boy asked O'Maurigan with great confidence. "Oh, there *are*, there are indeed!" said the clown. "Only not in Silver Lake. We've spotted them over the river in Los Feliz, but if they try to fly across, the Lorelei of the Los Angeles River wails like a civil-defense siren, and we bag the monstrous things. We've also got patrols. We've got the Silver Lake Territory Vulture Vigilante—"

"Would you *stop*, you!" I finally spoke up. *I'm* the one they come to, of course, for night prayers and talismans against territory vultures in their sleep. Not to mention the questions about the Lorelei, who has been identified, by Jameson, with Norma Jean's—Marilyn Monroe's—ghost. Can I tell them that for years my "they" told me that when poor Peg Entwistle jumped off the big HOLLYWOODLAND "H," what she did was take a long swan dive into the La Brea Tar Pits? That she's the girl whose bones they've dredged up and assembled?

He kept on at them like that, at the openmouthed pair of them. "And beyond Los Feliz, in Hollywood—perched, in fact, on the 'H,' the 'L's, the 'Y,' and the 'W' of the HOLLYWOOD sign—there may be seen for your amazement, in a frightening asymmetry, never fewer than *eight* Hollywood territory vultures, the latest evolutionary specimens—1987—hatched full size. They come that way now, you realize, as a result of atomic radiation." Of course by then the twins were in fits and starts both, and decided they themselves would be the vultures and their elders the poor trapped camel, wolf, sabre-tooth, and ground sloth in the tar pits. And I, of course, to join the game at that point would have to be the Lorelei—Marilyn's ghost—*and* subsequently the ghost of poor Peg Entwistle, Cinderella also-ran. But I refrained. I came to the edge of the game, but I didn't fall in.

Who *was* she anyway, the woman, the girl—the womanly girl—whose bones they found there? Chosen maiden? Hollywood hopeful? Fashion victim?

I've been taking pictures of them lately. They got wind of the Indian superstition about the camera



NEW YORK
BOOTH

"I didn't send you a valentine."

capturing their souls—for *ransom*, they decided—and turning them into inhabitants of "Night of the Living Dead." "Weren't you in that picture, Mom—the first one, in black-and-white?"

"No, I was *not!* Who told you that?"

"Never mind!"

Chilling things they come up with. Ransom.

"You could put our pictures on the backs of milk containers—'souls extra!' " "They'd be worth their weight in uranium." "Neptunium!" "Plutonium!"

"And who told you what was the weight of your souls?"

Suddenly I heard my mother's voice in my own. My mother would never allow bottles or cartons on the kitchen table—only pitchers; and no cereal boxes, or newspapers; and no radios. "No information is necessary at breakfast to a connoisseur of mornings except the news that you are alive and kickin' and covetous of the day that's dawned. Sittin' up, takin' nou'shment. Sufficiency is the Lord's name; the name of the beast is 'What Else?' " My brother and I would routinely sass back, "Don't touch that dial!" and she'd rejoin, "Oh, really, Miss Defiant? Oh, *really*, Mister Brass? Well, I declare, I've a mind to trade you both *back* to the Cherokee Indians, and repossess my cat's-eye brooch, my stone martens, *and* my peace of mind—*no change!*" I feel that coiled apparatus in my voice, spring-locked, defectively, ready to—ready anytime. Cherokee? Cahuenga.

Of course they've both decided—on their own, they let people know, presenting a united front—to go into the business. I was sitting reading Bruno Bettelheim's latest on child's play, and fretting over the question of guns, which has not yet come up, and the two of them *tangoed* right past me, *chanting*, in thick accents, "Vot did you do before?" "Before vot?" "Before ze jools." "I *vahnted* them!" Just like that. I said to myself, Such behavior clearly does not erupt unbidden.

"You ran away, didn't you, Mom, in 'Way Station'? But you came back."

"What *is* all this about pictures on milk containers and 'Way Station' and the jewels and 'Night of the Living Dead'? I can't keep track of you—together or separately."

"Nothing, Mom, only frolicking."

"Did their father and their uncle talk like that?" I asked their grandmother.

"Well, yes, they did."

"What, at age four?"

"They got it from their father. I supposed then it was a kind of Britelvish. By the time they were seven, he was dead. They employed it less frequently thereafter, but they've never quite given it up. Apples don't fall far, do they?"

Two of the things she said terrified me. That their father was dead by the time her children were seven—terrified me although I'd known about that since the very summer it happened, the summer after Norma Jean's death. And that my children might turn into British elves—meaning only, but *meaning*, that they would no longer in any real sense be mine. They'd be, as if traded back to the Cahuenga, something more or less Tír na nÓgish.

I find I go in for these fears. They erupt from day to day as the children outgrow infancy—a kind of idle luxury that prevents my calculating something worse. It's so much easier to admit to being possessive—to admit to covetousness. It's a sanctioned obsession, after all. Suppose I didn't (or suppose I was forced to blaspheme, to *say* I didn't) care. Nobody would believe me? I wouldn't believe myself? See, if you let the reins slip—

"You ran away in 'Way Station.' But you came back." The next thing you know, the informers will be treating them both to their mother's disintegration in "Avenged." Stay infants! Stay, thou art fair! It's no use. There's no such place as Tír na nÓg. There's California, where they'll grow up. California: fair enough.

Actually, I think we have sufficiently absorbed the atmosphere and the significance of the tar—asphalt—pits. I've got a little browsing to do, and then it's home to Silver Lake. Let's continue this on a nice long walk down the Miracle Mile, up Fairfax past the Farmers Market, and then along Melrose.

THE SUPERSTITION

The cars are disappearing
and we were told they were real
they were only what we thought of them
we were taught that they were beautiful
but we forgot them
we believed they were strong
but they were hauled away
we thought they would take us anywhere
but they had to stop
we thought they were fast and we have left them far behind
we believed they would save our lives
and we gave our lives for them
thinking they were worth it
we watched them pass with no beginning no end
glass on all sides
we dreamed of them and we woke
with the headlights flying through us

—W. S. Merwin

• •

As Kaye Wayfaring walked out of the atrium garden, toward the museum exit, she passed the student group from Hollywood High at the end of their field trip. Their proctor was summing up the La Brea story.

" 'We have completed our journey back forty thousand years. Today the skeletons have been returned to Hancock Park and stand to greet the awe and wonder of millions of visitors. La Brea pits are surrounded by a lovely park in which replicas of the ancient animals gather near the pits, depicting the scenes of their life.' "

Indeed. Ciro's. Mocambo. The Trocadero. The Brown Derby.

Forty thousand years ago. Honestly, we've enough to do going back forty. "Old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," as Jameson recites. *There's* covetousness. We covet childhood memories, even the terrible ones, and we rehearse and rerehearse the old stories as if they were our best expensive clothes—the things they promised down at People's Department Store wouldn't ever wear out. Of course they will, of course they do, and of course they have. We patch them and restitch them, and finally we send them back to Wardrobe overnight, and Wardrobe sends us replicas one uneventful morning—copies, rethought, recast, and reinforced. Polyester-reinforced, deep-dyed. *Those* are the ones we won't wear out. Those are the ones they'll bury us in. Not the first ones; not the true ones but the replicas. "Replicas of the ancient animals gather near the pits, depicting the scenes of their life."

In a way it's surprising that when they redid the HOLLYWOODLAND sign, for instance, reducing it to HOLLYWOOD, they didn't create a mechanical Peg Entwistle replica that would jump off the "H" once a day, at noon, accompanied by a civil-defense siren. Whereas, for instance, I thought for a long, long time that I would never stop feeling the stab of pain, or be unable to look away before it registered, at the sight—everywhere, but everywhere—of Norma Jean's astounding smile, the one that says "I got it—they *gave* it to me!" It's always surprised me they haven't yet matched the image with a voice-over of something she actually said. That's exploitation of a kind she'd have understood perfectly—definitely endorsed. "Sure, go ahead."

We had a lecture at Yale—by then she'd been dead however long—comparing her to the "Mona Lisa." Comparing their smiles. I remember somebody read a poem I don't remember. Jameson would; he was there: he'd come up to New Haven to catch me in "Twelfth-Night," the last show of the season. "However long"? What do I mean by "However long"? She had been dead nine months, exactly. The poem went with the "Mona Lisa." With the photograph of Norma Jean—*that* one—went something she'd written, something Jameson said scanned. (I remember resenting that.) It was a wonderful statement about waiting, and wanting:

It's night outside. Automobiles roll down Sunset Boulevard like an endless string of beetles. Their rubber tires make a purring high-class noise. . . . There must be thousands of girls sitting alone like me dreaming of becoming a movie star. But I'm not going to worry about them.

I kept my lips zippered after the lecture, but later I told Jameson—I had to. She had said those very words to me, one afternoon at the La Brea Tar Pits. "You're going to be a big star," I told her—"I heard the talk!" "And you are, too—I heard the very same talk. So don't you worry, either—see what I mean?" And then—this was the part that made me crazy at the lecture—she started singing "Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep. They just lie there, and they die there. . . ." Then she turned to me and said, "Not yours, not mine. We're Gemini, we're insured." Then she finished, singing, "Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa, or just a cold and lonely lovely work of art?"

Judith Shahn

People ask, "Do you remember where you were when you heard?" I do. I was at Sunday-morning breakfast at the Manitoy Yacht Club in the company of most of the actors playing on the island in "Ah, Wilderness!" at the Mawrdew Czgowchwz Theatre. I'd been playing the ingénue, Muriel McComber. I was having acute subtext difficulties—probably because while they were playing "Ah, Wilderness!" I was projecting "Strange Interlude."

"I don't want to listen! Let me go! If you don't, I'll bite your hand!" They were repeating that, kidding me mercilessly. Lead Boy was telling them all to be careful of me—feigning pulling back a Band-Aid, showing teeth marks—that I was "Method," that I'd drawn blood, and would again, when somebody came running up the gangplank with a radio broadcasting the news: she was dead.

"I don't want to listen! Let me go!

If you don't . . . I don't want to listen! Let me go. . . . I don't want—" I sat there and stopped hearing everything—everything happening. I heard her voice saying, "It's night outside. Automobiles roll down Sunset Boulevard." I felt happy.

I'm afraid now of going to the mausoleum off Westwood and finding *it* closed and padlocked. No, I won't.

"Would it disturb you if I sang?"

• •

THE neon in the windows on Melrose flashed in the gray light of the chilly afternoon. She looked into vitrine universes of Art Deco fixtures and fittings, of contemporary toys, and of up-to-the-second cosmetology's Egyptian Mud regime (too reminiscent of the La Brea Girl, she thought; redolent, on that February afternoon, of death, not renovation). She gazed for a long while at a display of forties getups, remembering climbing into her mother's castoff clothes for Thanksgiving begging, equipped with a postwar clutch bag for loot (old junk jewelry, mostly, and I.O.U.s).

A few blocks beyond Kilkea, she stopped in front of CHOC'L.A.TESSEN (lit up in the banner colors of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics: the "L," the "A," and their two periods in torrid fuchsia, the remaining letters in cool aqua) and entered purposefully.

"I was attracted by those fresh strawberries dipped in white chocolate," she said to the slender young male shop assistant, in a confidential tone, as if speaking to someone in whose company she'd spent part of the afternoon. "They're enormous, aren't they? Irresistible, really."

"How many would you care for, Miss Wayfaring?"

"Huh? Oh—well, let's see. Let's say about four dozen—thank you, Plácido."

There's a great story about Garbo going into a nut shop.

"We'd be happier to dip those fresh for you, Miss Wayfaring, if you wouldn't mind waiting."

"I'd be delighted, Plácido."

In New York, somewhere on the East Side. Back when. Flabbergasted young nut salesman—definitely no Plácido. (Of course, no name tags worn in East Side nut shops in those days.) "I vant some nuts," Garbo says. Flabbergasted opens mouth, looks down at display cases as if he's never before seen anything like them, or what's in them. "I vant some of those . . . and some of those . . . and some of those." He starts to shovel assorted nuts into a paper bag; he doesn't stop. Garbo reaches across, puts her hand on top of his, and says, "Dot's enough nuts." She gives him ten dollars; she takes her change. He never closes his mouth, and he never says a syllable. I don't know how the story ever got out, but it's a favorite of my mother-in-law's.

Looking up, Kaye Wayfaring saw her face on a television screen, hovering over the empty out-front of CHOC'L.A.TESSEN's premises, and at the same time watched a large-framed, heavyset, black-mustachioed, grinning man come out through double porthole-windowed swinging doors from the candy kitchen at the back.

"Kaye Wayfaring! I knew your whole family back in New York from before the Second World War! Did a lot of business—catering—with your aunt, Miss Bridgewood. So, we're fixing you four dozen strawberries. *Forty* dozen strawberries dipped in chocolate would just about make a *dent* in the kind of order we used to fill. We sent *truckloads* of delicatessen over there to Sutton Place, or in the train we'd ship a carload of it on the Central up to— What was the name of your aunt's house up there?"

"Willows."

"Yeah, Willows. I remember once your aunt was leaving on one of those cross-country tours. Must have been '47, '48."

"Forty-eight. She was touring her company and stumping for Harry Truman."

"Yeah. Well, we stocked her up good that time. God, the beluga alone. You couldn't do that today—well, maybe *you* could, being the rock star you are."

"Me, a rock star?" She laughed. "Get a grip, Mr.—"

"Vartanesian. Vartan Vartanesian, of CHOC'L.A.TESSEN, proprietor. Welcome to my place, to my little bailiwick, to my creative world, to my television screen."

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr. Vartanesian, I *remember* you!"

"Of course you do. You were on that Westchester platform in '48, correct?"

"But you look the *same*—exactly the same! No difference whatever."

"Well, listen, that's the way it

goes. I should practice California gallantry and say the same about you, but frankly I can't."

"Mr. Vartanesian, have I gone mad? Look up there on the screen and tell me frankly."

"Miss Wayfaring, it's your turn to get a grip. All I've done is turn into my father—from the platform in Westchester."

"Oh, yes—yes, of course. I see. Could I sit down?"

"Chair coming up—also strong coffee. It's time to close up and switch to the news. *Plácido, hola! Una silla para Miss Wayfaring, y después dos cafés armenianos, por favor.* All children turn into their parents, don't they, eventually?"

"I wish I knew."

I feel like I just woke up. "Dazed am I since I woke, wild and strange seems the world." I hear you.

•

On the television screen, on a Greater Los Angeles metropolitan news feature, the big story was the snow.

"Look at that snow!" snapped CHOC'L.A.TESSEN's proprietor, warming his hand with the cup of Armenian coffee. "They've never seen snow you don't spray out of cans on the poinsettias at Christmas. They don't ever go north of Oxnard, these people." Chuckling, he gestured with his free hand out the window in the general direction of West Hollywood. "They've never *heard* of snow not wrapped up in a Ben Franklin!" He looked across at his celebrated guest, sipping her restorative beverage, and smiled a broad smile. "Not you, of course—you're a different breed of cat altogether."

"Mr. Vartanesian, do you go north of Oxnard that much?"

"Me? Not that much. No, not 'not that much.' Never. Confidentially, Miss Wayfaring, I never go north of Sunset. I send Plácido."

"Mr. Vartanesian, I'd say you'd probably recognize my husband, my children, and my mother-in-law, wouldn't you?"

"Well, your mother-in-law, Miss Wayfaring. At one time everybody in the *world* recognized her. She was a very great international—"

"Operator?"

"International star. I don't know whether or not I would recognize her now."

"Well, would you mind looking up at the television screen and telling me if you see anybody there resembling my mother-in-law, standing in a group with two small children next to a snowman?"

Vartan Vartanesian looked up at the picture.

"That's Mawrdew Czgowchwz, all right—or at least it's a woman answering to her famous hair. Darker, but still unnerving."

"She doesn't resemble anybody who just rose up from the bowels of the earth, does she?"

"She resembles, if this is what you mean to say—she resembles in style and bearing—she *represents*, in point of fact—that whole generation of people gone. Of legendary artists and their audiences no longer mutually engaged."

"I suppose that is what I mean. What made you switch from caviar to chocolate, anyway?"

"It's a complicated story."

"The thing I find most interesting in Los Angeles is that everybody has a story that's interesting—and the time to tell it, too. Usually in the car, but sometimes just sitting around waiting for chocolate-dipped fruit to be confected."

"My conversion took place in Paris, many years ago, in the faubourg Saint-Honoré. For the details, you'd have to put me on television. You put me on television, I'll explain."

"I should watch this—what's on television now."

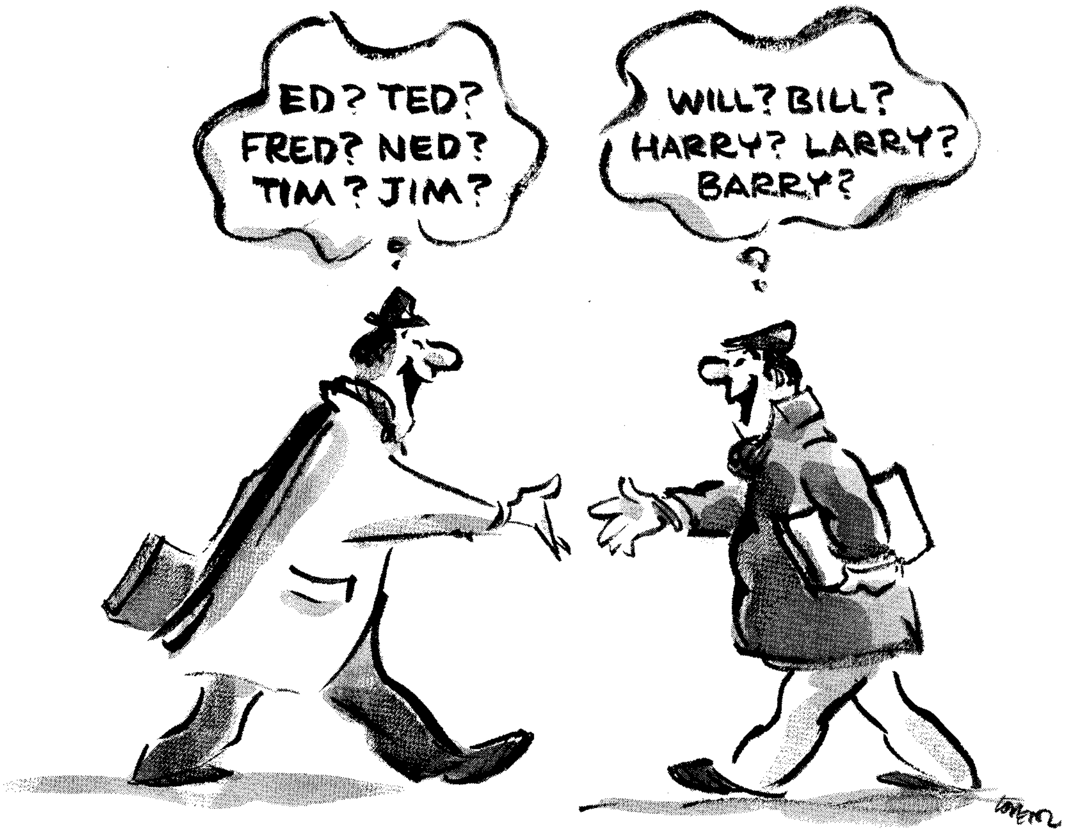
"I should say so—what beautiful children! Let me go see how Plácido is making out with the strawberries. You just relax."

•

On the news, relayed from somewhere in the San Fernando Valley, Kaye Wayfaring watched her children, their father, their uncle, and their grandmother, Mawrdew Czgowchwz, enlisted in a work force of combined adults and children, building a snowman.

What do they think they're doing? Something extraordinary—something they've never done before. How much will they remember later? "One must have a mind of winter . . . And have been cold a long time." They'll recall the freak chill of an afternoon.

What happens in "The Snow Queen"? Kay is the boy. The Snow Queen


ED? TED? FRED? NED? TIM? JIM?
WILL? BILL? HARRY? LARRY? BARRY?

"Hey, good buddy! How you doin'?"

"Can't kick, big fella. What's shakin'?"

• • • •

carries him off to the northernmost reach. . . .

Onscreen, celebrations in the Valley, edited, seemed drawn to a memorable conclusion.

Eternity—that was it. She promised Kay the whole world and a new pair of skates could he discover the meaning of the word "eternity." The meaning of eternity is television—or is found on television. Stay, thou art fair. Play it back—nothing ever lost more. It won't be necessary for them to remember anything; they'll replay the program, unless nobody ever reminds them to replay the program.

In "The Snow Queen," there aren't any parents. The little girl tracks Kay down, melts his frozen heart with her tears, and brings him back home. At the end of it all, they're both grown up—what else?

Vartan Vartanesian reëntered from the kitchen, bearing on a china tray a construction in meringue studded with coal-lump bosses of black licorice, dusted with confectioner's sugar, and standing a foot high. "Michelangelo, they say, you know, made snowmen for the Medici children. In his off hours; in his spare time, so to speak. This is for you—you and yours. I have, you know, in my time been called—in print—the Michelangelo of confectioners."

"How . . . nice."

A silence fell. Breaking it, Vartan Vartanesian declared, "Something is striking you so funny you're scared to start laughing."

"Guilty as charged, I'm afraid. Sorry."

"Afraid? Nonsense. No charge. On the house, same as the snowman."

"It was—the Last Judgment in 3-D candy."

"You are, as a matter of fact, in spiritual conjunction with the story of my conversion—a result of the declension in the immortal Renoir family from painting to chocolateering—in the faubourg Saint-Honoré. But you must think of Michelangelo the sculptor and architect. I did, for example, in the old days Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre in brilliantly sculpted multihued spun sugars. And the sidewalk—before your lovely imprint—in pure white chocolate."

"Could you do the La Brea Tar Pits the way they used to be, with the little white round Deco observatory?"

"From memory. A piece of—excuse me—cake."

"I can see it, decorated with miniature sugar skulls—the kind Mexican children eat on the Day of the Dead."

"I did the Colleen Moore Fairy Castle—worked day and night for weeks. That was my masterpiece—there I did work to challenge the Sistine Chapel: the Cinderella mural in the drawing room. Too good to be—to be permitted in this town, in this terrible world."

Kaye Wayfaring looked alarmed. "Oh, *you* did that?"

"For the little Von Gelsen girl. Obviously you know what happened. That wife—number thirteen? Off the platinum trolley, into the pool. 'Now you can play Atlantis, dearie!' What a witch!"

"I saw the original on tour once, in Atlanta. It—she killed herself."

"People said about that outrage that night that it was *very* Hollywood. Imagine! The wife, you mean? Number thirteen?"

"She was number four. In the same pool. I ran into Désirée herself, before, in the Tar Pits museum."

"People laughed. Not me. It was *my* masterpiece. The Von Gelsen girl—really? How's she doing?"

"Breathing normally, I'd say. Walking around standing up. She's something altogether, if you're interested in miracles."

Vartan Vartanesian nodded gravely. "You mean if I *feature*—"

"You're so New York! Why did you come to Los Angeles?"

"They told me it was the Land of Youth and Beauty, I suppose."

"Tír na nÓg."

"What's that?"

"The Land of Youth and Beauty—in Irish. Actually, just Youth; I added Beauty because—well, you know. The camellia never freezes and the snowman never melts. 'Stay, thou art fair!' "

"Los Angeles *is* that—is all that. But it's also the Last Stop. Remember Miss Winwood?"

"Estelle Winwood? Yes, of course. She was my aunt's great pal."

"I used to make for her great plates

of white-chocolate asparagus, with pale-green tips streaked with violet. One afternoon we sat looking out the window—she could make you think she saw things, you know. She was sitting there, humming that old song 'Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage'—and you know, she did seem enclosed in a cage of gold light. 'Miss Winwood, is there anything else you want?' 'I want to die.' 'Do you really? Or are you just being Estelle Winwood talking offbeat talk?' 'No, I *mean* it; I want to die. It would be a *chaynge!*' And die she did."

So do we all. "And on that note—"

Plácido had come out of the kitchen, carrying a carton of fresh-dipped strawberries.

"I see the bonbons are done. They look irresistible—they are. If you put just one—that one—in a piece of tissue paper, I'll feast on it in the taxi. May I use your telephone to call—"

"You may not! My guests never go home in a taxi—and as for the meringue snowman, his nerves couldn't stand it. Plácido will deliver you. *Plácido, por favor, el Bentley.*"

"This really is unnecessarily kind of you."

"Nothing is more necessary—if only because in this time and place it makes a change."

"Well, all the same—"

"Your family," Vartan Vartanesian instructed, "will by now be coming home from the winter carnival. You have no time to fix dinner. You'll order in from Chasen's—but order no dessert; dessert you have already taken care of."

"Mr. Vartanesian, from now on I'm coming to you instead of to the psychic on Kilkea."

"Spooks? You don't need such information, Kaye Wayfaring. All you need is, once a day, dessert."

"Once a day . . ." She looked out the window. "I get greedy."

"Today, twice. You eat that sample on the way home, you eat another one after dinner. We discussed it; I gave you permission."

"Thank you. How dare they say nobody out here ever talks about anything serious?"

Vartan Vartanesian led Kaye Wayfaring back through the porthole swinging doors, through CHOC'L.A.-TESSEN's stainless-steel-and-white-marble kitchen, into an alley running parallel to Melrose Avenue, where, under a eucalyptus tree, Plácido sat revving the engine of a 1937 Bentley while looking at the Los Angeles street atlas to determine exactly the route to Wayfaring at Waverly, in Silver Lake.

"It's a straight line down Sunset," she offered, "then left on Silver Lake around the reservoir."

"If you'd draw the line in red," the driver replied, "I would cherish it—a souvenir."

"All right," she said, and accepted the marker.

While drawing the red line on the street map, from left to right, west to east, she suddenly saw Marilyn Monroe, in "Bus Stop," showing Eileen Heckart the red line on Cherie's map of the United States—the line of her ambition, from right to left, from her home town in the Ozarks, buried under floodwater, straight to Hollywood, no turns whatever to the north or south.

As it turned out, she took a turn to the right, north through Utah, past the Great Salt Lake, and into the wilds of Montana to get home, whereas I take a left off Sunset, up around the reservoir and into the Tuscan hills of Silver Lake.

•

The interior of the car was heated against the cold snap. Cruising east along Sunset, biting into the strawberry, Kaye Wayfaring considered the meaning of Cinderella.

Every girl believes at some point in her life that because of her secret wishes, if not also her clandestine actions, she deserves to be degraded, banished from the presence of others, relegated to a netherworld of smut.

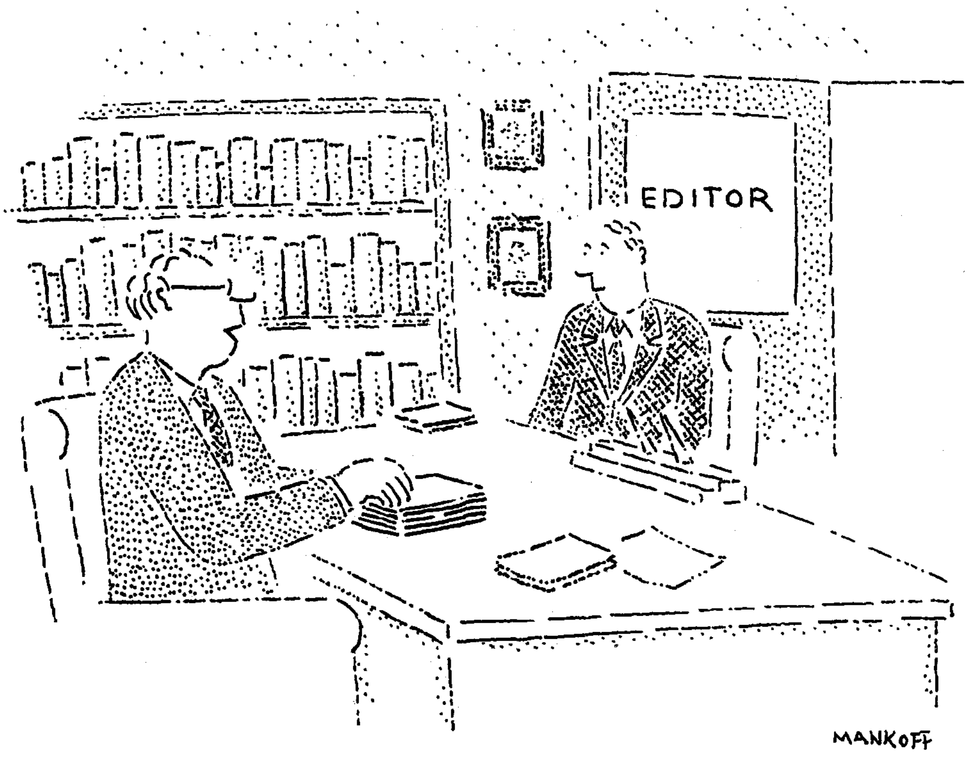
Crucified on the "H." Taken down at sunset and thrown into the La Brea Tar Pits. Born to be bad, she'd wanted: the jewels, the dress, the carriage, her mother's love, a night on the town, the prince. She'd coveted the works.

And now the motion-picture "resurrection" version. She was having her footprints taken at Grauman's Chinese when the horn blew at midnight: her time in the spotlight was up. She ran away from her Venetian-blown size 2s, but not before panicking and cutting her foot, thus leaving a trail of blood along Hollywood Boulevard—streaked across the star they'd welded her name onto, and across (as it turned out) half a dozen of her handsomest leading men's. She wrote a book about it; she was brought back.

They'll be on their way back now from Tír na nÓg, led by the all-wise one, Herself, Immortal She, Great Mother. They called her that, Immortal She, during her ascendancy.

While the other mother, this good-enough one, who stayed behind, generously, is bringing home dessert. Should be enough for anyone. Sufficient—what more could the creatures want? What more should I?

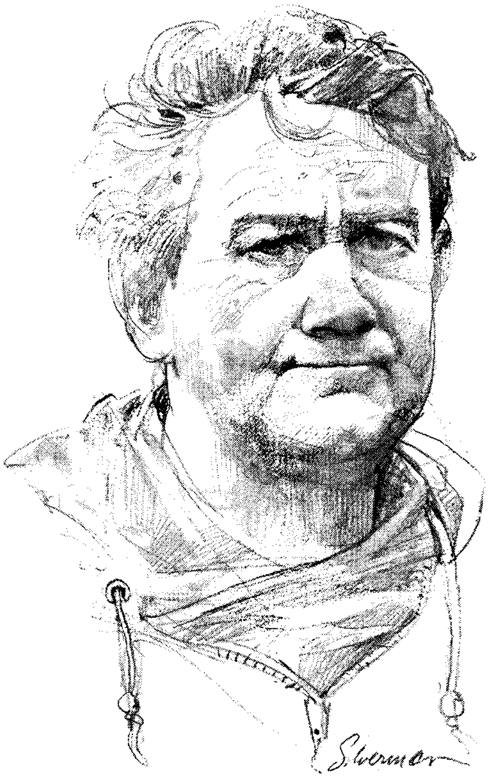
—JAMES McCOURT



"I like it—it's wonderfully editable."

PROFILES

RATCATCHER



Brian Plummer left the room when we ran the documentaries about him. He seemed bored by the idea of watching them again. The VCR and the tiny monitor were set up in the living room of his crofter's cottage, in the county of Caithness, northern Scotland. Outside, visible through the living-room window, pacing in their runs or sitting to stare intently, two long-legged, racy lurchers watched every move in the house. Beyond them, pasture, heath, and low-lying bogs unrolled gently in an astonishing variety of greens. On this July day, the Caithness wind wasn't howling, but it was speaking in a firm, strong voice around the windows of the cottage, which lay at the northern tip of the island of Great Britain, not much more than a mile from the sea.

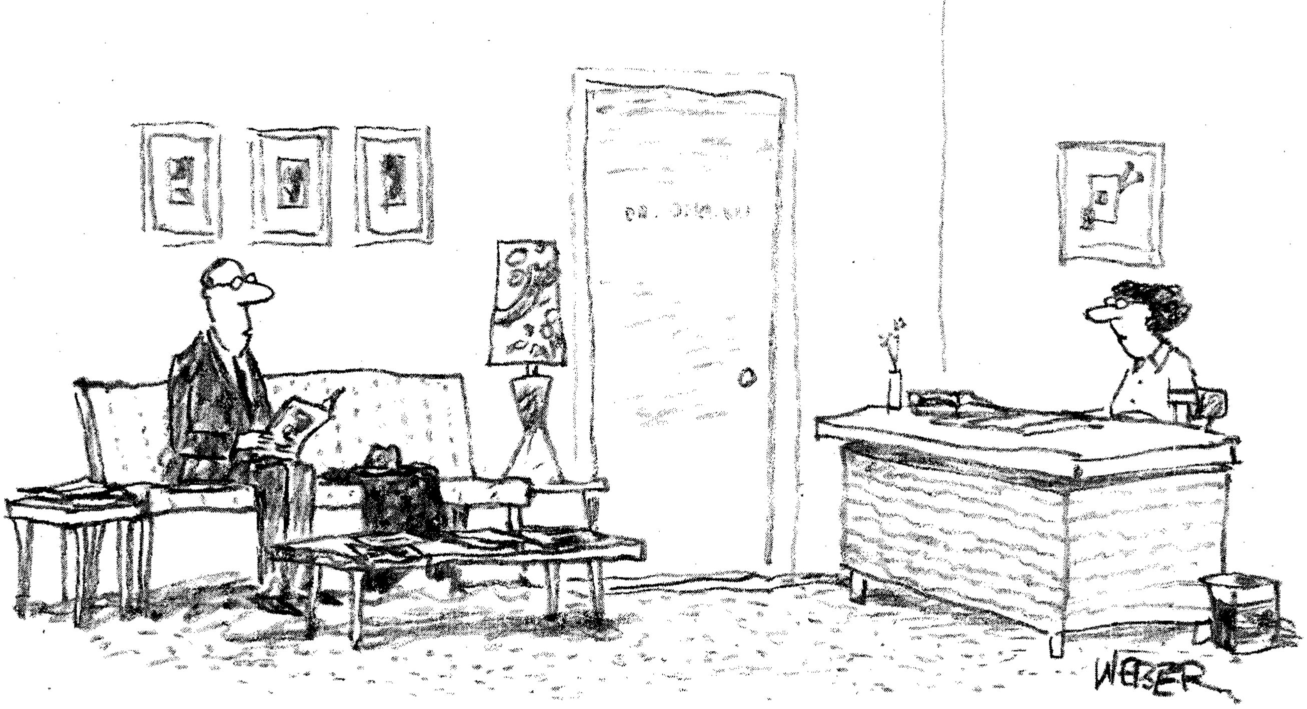
It was odd to hear Plummer's voice in two places at once—the electronic, theatrically narrating Plummer of the tape (the famous hunter pronouncing "I hate guns and people who own guns") and the bantering Plummer hanging about in his kitchen with a group of visiting friends. He was in there bombarding a young wife from Aberdeen with what he called "Force Ten," or gale-intensity, levels of sexual magnetism. At fifty-one, Plummer, a former boxer, just under six feet tall, retains an easy, youthful walk and vestiges of an athlete's small waist and broad shoulders. He has a shrewdly cherubic face, and thick brown hair that always looks windblown. When it comes to clothing, Plummer is a workhorse, not a show horse. Indoors, he always wears baggy slacks and a rumpled pullover sweater with a shirt collar spilling over the top in unpredictable ways. Outside, he puts on a dark and deeply dirty parka, if necessary.

The woman's husband, who works in video, had brought the documentaries and the TV equipment. Their young son was also in the kitchen, playing with a bearded-collie pup Plummer had brought in for his amusement. Talkative, with short hair, the young wife wandered in to check out the documentary with the dreamy, ironic air of a woman who knows that a man is buzzing around her, and has decided to enjoy it. For her, Plummer was probably a weekend flirtation at the most, but for him sexual encounters are as much a part of life as hunting and writing books. They all involve risk, adventure, and great skill, and these qualities are what Plummer lives for. "I'm a fornicator," he had said to me the night before, "and I know that is wrong and immoral. It's an essential part of my makeup. I enjoy the excitement; I need it. I don't mean I just enjoy it—I literally need it. Without it, I have nothing."

The two video summaries of Plummer's life lasted over an hour. They sketched his triple career: as an expert on field sports such as rat hunting with terriers and catching rabbits with lurchers; as a writer of more than twenty books on those subjects in just over ten years, including six manuals ("Modern Ferreting," "The Complete Jack Russell Terrier"), nine autobiographical books, and two novels still in print; and as a teacher in some of the toughest secondary schools in Britain. In the earlier documentary, which Michael Croucher produced for BBC2 in 1980, Plummer returns to his boyhood haunts in Wales and is shown hunting badgers and rats there with his dogs, and striking an elegiac note about the destruction of open land in Britain and the inevitable disappearance of people like him. The later film, "Rats, Running Dogs and Brian Plummer," was produced by Barry Cockcroft for Yorkshire Television, and it covers a massive heart attack that Plummer suffered in June, 1985, his retirement from teaching, and his move, in the summer of 1986, from the West Midlands to the rigors of Caithness. In the second film he is also seen making plans to have a pack of his white German shepherds pull him across Scotland, from Durness to Perth, by dogsled. The assembled guests watched respectfully. They talked about Plummer as a force of nature, a phenomenon they were privileged to witness.

Later in the day, Plummer insisted that he, I, and the couple from Aberdeen go on a rabbit hunt, even though summer was not the proper time for it. With Merab, one of his lurchers, and a jill (female) ferret, which Plummer had put in a cloth drawstring bag, we drove west about thirty-five miles to a windswept hillside near Strathy Point, overlooking the North Atlantic.

It was a five-minute walk from where we parked to the sheep paths that wound along the hillsides. We passed a rabbit carcass, almost reduced to a skeleton, that lay in the grass next to the path. The wind was so strong we consciously leaned into it for balance. In the area Plummer wanted to hunt, the hillsides next to us, across from us, all around were dotted with rabbit holes; it looked like a miniature kingdom of caves. Plummer, who had been carrying his bagged ferret, stopped, placed the bag next to a rabbit hole, and opened it. The jill glided cautiously out, looked around briefly, and disappeared into the hole. Merab, at Plummer's command, had already stationed herself a few feet away. She looked back and forth between the hole and Plummer. If there was a rabbit in the hole, the ferret would flush it out, and the lurcher would quickly run it down and kill it. This team had caught hundreds of rabbits here the previous winter, thus providing much of the winter's meat for Plummer and



"I see by your copy of 'Newsweek' that Lyndon Johnson has decided not to run for reëlection."

• •

his establishment, dogs and human beings alike.

Within thirty seconds, the ferret sidled back out, her head raised to sniff the big wind.

"Empty," Plummer said. "Let's try over here, then." He scooped up the ferret and carried her to another hole, and the procedure was repeated. Nothing. "Myxomatosis," he said. "The whole colony has been myxied."

The mosquito-borne infectious disease, which is epidemic in Britain—it's a leitmotiv of Plummer's books—had apparently swept through these hillsides and wiped out the rabbit population. The jill methodically glided into hole after hole until, finally, she failed to come out of one of them.

"She's lying up," Plummer said. "A ferret doesn't hunt for you but for itself. She's found a carcass in there, so she'll likely feed, then sleep. I'll come back for her later." (Later for Plummer meant the next day, and a seventy-mile round trip. The jill, he told me on his return, was waiting, hungry again.)

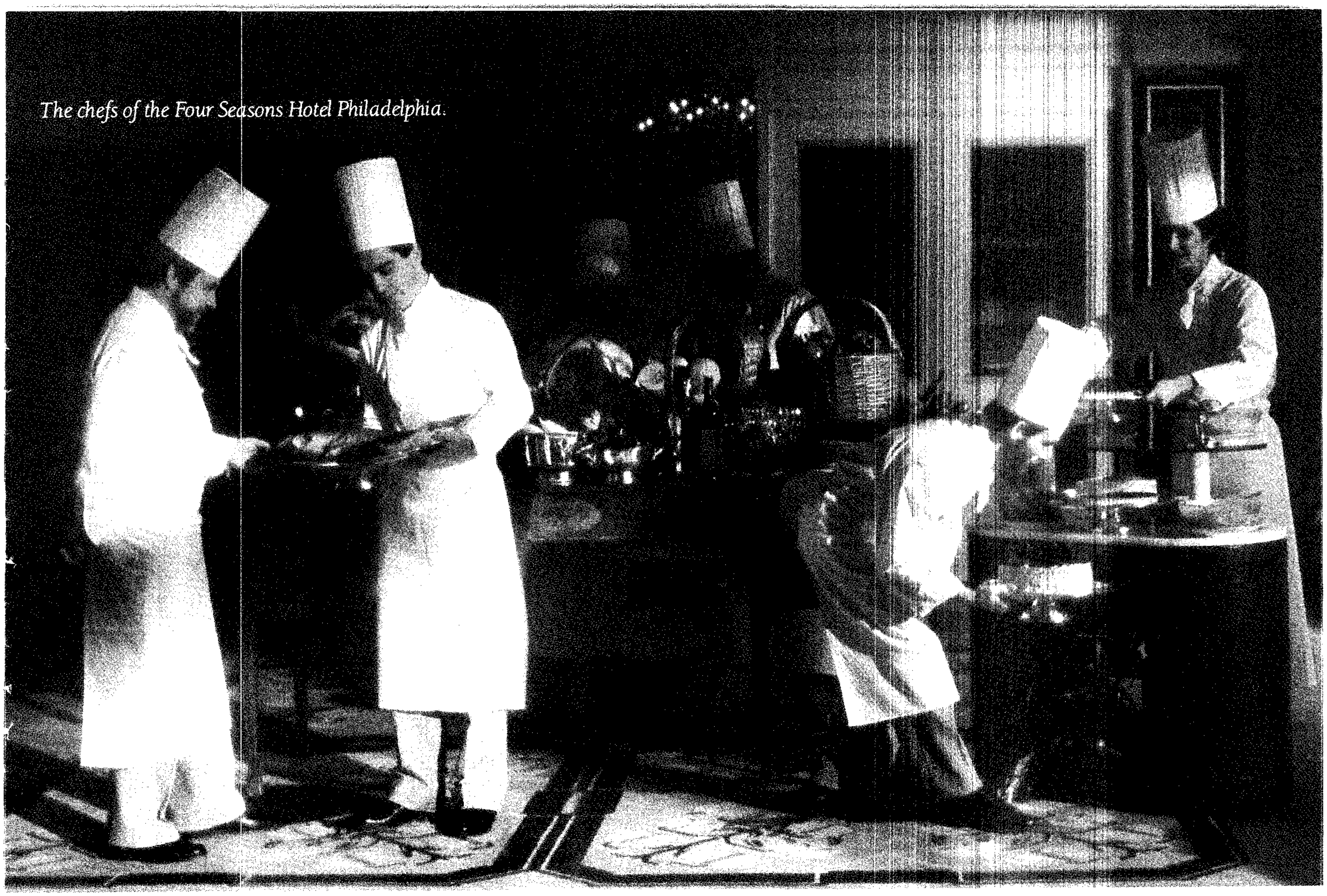
With her colleague out of action, Merab coursed up and down the hills in search of rabbits on her own, bounding and wheeling and slicing the difficult terrain with a strength and grace that were a delight to watch. We drove back to the cottage empty-handed and minus the ferret, but Plummer seemed perfectly content to be talking animatedly to the wife from Aberdeen.

LATER that afternoon, Plummer was outside saying goodbye to the departing weekend guests. Twenty-three German shepherds out back in the kennels heard the strange car first, and sang out warnings with the baritone barking that burglars' nightmares are made of. He looked up and saw a Volkswagen van heaving and bucking down the rocky lane toward his cottage. "Oh, bloody hell," he said. "I hate this. I really do hate this."

The van lurched into the yard and rolled to a stop. An elderly couple sat rigidly in the high seats, peering down. They looked stunned, as though they didn't know how they had got there. They were Plummer fans, apparently struck dumb now that they had tracked him to his lair. It may have been that they hadn't expected to drive into a yard so crowded with people and animals. Besides Plummer and the departing Aberdeen visitors and me, there were three young women, who lived with him; the bearded-collie pup; Plummer's two favorite white German shepherds, Polly and Bimbo (they're called white, but they're actually a very pale, creamy yellow); and a huge, enthusiastically fawning lurcher, one of Plummer's greyhound/bearded-collie crossbreeds.

Plummer walked over to the van. The couple recognized him easily, for photographs of him appear throughout many of his books—he's often posing with terriers or lurchers, and captured or vanquished hares, foxes, or badgers. His most notorious photograph shows him holding by the tail a live rat he has just hand-caught—a dangerous trick that few people work to master.

On meeting people, Plummer shows a fighter's wariness; his eyes narrow, fix intently on a new person. He looks like a boxer on a bout poster—glaring at the camera, gloves up, poised to jab. Plummer is recognizable throughout Britain not only because of the modest yet enduring success of such books as "Tales of a Rat-Hunting Man," "Adventures of an Artisan Hunter," and "Rogues and Running Dogs" but because of his television appearances. His most famous talk-show interview—and one he himself would like to forget—resulted in the host's being bitten on-camera by one of Plummer's ferrets. It was a television disaster that has gone around the world on bloopers-and-blunders programs. He also happens to be the most famous rat-catcher in Britain since Queen Victoria's Jack Black, whose handbills read



The chefs of the Four Seasons Hotel Philadelphia.

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"Rat and mole destroyer to Her Majesty."

From a distance I could hear snatches of Plummer's fending off the latest arrivals as he talked into the driver's window—mostly those phrases of aggressive civility with which the British work their wills on one another: "terribly sorry," "hope you understand," "afraid that we *really* can't . . ."

The driver's window rolled up, and the van began turning around, in a yard already crowded with four cars. It inched forward, then back, then forward again, with impertinent slowness, the couple prolonging their brief opportunity to explore Plummer's world. Finally, it pitched and rocked its way back up the lane, toward the main highway between Thurso and John o' Groat's, the traditional British land's end to the north. (Plummer's cottage lies between John o' Groat's and Dunnet Head, the actual northernmost point on the island of Great Britain.)

" '*Just happened to be in the area*'?" Plummer repeated incredulously. "From bloody *Cheshire*, by their accent." He was angry at the intrusion, but he was also genuinely upset at having to turn them away. "Am I being unreasonable, do you think? I came up here to get away from this sort of thing. Is it so unreasonable? He wanted me to sign a copy of one of my books." Plummer was new enough to celebrity to take it personally; he was still unhappy about rebuffing people who bought his books and admired him enough to invade his privacy.

It was to escape from such encroachment that Plummer moved away from the West Midlands. As he tells the story, he won the down payment for his Caithness house at cards, playing vingt-et-un in Peterhead, near Aberdeen. He had been teaching in a ghetto high school near Birmingham, and that windfall and his heart attack encouraged him to retire and buy the run-down cottage, with two acres of land, in East Mey.

Early last year, I had written to Plummer, asking if I might pay him a visit. I received a politely discouraging reply—along with his phone number. When I called him, a few weeks later, his voice was deep, his accent Welsh, his speech over the telephone clipped and deliberate, with theatrically precise enunciation that reminded me of recordings of Dylan Thomas reading his poems. The impression that came across the Atlantic was as chilly as the winter winds that no doubt enveloped his cottage as we spoke. He peppered me with questions, the answers to which he knew very well put me at a disadvantage. Did I have any idea how harsh the climate was in northern Scotland? Did I speak Gaelic? But, with what I would learn was typical ambivalent generosity, he also offered to take me hunting, so that I could see his dogs and ferrets in action—a promise he made good on at Strathy Point. After his final fugue on the harsh climate of Caithness, I said that it sounded a little like northern Minnesota, which I knew something about.

"I boxed in Minnesota once, a long time ago, and lost," Plummer said abruptly. "Bitter memories. Goodbye, Mr. Smith." And he hung up.

Caithness is a strikingly minimalist landscape. In the summer, the stunning green is punctuated by blooming pink heather and white cloudberry. Along every lane and roadside, buttercups and blue milkwort wave in the ceaseless sea-bearing winds. The county is part of the

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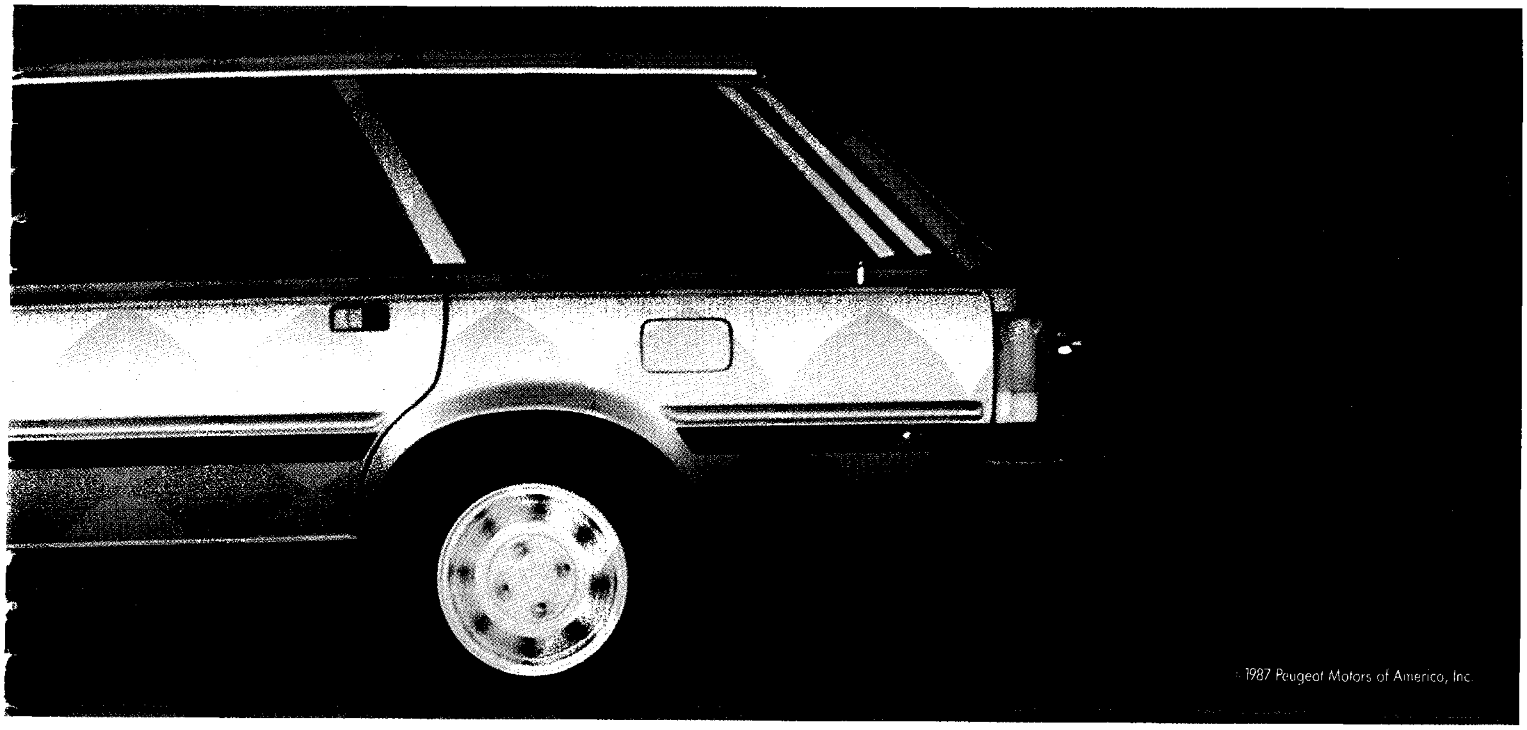
Highlands, but its northeast corner is flat or gently rolling, with a huge sky crowding down, flooding the land with a cool light that lasts until nearly midnight.

There are few people in northeastern Caithness, and even fewer trees. After I had been there for several days, I was driving into the town of Thurso and found myself staring at a grove of oaks on the edge of town as I would stare at a stand of royal palms in Times Square. To the English eye, accustomed to profusion, Caithness appears desolate, a green moonscape. (In fact, the county's emptiness is the butt of a joke about a nuclear reactor situated west of Thurso: A newscaster reports, "The Dounreay atomic power station exploded today. Damage to the surrounding area was estimated at twelve pounds.") Tourists come here for the sea and the headlands, which can be spectacular. At the Stacks of Duncansby, ten minutes from Plummer's cottage, cliffs drop sheer into the sea, and gulls and guillemots wheel far below where you walk.

On my first day at Plummer's, I met or saw most of his teeming household. There was Sue Lorimer, whom Plummer originally hired to help care for the dogs. She was tall and strikingly beautiful, with blond hair in a boyish cut; she reminded me of the young Ingrid Bergman minus the naïveté. Later that day, Plummer mentioned in passing, rather glumly, that they would probably be married. Nothing of this was ever hinted at again, so the plan seemed more like something Plummer feared than a reality. There were twenty-five white German shepherds altogether, three lurchers, five rare bearded collies, twelve ferrets, and a Tamworth piglet with championship bloodlines. (I had to take Plummer's word for the piglet, because it was absent without leave—temporarily, as it turned out—from a fenced enclosure behind the house. Its gate was a bale of hay.) Plummer's cottage is low, as if hunkering down out of the weather. In a large dark anteroom between the front door and the kitchen two kit ferrets lived in a box. A freezer was also there, and the room smelled of fish.

On a stroll up the lane with Plummer to his mailbox, we were accompanied by Polly and Bimbo, the German shepherds. Plummer pointed out something that I was only half aware of: the dogs, weaving about, circled the two of us in such a way that one of them was always between Plummer and me. There was no menace in their method; they were perfectly civil about it. But when I experimented by edging closer to Plummer, Polly sent me a message with a good, hard bump on the leg. The dogs seemed to do exactly what he told them to do, even though he gave them orders in a casual, conversational voice, and not in the loud, commanding tone most people use with dogs, as if their hearing were worse, instead of better, than ours. When he told them not to run ahead of him, they instantly stopped doing it. Later that day, we took a second walk, with an eight-month-old lurcher belonging to a friend of Plummer's. The dog seemed exquisitely well trained to me, but Plummer said he was undisciplined. Again in a casual tone, he ordered the lurcher, a greyhound/bearded-collie cross, to go under a fence and quarter the field and look for rabbits. The lurcher eagerly did precisely that, bounding gracefully in first one direction and then another, nose down, until the field was thoroughly covered. No rabbits. When Plummer called, the lurcher quit his delicious running and wriggled back



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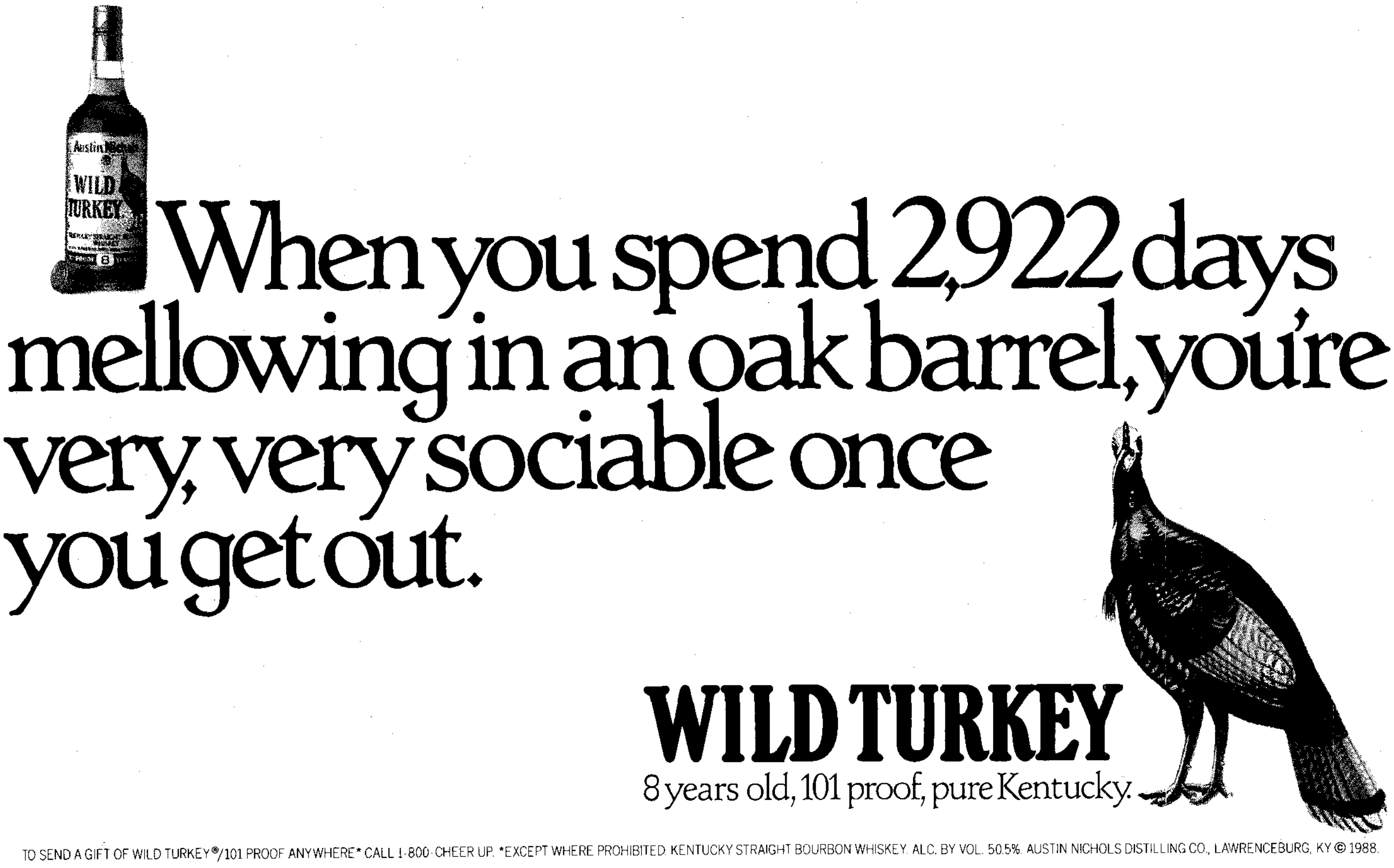
under the fence to return to Plummer's side.

Plummer has written three novels (each has a different animal protagonist: a hare, a pit-fighting dog, a badger), and all his other books fall into two rather lumpish categories—the how-to and the autobiographical. Plummer's talent is to be an unusually entertaining authority. The Rabelaisian digression or scatological anecdote; mordant self-mockery combined with utter self-confidence when it comes to dogs and hunting; the gallery of raffish minor characters ushered onstage and off with startling speed—all are hallmarks of his rambling, conversational style. The Plummer who speaks in the pages of his books is unhappy at his teaching jobs, always short of money, and subject to black moods. His only answer to these troubles is to hunt. This he does—seemingly all night long and on weekends—for badgers, foxes, hares, and rabbits, and, above all, for rats, wherever he can find them in particularly loathsome profusion.

"Tales of a Rat-Hunting Man," which was published in 1978, under the name D. Brian Plummer (the "D" is for David), was the book that defined Plummer's reputation in Britain as a readable eccentric who knew his dogs and ferrets. Plummer maintains that he wrote the book in a weekend. "I was on my backside for money after a relationship with some woman," he says. "I started on a Friday night, finished on a Monday morning. It was a joyous, exhilarating love affair, but it left me as exhausted and full of expectancy as a real love affair."

The tension between women and writing has been a fairly consistent theme in Plummer's life. Once, when he was living near the town of Lichfield, in the West Midlands, he arranged a separation from the woman he was living with by building a wall down the middle of his cottage. And a few years later, faced with a deadline for producing a book manuscript, he created the proper atmosphere for sustained labor by smashing his telephone and nailing his door shut from the inside. All of Plummer's friends, as soon as they have exhausted the topic of his dogs and the Grand Guignol details of his old Thursday-night rat hunts, fall to marvelling at his gift for attracting women and at his inability to live with any one for long. Several friends have commented on his generosity, saying that he would be a much richer man if he hadn't so often tried to buy peace and time to write by turning over his money to some companion. He did marry once, and he describes what happened with chilling bluntness: "Marriage occurred because I met a woman at a party in 1962 and I made her pregnant and I married her and I never saw her after the day I married her." A daughter was born, he said, and he has seen her only twice. After she was grown up, she sought him out on location when he was making one of the documentaries. Before she could identify herself, he told me, he mistook her for a Plummer groupie and told her she was very charming but too young.

Now, in Caithness, Plummer had three women in his household. Besides Sue Lorimer, there were Heather Dust and Jo Towells, who were both in their twenties and were working on preparations for Plummer's latest project. He and the Girls, as he called them, were planning a trip around Great Britain by the kind of horse-drawn covered wagon that was formerly used by Gypsies. (Now Gypsies drive vans.) The idea was that they would court and accept whatever ad-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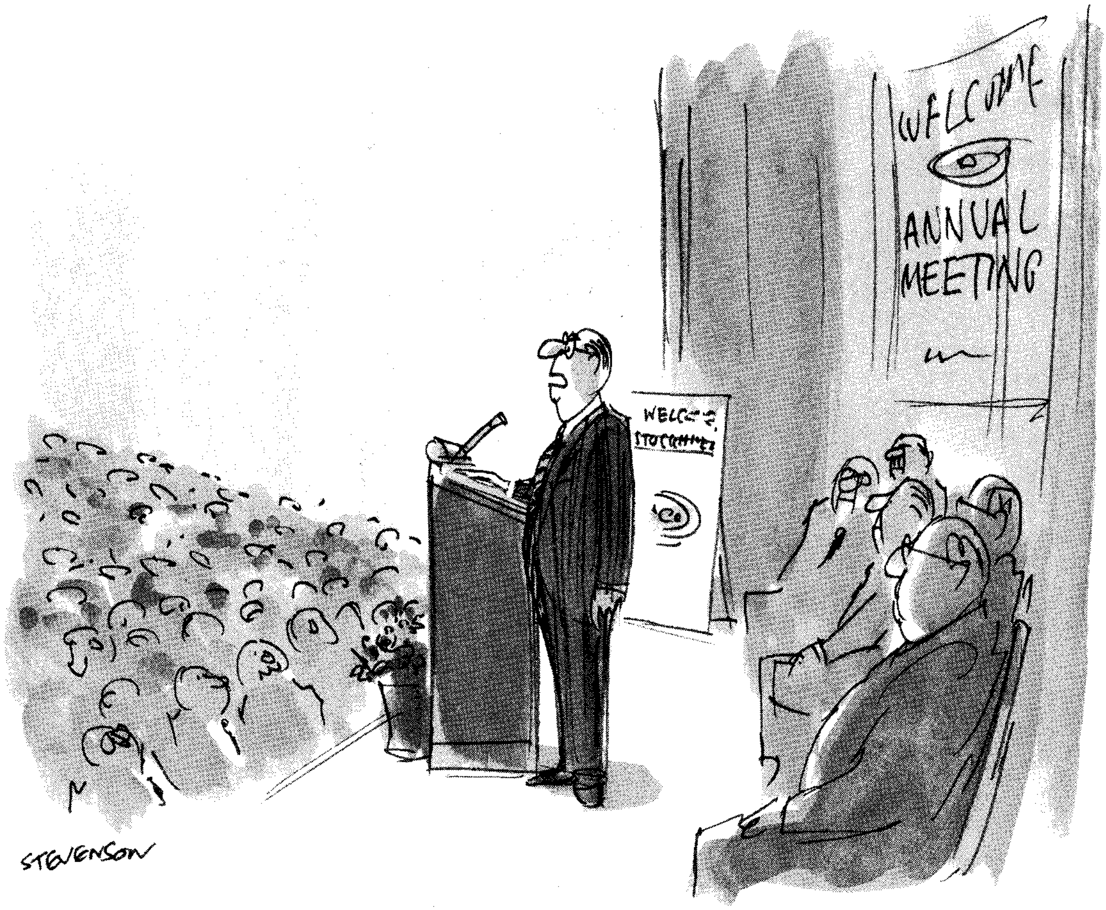
ventures came their way, and would write about them: Plummer would write his book, and the Girls, under his tutelage, would write theirs, along with some magazine articles. The Girls were fellow-adventurers, apprentice risk-takers. Plummer was clearly their mentor in matters of survival by writing and self-promotion. The wagon—or caravan, as Plummer called it—was currently in Aberdeen, being worked on at the home of a couple who were old friends of Plummer's, and the Girls were there overseeing the work. It was there, too, that the surviving members of Plummer's famous pack of rat-hunting Jack Russell terriers were kennelled.



"That's the report. Now, would anyone like to carp?"

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Around ten-thirty that first night, when it finally began to get dark, Plummer sat down to dinner; he ate it in the living room, from a plate on his lap. For a man who nearly died of a heart attack two years earlier, Plummer is a reckless eater. On this night, his meal, besides two respectable vegetables, included huge portions of pork with gravy and a baked potato smothered in sour cream. Several times, he paused to pour salt into his cupped palm and sprinkled it liberally on his food with his fingers.

Plummer's living room is comfortable and surprisingly conventional. The fireplace was unlit, although the weather was cool enough for heavy sweaters to be the rule indoors. The furniture was country casual, in dark woods, and some of it was antique. On the walls were drawings of English wildlife by Martin Knowelden, who has illustrated several of Plummer's books, and the hides of a calf and a wolf. A small bookshelf contained worn volumes about Caithness and hunting; Plummer's own books were not on display. There was no typewriter—he writes by hand. The household had no television set—just one portable radio, which had been introduced into the house by the Girls. Plummer has a weakness for TV which he refuses to indulge. He does have a tape recorder, and uses it as a kind of Welsh word processor: he reads his writing into it and plays it back to find out whether it sounds the way it ought to.

As we ate dinner and talked, two of Plummer's lurchers watched us with great interest through the living-room window. I asked Plummer whether they were upset about something. "They're upset that you're eating," he said. "They regard everything on your plate as theirs." Polly lay sleeping behind him. The German shepherds, Plummer said, would rather die than steal from a plate, while the lurchers would do it in a minute.

During and after dinner, Plummer rambled on about Scotland, and about his quarrels with the English hunting establishment, which tends to be made up of landed countrymen and retired military men; they apparently regard Plummer as little more than an exterminator with literary pretensions. Plummer has a schoolteacherish habit of beginning pronouncements or observations with "You do know, don't you" or "Did you know that," and it annoyed me until I realized that it was done without malice: it was merely his aggressive way of introducing topics that interested him.

Later in the evening, Plummer had a call from the Girls. They and Plummer were unhappy with the way preparations for the caravan trip were going. The Girls and Paul, the male half of the couple who were boarding Plummer's Jack Russells, had broken down on the road near Aberdeen, and Paul was insisting that he, and only he, make repairs on the car. But hours had passed and it still was not fixed.

Paul and the Girls had been out looking for a horse to pull the caravan. Although the Girls both studied agriculture in college and worked on a farm together for six years, they apparently knew little about horses. But they probably knew more than Plummer, whose fear of horses is a joke among his friends. Paul claimed to be knowledgeable, so he had been in charge of the search. Now, however, a horse he had recommended buying had failed a veterinarian's exam after Plummer's check was given to the seller. That, together with the car fiasco, seemed to have reduced everyone's confidence in Paul to helpless rant. The Girls promised to return the following day, and rang off.

THE next afternoon, I accompanied Plummer to the bank to stop payment on the check for the horse. Then I went out with him and Sue Lorimer in his boat to look at his lobster traps. Every day in the summer months, weather and seas being favorable (they often aren't), one or two members of the household drive the two miles from East Mey to Harrow Harbour, on the treacherous Pentland Firth. There Plummer keeps a small fishing boat, an Orkney long-liner, powered by an eight-horsepower Yamaha outboard. He yanked the outboard into starting, amid a cloud of oily smoke, and we glided out of the harbor. The Queen Mother's Castle of Mey, a turreted apparition from a novel by Scott, sat overlooking the sea just beyond the harbor.

Plummer has a reputation among his friends for both fearlessness and incompetence at sea, and several have said they fear for his safety in the unforgiving waters of the firth. (Plummer relishes and has adopted the Caithness fishermen's practice of never wearing life jackets, since the cold seas here kill so quickly that life jackets do no good. Better to be lost at sea, they believe, and spare their families the expense of a funeral.) He insisted on manning the tiller, and in the course of tending half a dozen square steel lobster traps he managed to foul the outboard propeller in a line and to travel from buoy to buoy with the motor in reverse and roaring in extremity. He did all this with an air of unflappable confidence. Besides the traps, the household tends a net in the same area which catches mostly dogfish (a common small shark); they are frozen for dog food.

The haul: one lobster big enough to keep and one crab. Plummer stowed both in his car and headed for a retired farmer and his wife who were cash customers for all the lobsters Plummer caught. Lobsters are much prized in Caithness—they fetch four pounds sterling per pound. Plummer was invited into the house, and the lobster was duly weighed on a kitchen scale—a pound and a half. The farmer's hands were so gnarled and knotted they looked like the hickory on the tops of old canes, and one of his index fingers was missing. He stripped off six pound notes from a roll of bills. Plummer also traded the crab, for a dozen brown eggs. The transaction, completed amid much banter, clearly held considerable amusement for all parties involved.

That evening, we sat down to dinner and more talk. Plummer said he first kept a terrier, named Patch, when he was a lonely, stuttering child in a Welsh mining village. He also borrowed and hunted with ferrets, which his mother wouldn't let him keep in the house. That first dog was the ancestor of his Jack Russells. Boy, dog, and ferret hunted rats along the banks of polluted streams and in pigsties. Many of the grim or grimly comic scenes of his boyhood in Wales appear at unexpected moments in his books. And, in fact, as Plummer talked bitterly about his growing up, his memories sounded more like a reading or a prepared recitation than like spontaneous utterances—as if he had had to wrestle them to the ground and bind them in order to make them manageable.

"I worked out that Dad spoke to me one hundred and fifty-seven times during my entire life, until he died," he said. "He seldom spoke to me on account of the fact that he was embarrassed that I stuttered so badly. When he wanted to say something to me, he would talk to my mother in front of me. My mother would say to me, 'Don't be so silly, that silly stutter—don't be so ridiculous.' And the more they made fun, the more, of course, it continued. They were a fearsome family. They should never have had children. My mother was fifty-four when I was born. It was, I believe, a record in those days."

Plummer had two sisters, Margaret and Norma, who were twenty-nine and twenty-five years older than he. He believes they're both dead; he hasn't seen them since he was sixteen—the year his father died, and the year he left home forever.

"My mother had one child and two supernumeraries," Plummer told me. "Norma and I came very much second to Margaret. So bad was it, in fact, that when Margaret came home—she'd married the director of a bank—when Margaret came home I wasn't allowed to sit at the same table."

Plummer described his father, a miner and a Communist, as "a very eloquent pariah, perhaps the most eloquent man I've ever met." He seldom worked, first because of his politics and then from disinclination. (In one of his books Plummer refers to his family's coat of arms as "two hypochondriacs rampant over a copy of 'Das Kapital.' ")

"My father never stayed home one night of his married life," Plummer said. "He would watch the clock tick toward six o'clock"—the hour the pubs opened in South Wales—"and he would pace the floor like a caged panther. And he would be gone for the night. Then he would return, and there would be a ritual enacted as predictable as the Catholic Mass. He would come through the door and he would race through the house to the outside toilet, and then he would come back in to face the barrage, which began like, 'Out again, is it?' He would explain where he'd been for the evening, then he would say, 'Oh God, I don't know why I stay with you.' They were the most miserable pair. I think it deterred me from any permanent liaison with women. His infidelities were numerous. Numerous? God, so frequent as to make him a sexual athlete. They were forgivable when one analyzed the home to which he came when he did come home.

"He dropped dead at my feet when he was talking to me. Watching the pigeons. I'd sent a pigeon to a race, and I was watching them come home, and Dad was talking to me in the garden. The pigeon circled above, and I looked around, and he just gasped and fell at my feet.

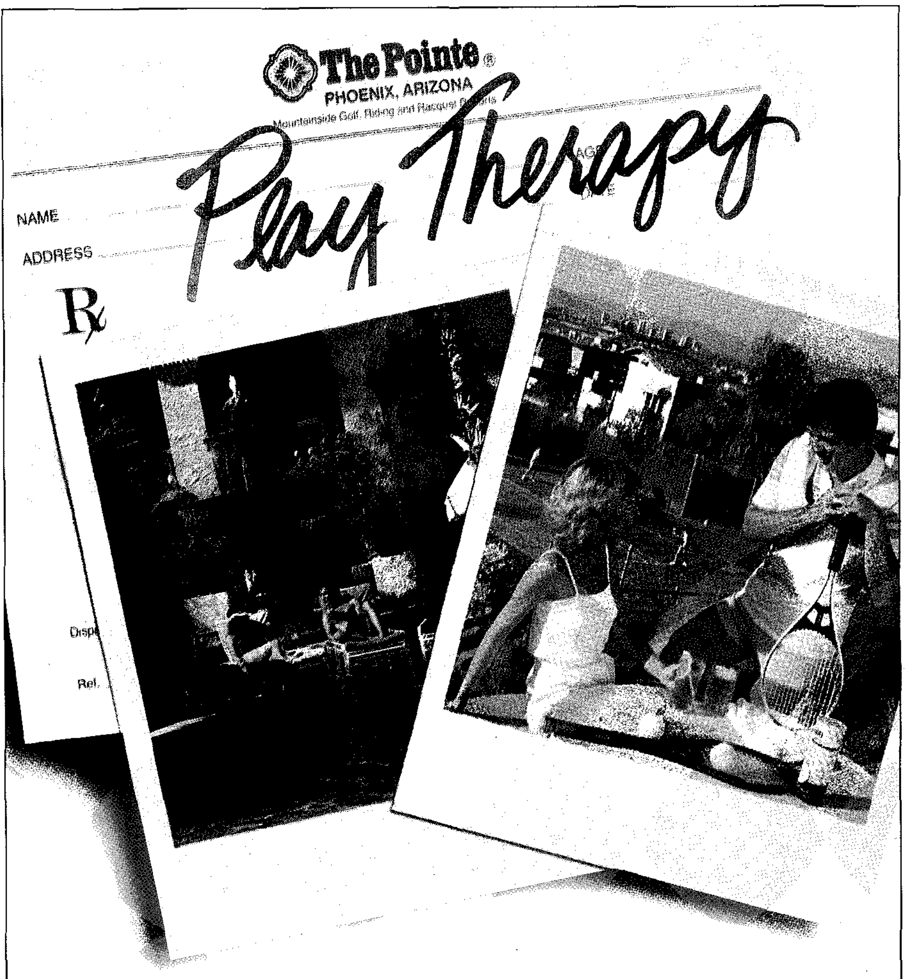
"He did a degree in classics during the 1926 strike, when education was offered to the miners. He was a very bright man, a very articulate man. The pubs offered a release, an escape from Mom. And, frankly, I couldn't blame him for that; she was a fearsome woman, fearsome. She basked in her own self-pity. My mother permanently had her hands out to take whatever pennies I could make when I was a child. She'd ask me to sell one of my dogs, because someone had offered five pounds for it. I would take the dog with me and tie it up somewhere near school, because I knew she would sell it when the man came to the house. When she died, I felt nothing. I would have felt more for some landlady who had treated me kindly."

The rigors thrust upon Plummer in his childhood by parents who were poor and radically inattentive seem to have led him as an adult to transform the miseries of insecurity and uncertainty into the pleasures of risk and adventure. Just as most people seek out the comforts of a settled life, Plummer has always been drawn toward a life of unconventional extremes. He insists that it is not writing that he lives for but the pursuit of excitement through risk. In that pursuit there seem to have been two overlapping constants in his life: his confidence and steady success at field sports that are often dangerous, and his relentless propensity for whatever adventure comes his way, whether it is hunting rats or living off the land or diving headlong into love affairs.

AFTER leaving home at sixteen, Plummer, already used to making money any way he could (he had first boxed professionally at fifteen), journeyed north to work briefly at backbreaking jobs in coal mines and at coke ovens around Newcastle upon Tyne. Then he hitchhiked around the Continent, always taking what he called "donkey jobs, jobs too unpleasant for anyone else." At one point, in France, he was living in a cardboard box behind a market in Charlevoix. One day, he told me, garbagemen threw away his rucksack, and he spent three days rummaging in a garbage dump but never found it.

After that, he was called up to the British Army, and he served as a paratrooper in Suez and Malaya. (He continued skydiving into his forties, when a back injury ended it.) When his two-year stint in the military was up, he enrolled at the University College of South Wales—mostly, he says, to avoid another hitch in the Army. He earned a quick teaching diploma there and started working. "I went into teaching at Birmingham—stuck it out for eighteen months," Plummer told me. "I was living on eight pounds a week. I boxed, made some money in the meantime. Had to be very careful not to get punched in the face, because in those days a teacher had to be like Caesar's wife. A lot of them were seedy little disreputables, but they kept it very quiet. Of course, anyone who was slightly extraordinary in any way was shunned—as, indeed, I was."

He then returned to college, at the University of London, and received a biology degree in 1961. Looking back at his college years, Plummer is not impressed: "It was a very poor standard. I could thrive at a poor standard. I became Student of the Year two years running. A dubious distinction—a good orangutan could have made it." He spent much of his twenties and thirties in the ambivalent embrace of the teaching profession. He moved from school to school and in and out



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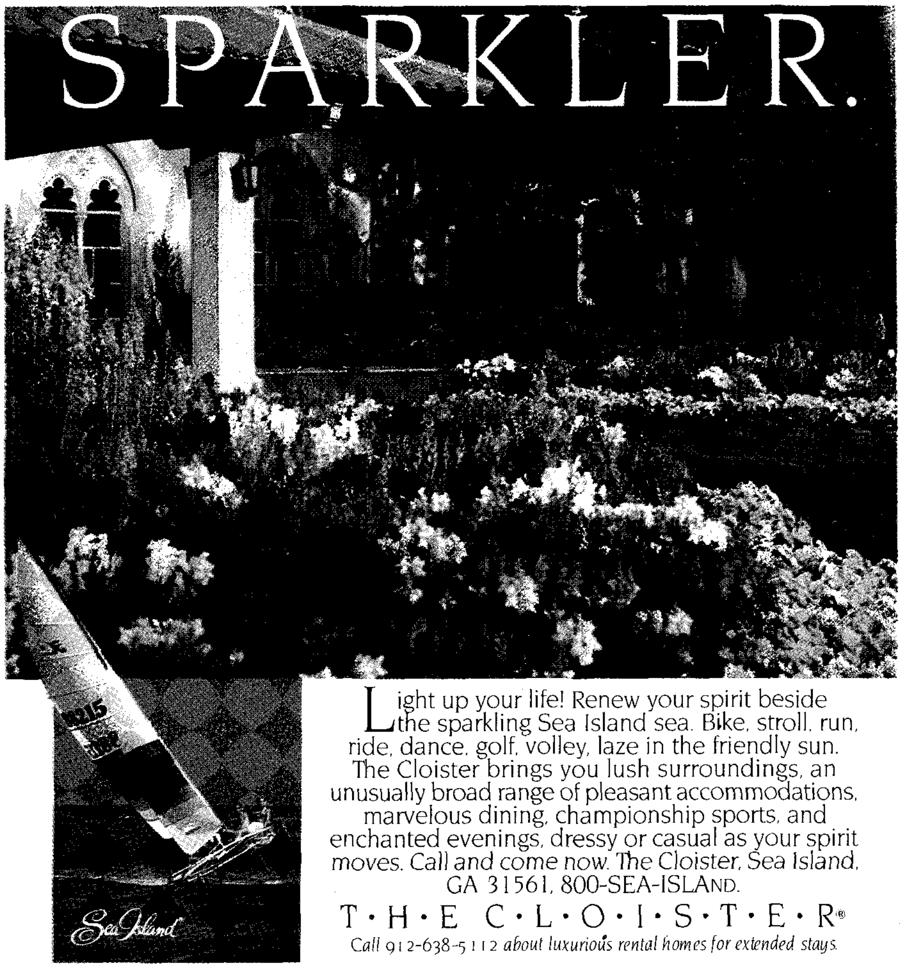

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of teaching. "I lived in Birmingham, South Wales, Shropshire, Sheffield, and then I decided to opt out, and I came south without a job and lived in Lichfield. I'd become interested in Thoreau at that time. That was my great passion. I was unaware of the fact that Thoreau was slightly phony."

In the mid-sixties, when Plummer first went to Lichfield, he lived for eighteen months by hunting and trapping. "I developed scales and I had lice," he said. "I was manifesting the sort of dietary disorders you don't find outside the Third World. I began to resemble one of the crewmen on board Drake's ships. I think I developed some form of scurvy. I certainly had sores on the gums, and my gums began to recede slightly. I was living on rabbits, I ate squirrels, I ate rat a few times. I had lots of cats. They'd fall into snares, you see, and I used to think it was a shame to waste them. If I was short on ferret food, I fed them to the ferrets. If I had plenty of ferret food, I ate them myself." Readers of Plummer's "Adventures of an Artisan Hunter" will find, in the chapter "Well, Don't Knock It Till You Try It," the opinion that cat tastes much like rabbit.

Plummer's aides and accomplices in this peculiar English version of living off the land were, as always, his dogs, both lurchers and his own strain of Jack Russells—"pathological little killers," Plummer fondly calls them. He believes they are really no longer Jack Russells but a different breed, which he hopes will one day be called Plummer terriers.

His early months in Lichfield were perhaps when he came closest to going round the bend from rugged individualist to barmy recluse. To him it was just another risk that seemed worth taking at the time: "It's very difficult to live in a tin shed on the edge of nowhere without water and not become verminous and nasty. I stopped combing my hair for about seventeen months and no one noticed—or I didn't see any people to notice. I didn't have a bathroom, let alone a mirror. My toilets were not like everyone else's toilets, because I didn't have toilets. Didn't have a well, either. I'd gone there with forty-nine pounds, and I didn't draw a dole, didn't ask for public assistance. Caused a lot of problems because of that, because if you don't in this country you're subject to scrutiny by the authorities. I think they saw the abject poverty in which I was living, listened for a few minutes to my curious philosophy, and then wrote 'lunatic.' I went back into teaching after that, because I had a terrier that needed a cesarean operation and I didn't have the money to pay for it. I had a choice of either letting her die or going back into teaching to earn money."

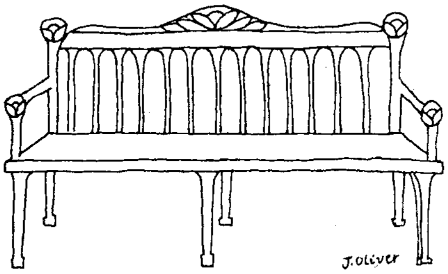
During the nineteen-seventies, Plummer's daytime life was that of a teacher, except for brief periods when the frustration became too great and he tried some other job, such as rodent operative ("a delightful euphemism for ratcatcher") or dynamiter on motorway construction—dynamiting being a skill he had been taught in the Army as part of sabotage—or, again, professional boxer. ("The sweet bird of youth had not only flown," he says, "but taken the nest and all the trappings of birddom with it.") Even in teaching, a profession not usually thought of as particularly risky (at least until recent years), Plummer stuck longest at a school that probably offered as much risk and danger as any in Britain. It was Forest Comprehensive School, in Walsall, a largely working-class suburb north of Birmingham. There his job was to be a kind of custodian of the most difficult students—those who seemed to be just putting in their time in school until they reached sixteen, the legal age to quit.

According to several of his colleagues at Forest, Plummer made a difference in a neighborhood where one family kept chickens in a pen under a coffee table and another chopped an opening in the side of a house to admit a horse. It was a neighborhood where people spent their lives without venturing even to the Walsall business district, only a few blocks away. And it was a school where prostitutes and felons were commonplace, and violence against teachers had become part of school routine. Such students were best occupied, Plummer decided, by what Americans call field trips. He took them to the docks at Grimsby, to a mink farm, a diamond grinder, a fox hunt. For most of his students, it was the first travelling they had ever done; for some, it would be the last. Another of his ways of reaching students was to coach them in boxing after hours, using what he had learned during his own inglorious boxing career. His first appearance in a Barry Cockcroft documentary was a bit part as an inspirational teacher, in "A Way Out of Walsall"—first broadcast in May, 1985—about the attempts of two of Forest's black students to make their marks as professional boxers. For Plummer, it was a matter both of pride and of professional obligation to know students by name and to know their parents and where they lived. Inevitably, this policy led to involvement in their lives outside the classroom—on the streets and in the courtrooms of Walsall.

One of the friends Plummer made at Forest was Eddie Judd, who was working in a job-training program for local young people. Many of Judd's students came out of Forest, and Judd, who is now a diesel-engine fitter, became first a professional acquaintance, then a regular at Plummer's Thursday-night rat hunts. Judd remembers how Plummer worked with his difficult students. "I saw him defuse many bad incidents—fights, potential vandalism—by words," he says. "He was able to talk them out of it. He really was good. He'd take a lot of time with kids. He'd go around and see their parents, he'd go and see the police very regularly, do deals with the police. We were driving out one day, going to the abattoir to get some tripes. He called to see this kid Laddo, probably thirteen, very scrawny, and he said, 'Was there anything else, apart from the mail robbery?' Thirteen, you know? A mail-van robbery, with a sawed-off shotgun. If Brian had told me and I hadn't seen the lad standing there and heard his replies, I would not have believed him."

"They were nice kids," Plummer says mischievously. "Thieves, villains, couple of murderers in them, but as big as you find. We had one, a wicked one —he had shootouts on the motorway. And a guy who was involved in a stabbing where another guy was stabbed through the eye socket and killed—a smashing boy. It sounds ironical saying he was a smashing kid when I just said he killed a man, but he was a charming kid."

NOW more than four hundred miles away from his old classroom and from his Lichfield haunts, Plummer retains some of the hunter-gatherer habits he perfected while he was living off the land. On our way to Harrow Harbour one afternoon, when he saw a traffic-killed rabbit on the road he stopped and threw the carcass in the back of his car for the dogs. Part of his week's routine in Caithness, as it had been in Lichfield, was a visit to an abattoir for cement bags filled with offal—slaughterhouse leftovers, which are highly nutritious for dogs. He is proud to say that it costs him no more than twelve pounds a week to feed his thirty-three dogs. (He depends on the sea during the summer and on his lurchers and shepherds to catch rabbits during the winter.) Back at the cottage, I watched as he sent the foul-smelling stuff sailing over the kennel fence, which is perhaps ten feet high, with a throwing motion that was his awkward version of a hook shot. The offal, the summer fishing, the bartering, the rabbit hunting—all these are current expressions of Plummer's Thoreauvian past.



Plummer had talked to me one evening about the hunting in Caithness, about the hunting he used to do in the West Midlands, and about the fate of his "God-almighty pack" of Jack Russells. Now seldom worked and mad with boredom, the survivors were reduced to fighting viciously among themselves. "They deserve better than that," Plummer said. He nevertheless was realistic about their personalities and their potential as house pets, calling them "killing machines."

Then he talked about the fabled rat hunts at a poultry farm in Sutton Coldfield owned by David Hancock, a photographer and now perhaps the most successful breeder of lurchers in Britain, with breeding kennels situated in the very sheds where the chickens and the rats used to be. Each Thursday, and sometimes more often, the rat-hunting team, regulars and guests, would gather at Plummer's Lichfield cottage for tea before another recreational assault on the farm's teeming rat population—assaults carried out, by all accounts, in conditions of truly astonishing filth and infestation. Plummer's own judgments about those days tend toward superlatives: "the most exciting times of my life," and "happiest days of my life," and "It was a wondrous time. I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. If you said to me, 'You can have another ten years on your allotted span, Bri, but you've got to omit the rat hunts from the next run'—oh, no."

The artist Martin Knowelden designed T-shirts that were given to veterans of the Thursday-night hunts, which read "I Have Hunted with Brian Plummer." For Knowelden, one nocturnal trip through the carnage of the poultry sheds was enough. "A cross between 'All Creatures Great and Small' and Dante's Inferno" is how he remembers it. He recalls Plummer's advice beforehand: "Don't wear anything you can't burn afterward." When the Thursday arrived, Knowelden says, "we got to Plummer's cottage and found a little harlequinade of strange characters waiting around for orders from General Plummer as to what they had to do for the evening."

His account continues, "We went in two cars, and Brian led the way there, towing a trailer that contained seven Jack Russells and a Border terrier. We got to the farm after dark—it was about half past ten. And he went round and checked in ten of the sheds, each one containing a long central battery of cages, in three tiers, with wire floors, and trays beneath each bank of cages to take the droppings from the pens. There were two or three hens in each cage and a little piece of guttering outside each cage, running the whole length of the shed, which received the eggs as they rolled down out of the cages, and trundled them along to a collecting point. Another gutter, on the other side of the cages, took the food and water to the hens, and once a week Hancock's people drove some kind of little machine around inside the shed which kind of cleaned the floor. But not well." Knowelden laughs. "The place was in a general state of disrepair, very run down, very untidy, broken-down buildings, very unpleasant underfoot, bits of broken cobble, old concrete, some splashing mud where they just ran pipes through without fixing the ground at all. The place was kind of rough, and smelled bad with these chickens, and this great pile of old carcasses accumulating at the back of the thing. As you can imagine, what I describe as being hellish for the chickens was paradise for the rats. And they were there in the thousands, not to say hundreds of thousands. Brian turned off the lighting system, so that the sheds were in darkness for some time, which allowed the rats to come out in big numbers to feed. We let the dogs out, and they ran around and oriented themselves."

Eddie Judd, who went on dozens of the Thursday-night hunts, remembers them as so exciting that they had a physical effect on him. "There were days when I came back from there and I'd got a hangover, just as though I had been out drinking, tied one on, and got a headache," he says. "The adrenaline must have run at the time. Brian said to me once, 'If you had to choose between rat hunting and sex, what would you choose?' I said, 'I'll have to think about it.' The first place we used to hit was an old, disused tractor in an open barn. That was the most fun—that was my favorite place. Because rats used to live in the tractor. The cab was full of them. They used to live in the wheels. So we'd start to rattle the sticks on the tractor. Vampire and Brockbank and probably Fire Boss—three of the Jack Russells—would jump onto the tractor. Always, Omega would station herself by the corner, because she knew exactly where they were going to come. The first four rats I ever saw killed by Brian's dogs, I didn't see them killed. I just saw the bodies come whizzing through the air—one, two, three, four, as fast as that. That was Omega. She would kill them as fast as they came. There was one in the air, one in her mouth, and one under her foot."

Martin Knowelden: "We went to the first shed, and just before we went in he said, 'Right, I'm going to open the door and let the dogs in. The dogs will take up their stand where they want to be and we'll give them just a minute to settle. Then we go in and I turn the lights on. You two with sticks will go right to the far end and beat the rats back up toward us.' He picked two of the kids out to do that job, who obviously knew what to do. And he said, 'Martin, you and your friend go into the two top corners of the shed. When you get there, you'll see there are a lot of ratholes at floor level. Cover as many of the ratholes on the floor with your feet as possible. Use your stick like a cricket bat,' he said, 'and just imagine that someone is bowling very fast at you all the time.' We went into the first shed. What can I say? That was when I suddenly thought of Dante's Inferno. The lights went on. The dogs were silent. I didn't hear the dogs bark or yelp—not a sound. You heard rats squeal very briefly and only occasionally."

Eddie Judd: "Everything used to go still at first. Then you'd see one or two eyes, then you'd see a lot more eyes, then one or two rats would start to run

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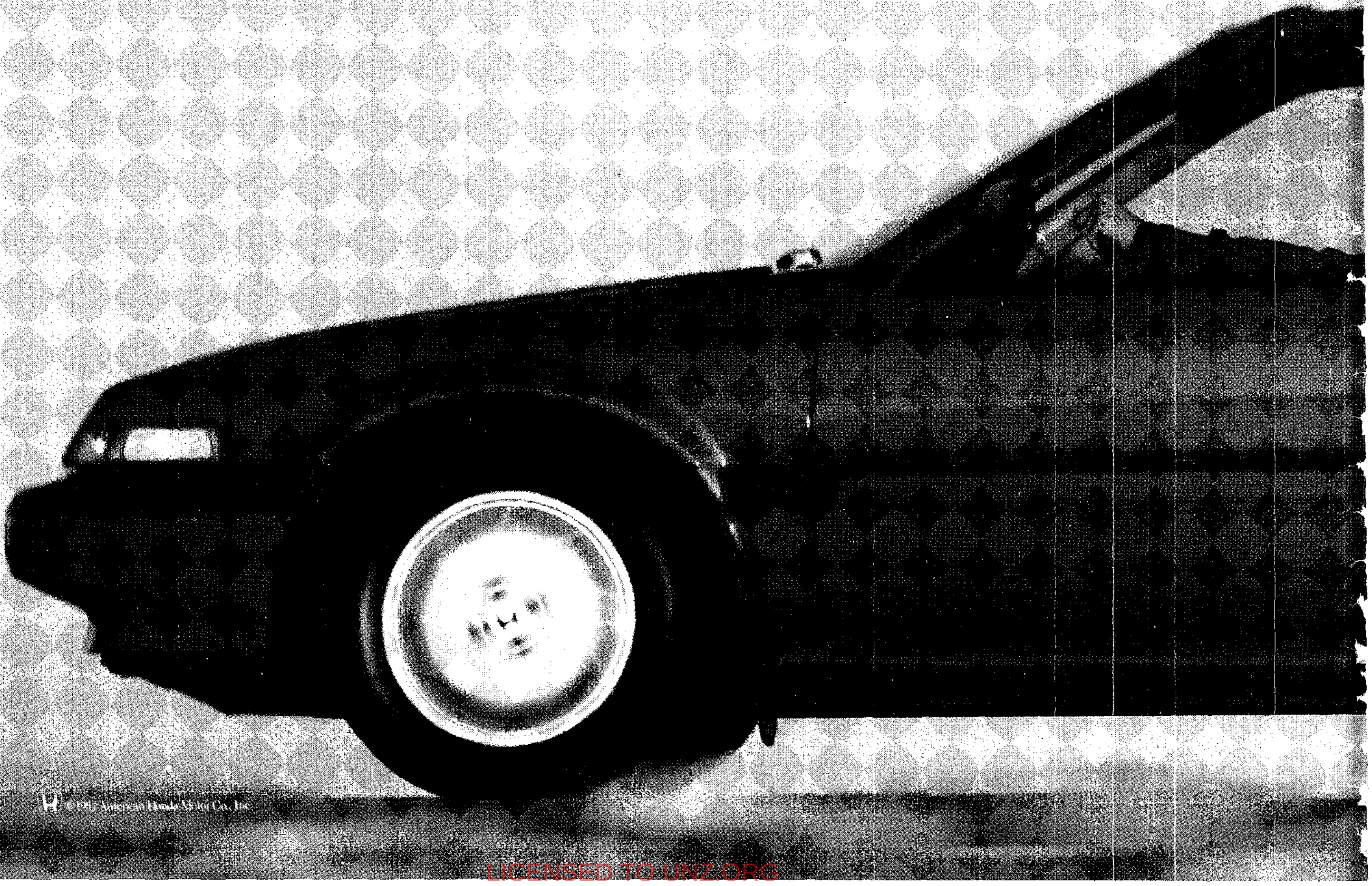

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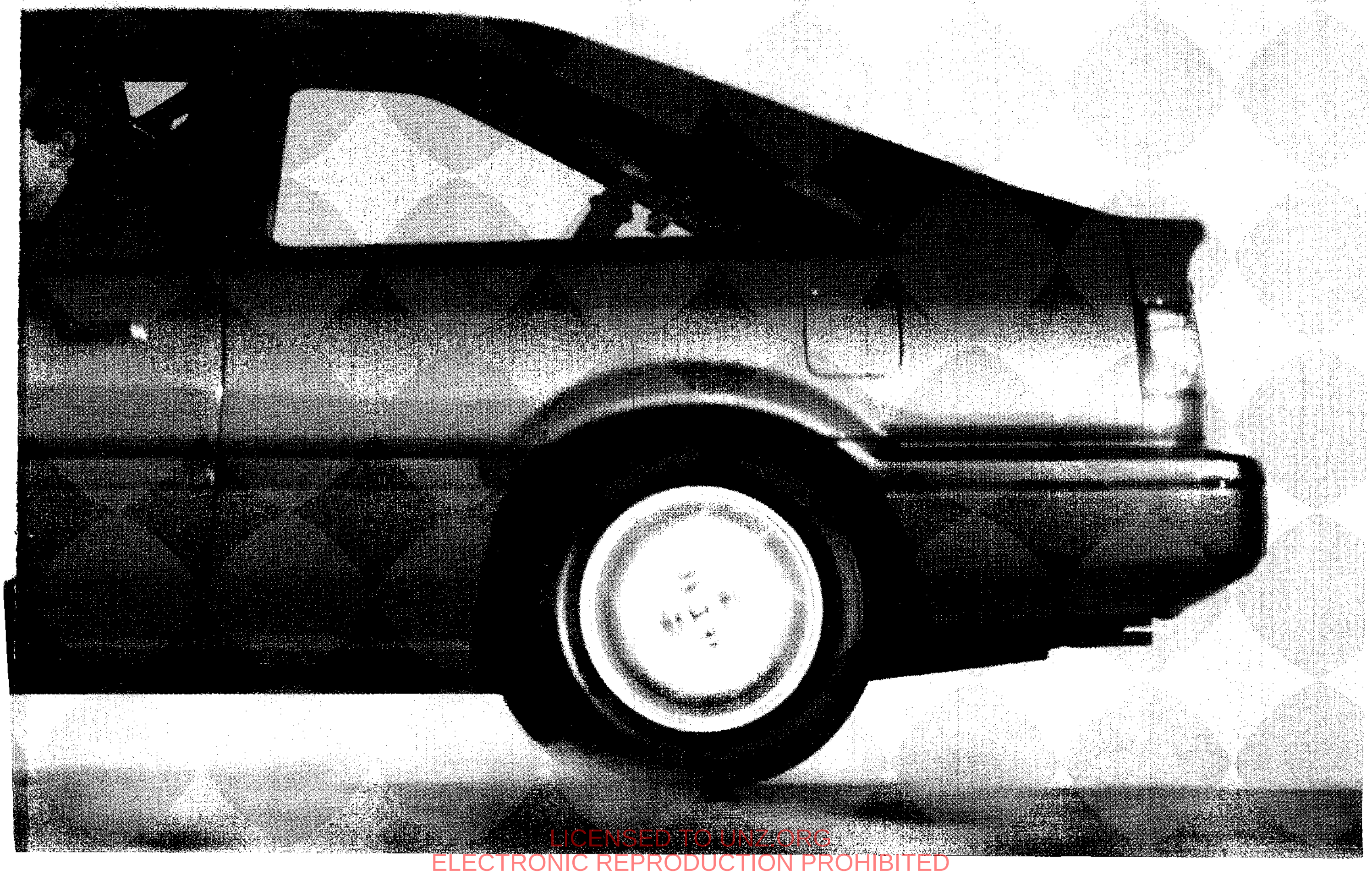

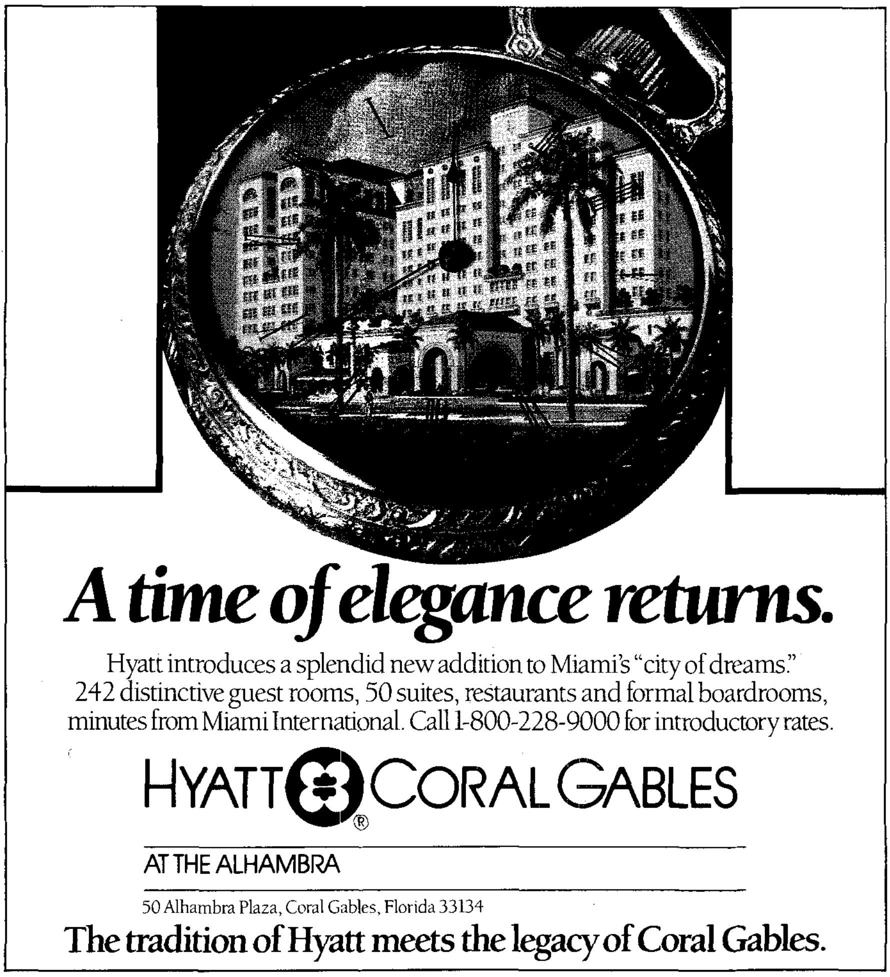

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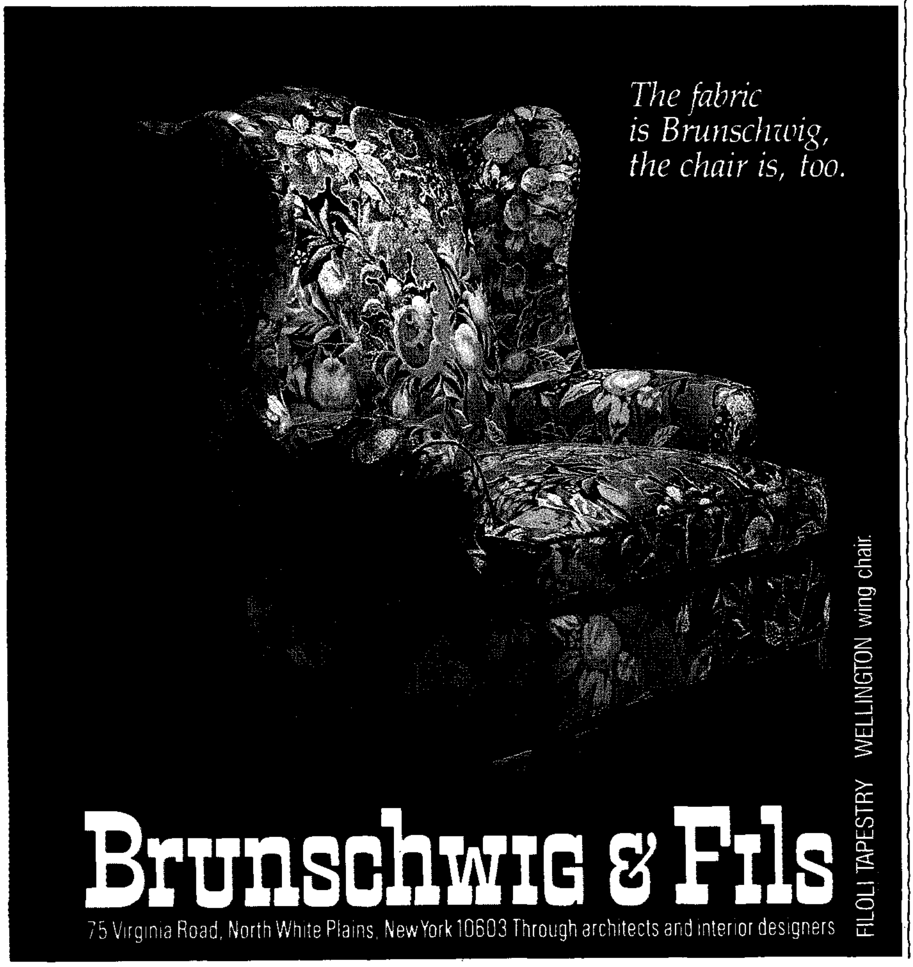

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about. By that time, probably Steve Jones, another regular, and I were at the back of the shed banging the trays, making the rats run toward the dogs and onto the floor. You'd get up toward the end, toward the doors, then the rats would start coming off the tops of the pens and down onto the floor. They'd come off the end of the trays just like a waterfall. The dogs would be killing all over the place. Brian would shout instructions to the dogs, and they used to behave themselves in the heat of the moment. He'd shout at one dog to go under or one dog to stand his ground, and they knew what he meant."

Knowelden: "The work went on with such precision, and so methodically and so relentlessly, that after two or three sheds you became numb to this slaughter. Brian came up to me and said, 'This is your first rat hunt—what do you think?' And I said, 'Remarkable. I didn't know the dogs were so fast or so efficient or so persistent.' And he said, 'Hang on a minute, there are some more coming.' The dogs had all run up and were standing there at our feet, looking down the shed. And Brian immediately knew that this meant the dogs knew that rats were coming toward them and were waiting. And at our feet there were four, then five Jack Russells. And we leaned forward so that the central droppings tray was on a level with our eyes. And I looked down it and at first I couldn't see anything at all. And then I realized I couldn't see the wood for the trees: the whole of the top of the tray was rats, from one side to the other, shoulder to shoulder, running along in waves, followed by rats behind them, being beaten along by the two beaters banging the cages behind them. And they came to the end of the tray and they started jumping off, and some of them would climb down onto the floor. At one point, I saw Vampire and I believe it was Omega—I saw them killing rats at a rate of one a second, one every two seconds. It was dart, grab, bite, throw it away, grab another one, throw it away. Each one killed with the bite the dog took it with. And occasionally the dog would suddenly be in midair, leaping up to meet a rat coming down. After a minute or two, the floor was littered. The dogs were still working, flat out, with many more to come. You do each shed, and when you've finished ten sheds, suddenly all the dogs disappear, because they know it's over and they don't want to go home; they want to stay and do more."

Plummer's own written account of the hunts, in "Omega," is much more graphic and crowded with details sure to offend anyone not predisposed to enter his bloody world. Not to everyone's taste, to put it mildly, "Omega" contains his most extreme writing.

More typical of Plummer's wide appeal in Britain is "Tales of a Rat-Hunting Man," his first book. Inevitably, it contains its share of vivid descriptions, but his insights into the qualities of different breeds of dogs used for ratting, and how to get the best out of them, buttress and help justify the freewheeling descriptive passages. Here, for example, is some of what he has to say about the Border terrier: "I think it is a mistake for the would-be rat hunter to buy a Border terrier as a first dog. Most books tell you a terrier is ready for rat about six months of age. Lies—a lot of terriers will kill rats at six months, some much sooner, but Border terriers, well, they are something different. At six months old, a Border terrier is very much a puppy. At a year old, many still display decidedly puerile behaviour, and then quite suddenly, when you are beginning to wonder if your puppy is really a 'plant' put there by the Anti-blood-sport League, it will flash into life and start to work like a demon. Just as you are about to wonder whether you would not get more sport from a croquet set, your terrier has become a raging terror."

After a paragraph devoted to an anecdote about a sage terrier man who ignored scoffers and waited for his Borders to mature into splendid hunters, Plummer returns to his storehouse of terrier lore: "Borders were not originally bred for the sport of rat hunting. Few terriers were. They were created to flush out hill foxes along the borders of England and Scotland. I say flush, but if the fox refused to bolt, then they had to set to and kill him—quite a task for a dog only half the height and weight of a reasonably sized fox. A cowardly dog was certainly not what was wanted. Neither was an aggressive dog required, however, for the hunt terriers of these border packs were kennelled with hounds, so an explosive outburst from a terrier against several sixty-pound hounds meant a very dead terrier. Docility and courage seem to be strangely opposite qualities for a dog to possess, but somehow they seemed to merge in the Border terrier. It is this bred-in docility that makes him slow to enter to quarry."

It may not be too farfetched to suspect that Plummer developed his preference for his own volatile and violent strain of Jack Russells because they mirrored his own temperament and frustrations during these years far better than a more placid breed such as the Borders would have. In the same spirit, perhaps, after his heart attack and move to Scotland, he has chosen to surround himself with companionable lurchers and German shepherds.

MY last night in Caithness, Plummer, the Girls, and I went to dinner at the Pentland Hotel in Thurso. Plummer, in a suit and tie, looked like a cruiserweight classics don. Heather Dust wore a tight black dress with two rows of black fringe. Plummer threw his arm around her and assured her that she had the most beautiful back in Britain. The more sedate Jo Towells came in a billowing skirt and a silk blouse. Sue, sulking over undefined grievances with Plummer, declined to come. The day before, she had introduced a microwave oven into Plummer's Scottish Eden. Plummer tried not to let on how appalled he was as the three women fussed over its installation and first use, but when I talked to him on the telephone a few weeks later he made a point of mentioning that the microwave had been banished.

Even dinner in a provincial Scottish hotel yielded adventure to Plummer's tireless mind. He spotted a woman dining with a man at a table across the room and jovially announced that he was giving her the full Force Ten treatment. To a disinterested observer, he appeared to be merely staring intently at her throughout dinner—and, in fact, he returned home that night without meeting her. Nonetheless, he firmly believed that his "sexual magic" was certain to work on her sometime during the days and weeks to come.

If dinner in a provincial hotel can yield such potential for adventure, is anything in the world safe from Plummer's fierce need for danger? Probably not. A few nights earlier, he had claimed quite seriously that if he were caught up in a nuclear holocaust he would treat it as the ultimate Plummerian challenge: "I should like to think that, despite the fact that I've had a coronary, should there be atomic war the next generation would be called Plummer. Because I'd make it. I may be a radioactive man chasing radioactive rats with radioactive dogs—but I'll be there."

—R. C. SMITH

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REPORT FROM ISRAEL

THE YELLOW WIND—II

IN the heavy fog, I almost didn't find the village. It was a white and thick night, and low clouds rose in front of the car. I searched for the house, but the fog led me astray, into the wrong alleys, and sent me over dirt paths. Then I stopped struggling, and allowed myself to travel at a crawl through the village, and for the first time—maybe because of the fog lying over the village, maybe because of the quiet and the late hour—the air felt free of that thing called "the conflict." The Arabs were alone, and I was an undetected voyeur. I, an Israeli, had come here, to the West Bank, to try to understand the occupation for myself.

Among the scraps of fog I saw a woman come out of the doorway of her house, wiping up the drops of rain with a mop; a broom-seller walked bent over, returning home after the day's work; in a corner of the street the headlights of a car lit up a small grocery store, where two men sat playing backgammon. It was already 10 P.M. when I found myself outside Tahir's large house. Tahir is not the man's real name. He asked that I not use his real name, because the people here are still not willing to listen to his ideas. "Here they want to know right away what you think—to know whether you are against the occupation or are a collaborator and traitor. Black or white. They don't understand that there are several grades in between."

Tahir is middle-aged; he wears thick eyeglasses and is somewhat heavy yet quick of movement. His speech is swift and a little musical, as if each of his sentences were a question, and gestures illuminate his words.

He asks me what I have heard from the people I have met in the area.

I tell him that only two days ago, in Beit Jala, one public figure said to me that if we, the Israelis, were to leave the area there would be "a second Beirut." The Muslims would slaughter the Christians and then each other.

Tahir answers immediately, "There will be a great slaughter. They will butcher each other, anyone who is armed. Then the others: first, they will kill whoever had any connection with Israel, and those who did business with Israel, and those suspected of collaboration with the *mukhabarat*"—the intelligence service. "And after they kill half the population here they will begin killing each other in a struggle for power." Then he says, smiling, "But I think that if you leave our land there will be a second Beirut among you as well, because your debate about us, about the territories, is what keeps you from the real disagreements you have among yourselves, which you haven't pursued for twenty years."

The conversation is in Hebrew: twenty days after the Six-Day War began, Tahir went to Jerusalem and registered for an intensive Hebrew course at the Bet HaAm community center. "I knew that the Jews would be here in the West Bank for a long time," he says.

"How did you know? We ourselves weren't sure that we would."

"That's because you still didn't know how much it suits a person to be a conqueror. You thought then that you didn't know how to be like that. But don't forget that I had already lived for twenty years under another occupation, the Jordanian, and that I am already a much greater expert on conquerors than you are."

"And what did your neighbors in the village say when you began to learn Hebrew?"

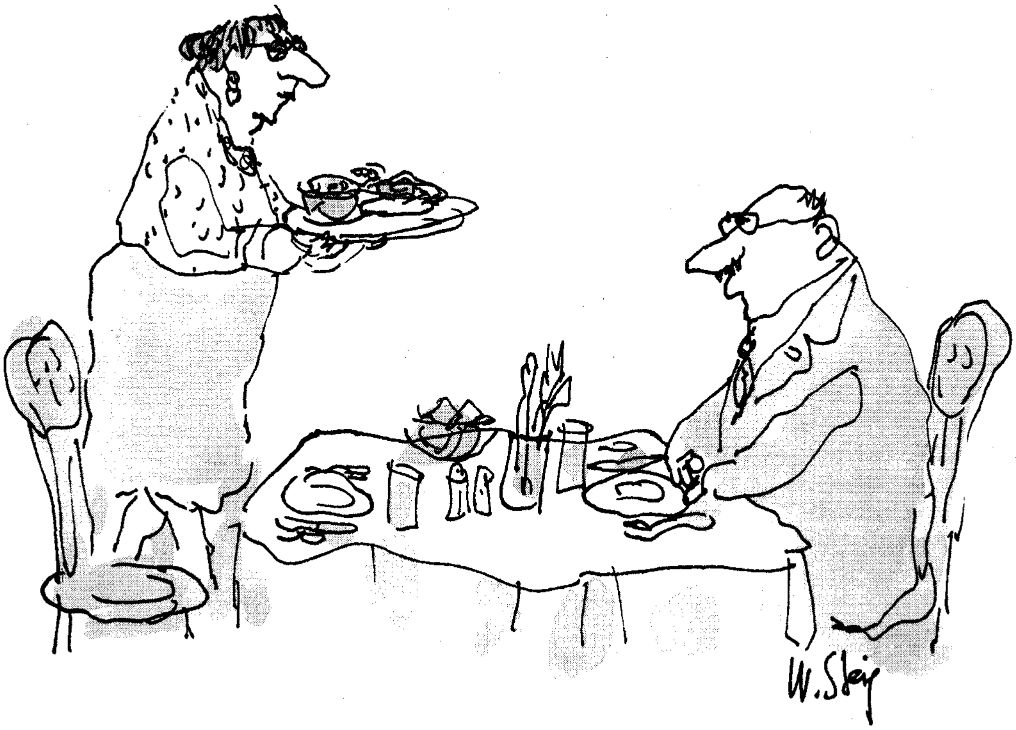
"At first, they said 'spy.' Later, they quieted down and saw the truth."

"And what is the truth?"

"What I said: That we need to learn from you, and take from you what you can give us. If you leave here now and leave us alone, it will be very hard for us." He explains, "You have accustomed us to many things, and we aren't what we once were. It would be as if you were to take us to the middle of a stormy sea and say to us, 'Get along on your own now.' We aren't ready for that yet. Maybe in another ten years, twenty years we will be. Not now. And in our hearts we know that—it's just that no one dares say it out loud."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime, stay with us for a little bit longer. But change your attitude. Change your views. And start thinking about us in a totally different way. Start thinking about us not as your Arabs, asses that anyone can ride, people without honor. Start thinking about us as your future neighbors. In the end, we will be the people you will have to live here with and come to an agreement with and create ties with, and do business with, and everything, right? It's not the Japanese you will have to come to an agreement of peace and



The No-Cholesterol Dinner

trust with, right? Even if there are five more wars here, the children of my grandchildren and the children of your grandchildren will finally get wise and make some sort of agreement with each other, right? So I say: Change your attitude a little, make some effort in our direction. Even try—and I know that it is probably hard for you, right?—try, God forbid, to respect us."

Tahir speaks a fluent and special Hebrew—a Hebrew whose vocabulary and syntax bear the imprint of Arabic. He studied for three years at the Hebrew University. Afterward, he entered business. He has extensive links with Israel, and his economic situation is good. Because of his Israeli connections, and because of the things he said, I at first suspected that he was telling me what he thought I wanted to hear, but I did him an injustice. Tahir speaks his own free, original thought, without a trace of grovelling or the desire to be liked.

"Twenty years have passed," he tells me, "twenty years during which we have been together. You already know that Arabs know what theatre is, and we know that Jews don't have tails. True, not everyone understands it fully. Sometimes I hear a mother here in the village shout at her child, 'If you don't eat, I'll tell a Jew to come and kill you!' I tell her that she should be ashamed to speak that way, because if you teach your child to fear Jews you insure that he will do so his whole life, and, after all, he needs to live together with them here, right?"

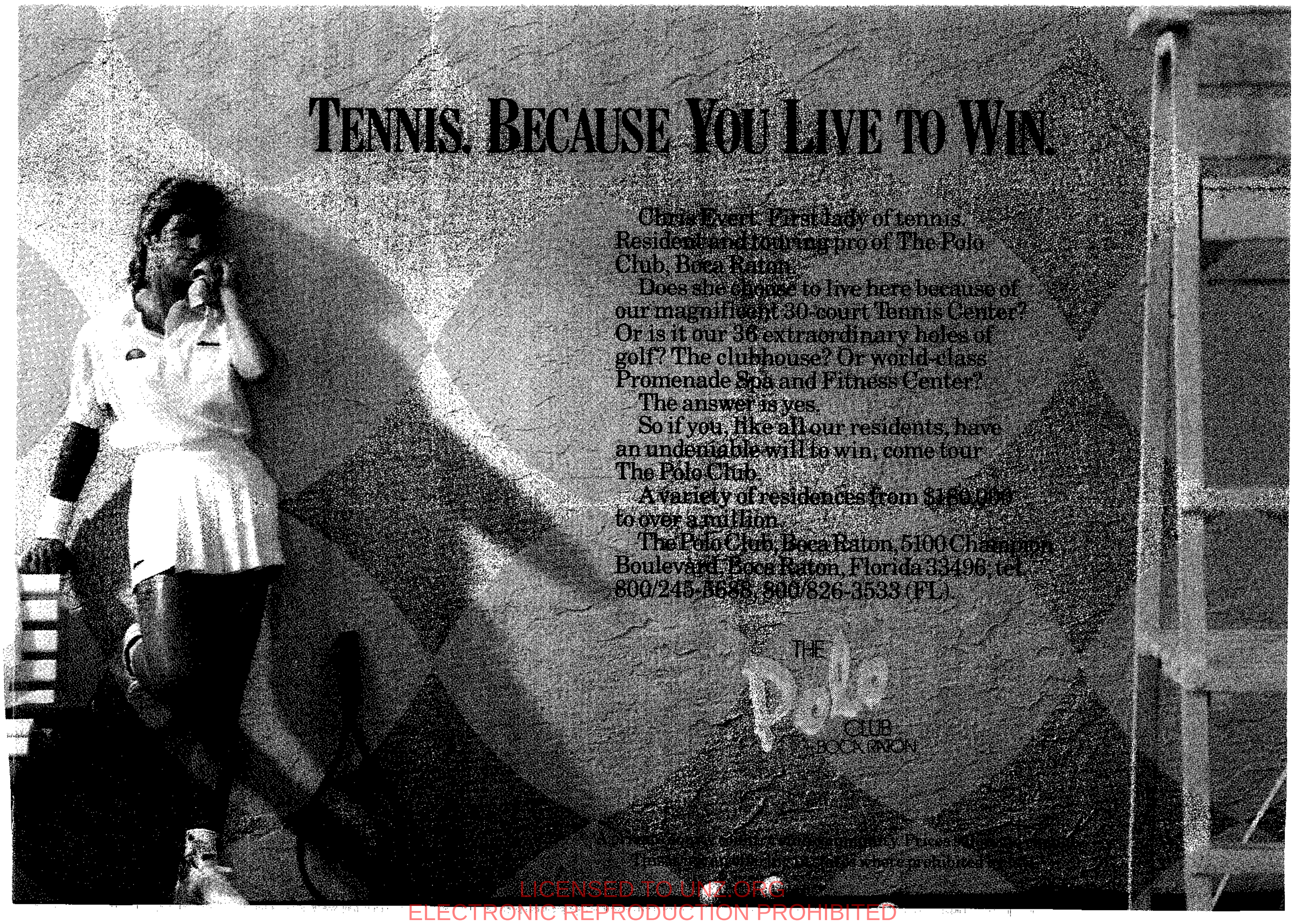
Tahir speaks with emotion, with urgency. Sweat gathers on his forehead, and his glasses fog over, despite the coldness of the large, unheated house. For a moment, he makes me think of a frightened lawyer, caught between two hotheaded disputants, trying to appeal to what remains of their reason, knowing that if they rush at each other he will be the first to be crushed. "You also have much to learn: not to get into our souls, for example. Why do your soldiers need to stop me five times when I go to buy a sack of flour in the main street of Hebron? Why do they need to humiliate me at a checkpoint in front of my children, who can see how the soldiers laugh at their father and force him to get out of the car? Of course, you have to behave like conquerors. I don't deny that. That's the way history is: you won the war and we lost. I say, 'All right. Be conquerors.' Push us, but with delicacy. Because sometimes you push so hard that we see how scared you are."

"Scared? Explain that."

"Yes. You should know that you're in a bad position. When I return from Amman, from visiting my brother, and one of your soldiers tells me to undress, and pokes his fingers around, and checks my underwear, my hair, I look in his eyes and think, My God, look how the entire Israeli government and the entire Israeli Army are scared of you, Tahir. And then you seem to me like a great king who sits in his palace and places many guards around him but doesn't sleep at night, because he knows that at any minute someone might come and take his crown away."

"But you know that our fears are well founded. We have enemies, we are in danger, and we have to defend ourselves."

"Yes, yes, that's right. But even if you are certainly justified in your searches and your checkpoints, you yourselves feel in your hearts that this is not the right position for you. You want to be great conquerors, like the Muslims of Muhammad, like the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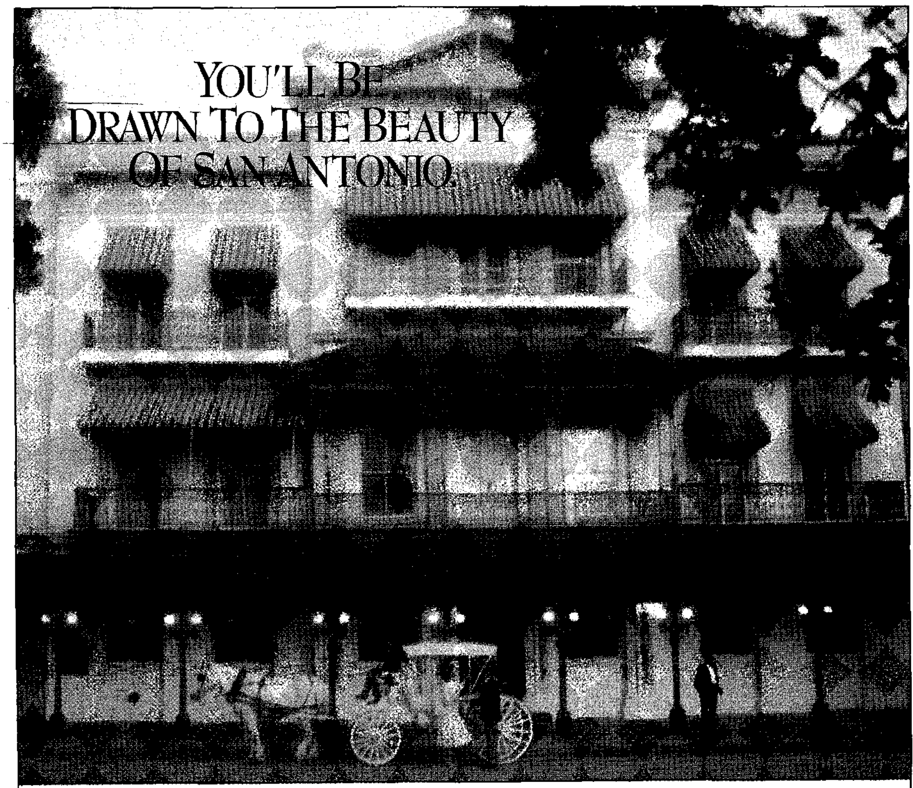
Turks, and like Napoleon, but on the other hand you want to be merciful and democratic, like the English and like America. So what do you do? You make mistakes. Look, every year you have a new political party. Anyone with any sense sets up another party, and why? Because no one understands what your country was originally meant to be, and no one remembers what it wanted to do. And, believe me, when I sit down with a Jew—and I work with Jews all the time—I feel as if we were both of us in a prison under Israeli occupation."

The door opens, and a sleepy child in pajamas comes in, turns to Tahir, and jumps into his lap. A small boy, curly-haired, who walks barefoot across the painted floor tiles. Tahir speaks to him with movements of his hands, mouthing words for emphasis, and the boy answers with hand movements. Tahir excuses himself, and goes to put the boy to bed. When he returns, he tells me that he has two deaf-mute children. They studied for a time at the school for the deaf in Jerusalem, but Arabic is not taught there. He speaks of his children naturally and lovingly, without a hint of reproach in his voice, and I understand without any explanation from him why he so urgently seeks to bring the extremes together to reason, to open their eyes to moderation and caution.

THE village of Barta'a is about three kilometres east of the Wadi Ara valley, between the Israeli cities of Afula and Hadera, in the area called the Little Triangle. The village is built on the two slopes of a ravine called Wadi Elmia, and the large Kabha clan, with a family tree reaching back to the eighteenth century and inscribed on deerskin, lives here. The village received its name from Sheikh Muhammad, who is buried on the mountain peak over the village. Sheikh Muhammad was a scout in Saladin's army and participated in the wars against the Crusaders. When he returned from a victorious battle, he would jump with happiness, and they would say of him, "*Barta'a ash-shaykh*"—"The Sheikh galloped with joy."

In 1949, the representatives of Israel and Jordan, meeting in Rhodes to negotiate an armistice, decided that the border between their countries should run through Wadi Elmia. It would seem that the drafters of the Green Line—the armistice line that marked Israel's borders until the Six-



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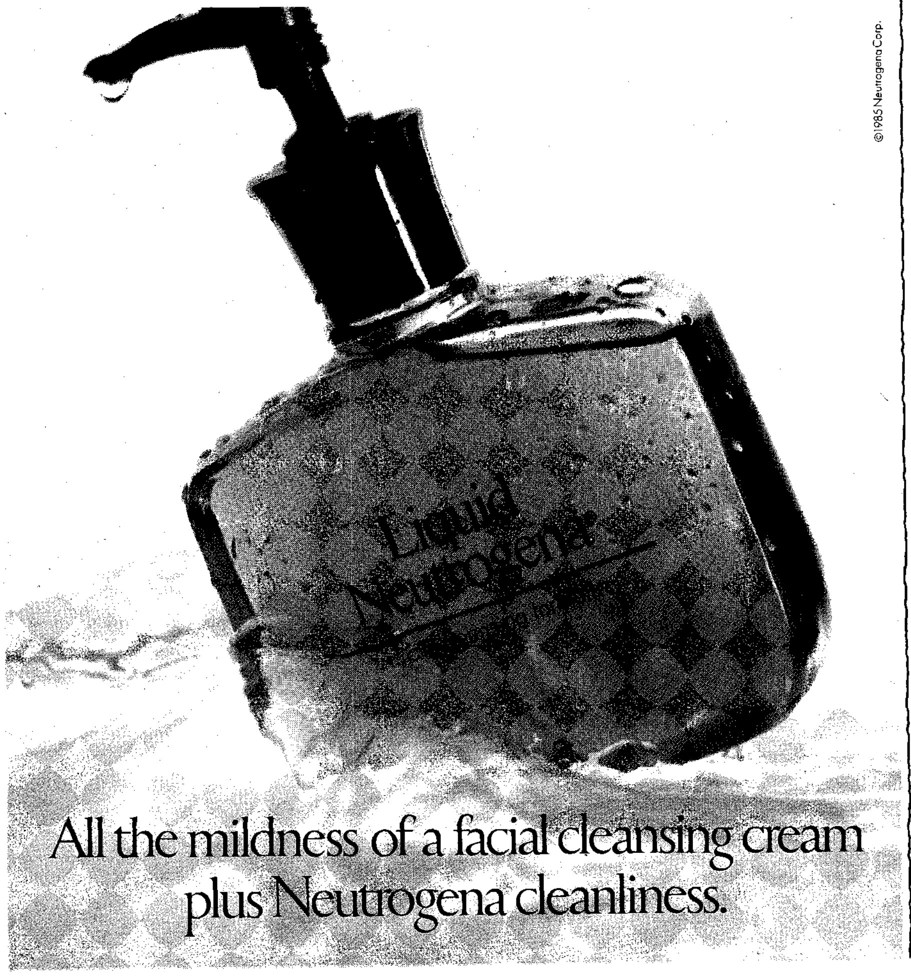
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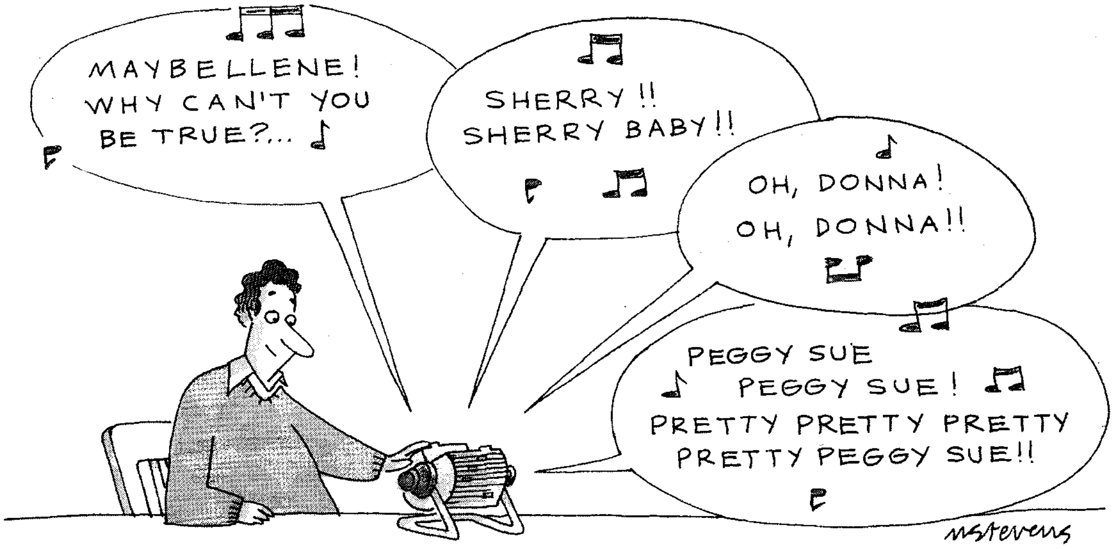
MAYBELLENE! WHY CAN'T YOU BE TRUE?...
SHERRY!! SHERRY BABY!!
OH, DONNA! OH, DONNA!!
PEGGY SUE PEGGY SUE! PRETTY PRETTY PRETTY PRETTY PEGGY SUE!!
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Day War—saw the ravine on their maps as a natural border. It may be that they didn't realize what they were doing. One morning, the village was divided. Relatives and friends were torn from each other. The village spring remained on the Israeli side, and the mosque in Jordan.

During the first years, there was no fence between the two countries or between the two villages, but Jordanian and Israeli soldiers prevented free passage of civilians. In 1956, after an outbreak of fighting between the two armies, a "proper" border was built. At the insistence of the villagers, a canal was dug to carry water from the spring in Israeli Barta‘a to the center of Jordanian Barta‘a. The Israelis drank by day and the Jordanians by night. The children in Israeli Barta‘a would urinate in the water to taunt their friends on the other side of the border. The women would launch paper boats containing letters to their friends.

The villagers suffered from longing and frustration: they felt that their existence was split and their lives disconnected. The two parts of the village did all they could to maintain some sort of illusory fabric of coöperation. Smugglers would carry news across the border. When Jordanian Barta‘a celebrated a wedding, the residents of Israeli Barta‘a would stand on the other side of the border and watch the celebration through binoculars. When a couple married on the Israeli side, and the famous singer Abu Layl would arrive from the village of Karia to entertain the guests, his voice would fill the emptiness of the valley, and the Jordanian soldiers on the other side would shoot into the air for joy. When a child was born in one of the Barta‘as, the proud father would station himself on the hill and shout the news across the border with all his might.

Only once, in 1964, did a Jordanian officer allow the villagers from the two sides to meet. The entire divided clan descended into the ravine for three hours and mixed with each other, touched each other, talked without stopping, and cried. It was then that they saw for the first time babies who had been born and couples who had married. One young man from Israeli Barta‘a who had loved a Jordanian girl during the years of separation, and had been able only to gaze at her from afar, asked her father for her hand. The *khitba*, the marriage contract, was drafted immediately, and the girl "infiltrated" and came to live in Israel.

Then came the war of 1967, and the border was lifted. The two halves could finally be unified. The villagers descended into the ravine, looked at one another, and were strangers.

"We suddenly saw how different they are from us," Riad Kabha, the young *mukhtar*, or head, of the Israeli village, said to me during my visit there. "We had been with the Israelis for twenty years. We were more modern than the people of Jordanian Barta‘a, more open and free. It was hard for us to get used to them. The whole way they thought about things was different. For example, our attitude toward women is liberal and advanced, and with them there was—and is today—complete separation of boys and girls from school age on. Along with that, we felt that they somehow looked down on us—as if they had remained more faithful to tradition and to Islam. They would lecture us haughtily, feeling that they were better Arabs than we were. Contact with them was awkward and unpleasant. They had been under oppressive Jordanian rule all that time, and their links with the outside world had been extremely limited. Jordanian soldiers lived among them and intimidated them; they were trained to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir,' and it affected their entire behavior. Our Barta‘a, the Israeli one, was richer and more active. Our houses were nicer, and every family lived on its own. With them, a married son would continue to live with his father. Even in daily life there are differences: they go to Tulkarm and Nablus for shopping and enjoyment—those cities are their focal point in every way. Our focus is the Jewish city of Hadera. There is a gap—there is distance between us."

THE other Barta‘a (the people of each Barta‘a call their sister village "the other Barta‘a") winds up the face of the ravine, and is poorer and more crowded. Lines of cactus break through the fences around the houses, and herds of sheep kick up dust in the alleys. Amar Kabha notices me talking with some teen-agers on the street, and suggests that I come with him to his house. He is twenty-six years old but looks much older. He works in the poultry slaughterhouse in Hadera, and does quite well. He has a new house, large and sunlit, built like the houses in Israeli Barta‘a. His small children play on the floor mats, and there is a wide, open view from the window.

"I was a boy when the village was reunited," Amar tells me. "I remember not knowing my grandmother until the reunification. Other children had grandmothers, and I was jealous. I would run over the hill facing the other Barta'a, and I would call out '*Sitti, sitti!* My grandmother, my grandmother!' to every old woman I saw there, but I didn't find her. When my grandfather died, we learned about it from hearing the shouts and wails from the Israeli side. My father could not go to the funeral, of course. Every so often the Israeli authorities would bring a movie to the other Barta'a, and the people there, with us in mind, would project it on the side of a house that faced us. I remember how we would bring benches and chairs and sit out at night to see those movies. They were very popular among us."

"*As-salam alaykum.*" Jawdat and Asad, friends of Amar's, enter the room. They are also of the Kabha clan. Jawdat, tall, curly-haired, fine-featured, studied economics at Yarmuk University, in Jordan. He can't find work in his profession here. "I worked for a while in a pub in Tel Aviv, and I spoke to Israeli students there," he tells me. "They studied exactly the same material I studied. Afterward, I worked as a dishwasher in a restaurant until I couldn't stand it anymore. They paid me so little, and treated me like a servant, so I came back to the village."

I ask him if he knows what the people in Israeli Barta'a think of the people on his side.

He laughs, and says, "You talked with them, didn't you? You tell me."

I say that on my way here I recorded an unflattering description of them by an Israeli Arab, a native of nearby Umm el Fahm. "Immediately after the war," the young Arab told me, "without even waiting for the ceasefire, we all ran to Barta'a. All those years, we had heard the adults talking about how Barta'a had been cut in two, and about the wonderful people there, and we wanted to see for ourselves. So what did we see? A filthy village. People dressed shabbily, in clothes from twenty years ago. We, when we got older, didn't grow mustaches. They all have mustaches two metres long! We had a game when we were kids of counting the mustaches of *dafawin*—that's what we call them, *dafawin*. You know, people who live in the *dafa*, the West Bank. Every Arab will put down the Arabs of the West Bank Barta'a by saying, 'What a *dafawi!*' "

Amar: "When we go there for a wedding, they laugh at us: 'They've come to get some food!' And afterward they laugh and say, 'The *dafawin* came and ate everything!' They say they're just joking, but we know they mean it."

Asad (twenty years old, baby-faced, works in the village, about to get married): "They have Israeli identity cards, so they can go to Tel Aviv and hang out all night and no one does anything to them. I have to return to the village at night, or hide if I want to sleep there. My car has the blue license plate of a *dafawi*, and they have yellow Israeli plates. They feel like kings because of that, because the police will stop me at a checkpoint and let them pass, like Israelis. Once, I was driving along the road, and the car behind me honked the whole time, so that I would get off the road and let him pass. I looked in the mirror and saw an Israeli Arab. It didn't help me any—he almost threw me off the road, and as he passed he shouted, 'Move aside, move aside, you dirty *dafawi!* Go back to Nablus where you came from!' "

The two others nod.

Asad: "If you ask out a girl from there, she says, 'I don't go out with *dafawin.*' "

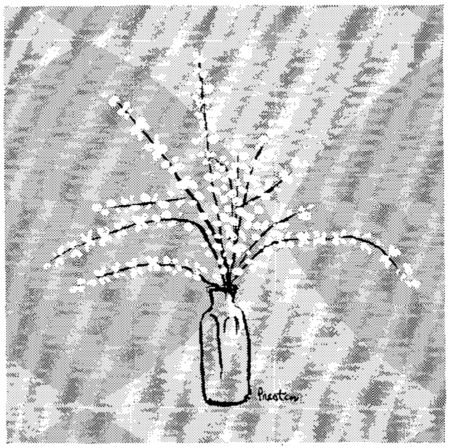
Amar: "Still, there have been some marriages with them during the last few years. At first, they didn't want to marry us, but now they're getting used to it."

Asad: "It's like an Ashkenazic Jew not wanting to marry a Yemenite Jew."

Amar: "And there's something interesting. Whenever they have a fight with someone over something, they run to us and ask us to fight for them."

The three of them laugh: "As if we were their bodyguards."

Jawdat: "They always brag about how much like the Israelis they are, yet they don't sense what the Israelis think of them. Israeli Arab towns like Faradis and Kufr Qar don't get the same kind of government support Jewish settlements get. Here, a week ago, the government decided that the Druze and Circassian communities would be granted equal rights with the Israelis. They're not giving equality to Israeli Arabs. I don't envy the Israeli Arabs—they don't have any pride. They only take things from the country, but they don't do anything for it. While you do reserve duty forty-five days a year, they go to the beach. If I were in their position, I wouldn't take anything from the country at all—not social security, not social benefits, nothing."



The three talk together excitedly, interrupting each other in an odd, almost Jewish competition over how much they have suffered at the hands of the Jews. Jawdat says, "They cry about being second-class citizens. But the truth is that they are fifth-class citizens."

The three West Bank Barta'ans give me their ranking of those who live under Israeli sovereignty: First come the Jews, who are first-class citizens. Then come the Jewish immigrants from Ethiopia, who are second-class. Then come the Bedouin. And then, they say, we come, because we lack rights but we have pride, and at the very end come the Israeli Arabs.

"Understand," Jawdat continues, "that in living here, in the West Bank, I constitute an international problem. The whole world talks and argues about me. No one talks about the Israeli Arab. I am free in my soul. I know that I can say what I feel toward you and the occupation. He can't. He is too tied up with you. He can't even think about it. He prefers not to think about it."

Riad Kabha, the *mukhtar* of Israeli Barta'a, says, "They really see themselves as part of the Palestinian people. We see ourselves as part of the Palestinian people but also as an integral part of Israel. The sad part is that the Israelis reject us because we are Arabs, and the Arab countries reject us because we are Israelis. The Arabs in the other Barta'a continue to see us as part of Israel. But, despite that, if you write about us you should write the whole truth: In recent years the differences between us are starting to blur. After all, twenty years have passed. There are more marriages between them and us. There is more contact. They are beginning to be a bit influenced by our way of life. We've also gained something: Our national consciousness has grown stronger as a result of contact with them. It is as if we had remembered our roots again."

"A YEAR has gone by since I stopped writing. . . . I have survived the despair, as others survive theirs, perhaps wiser, but certainly stronger in my determination to persist in my *sumud*, just as the Israeli government appears to be more set than ever on emptying the West Bank of us *samadin*. It is objective fear of the tragedy which lies in store for all of us that I now feel, rather than personal fears in the present. As to the present, I can again see what I lost sight of last year—the individual faces on the death wheel, Palestinian and Israeli, who are struggling to stop its spin."

So wrote Raja Shehadeh, a lawyer and author, in the epilogue to his book "The Third Way: Journal of a West Bank Palestinian," published in 1982. *Sumud* means endurance. Sticking to one's guns. Remaining firmly planted on one's land. The term *samadin*, the endurers, was first used at the Baghdad summit of Arab states in 1978 as a name for the million and a half Palestinians who live under the Israeli occupation.

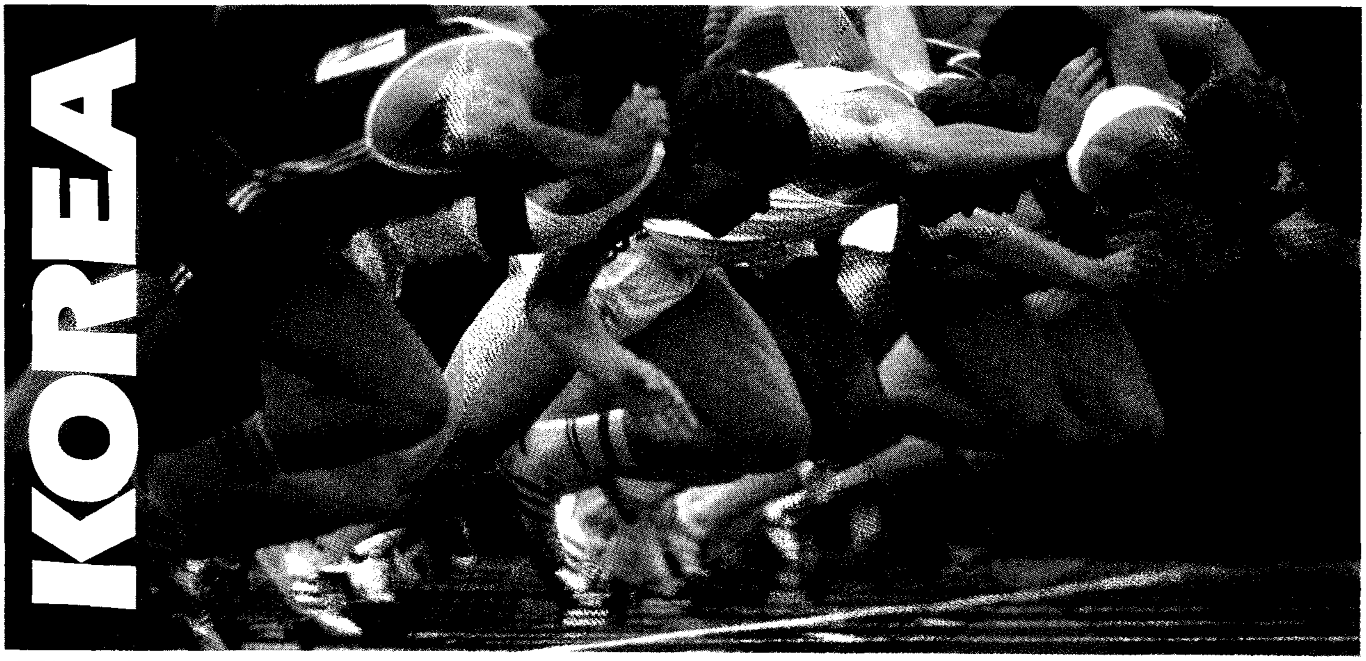
Five years have passed since Shehadeh wrote those words. I ask him if at the end of those five years—at the end of twenty years—he is not tired of *sumud*. Our conversation is in English.

"No," he says. "I go on believing in it. One way open to me as a Palestinian is to surrender to the occupation and collaborate with it, and another way is to take up arms against it—and both are possibilities that mean, to my mind, losing one's humanity. I choose a third way. To remain here. To see how my home becomes my prison, which I do not want to leave, because the jailer will then not allow me to return."

Sumud expresses tenacity and stamina, and a sort of passive combativeness, gritting one's teeth to keep from giving in and to keep from losing one's mind. *Sumud* means bowing one's head and living, somehow, until the storm passes. Shehadeh is consciously a *samad*—and was even before the Baghdad summit labelled him as such. Other Palestinians are almost unconsciously *samadin*, turning their expertise in passivity into an art.

I tell Shehadeh that there are such *samadin* among the Israelis as well—many people who do not accept the situation but do not know what to do about it. They cling to the desire to remain ignorant and unaware. "And in your opinion," I ask, "what does the occupation do to us, the Israelis?"

"I think about that a lot," Shehadeh answers. "First, you must remember that it is not just an occupation. From a legal point of view it is an occupation, but actually it is much worse than an occupation: after all, you do not work among us just to prevent violent attacks upon you. You have taken other, exceptional steps, such as establishing settlements. Nor are the civil administration and the military government trying to benefit the local population, as they like to say they are. The military government itself is confused. The people there will tell you how much they have improved our lives. They won't tell you about the twelve hundred amendments and new laws they have promulgated in the West Bank. Those are laws meant to make the current situation permanent, gradually but irrevocably. The occupation is selfish. It acts only in matters that affect it directly. Security matters are seen to with great care, but the police station in Ramallah has no sign that says 'Police' in Arabic—only in



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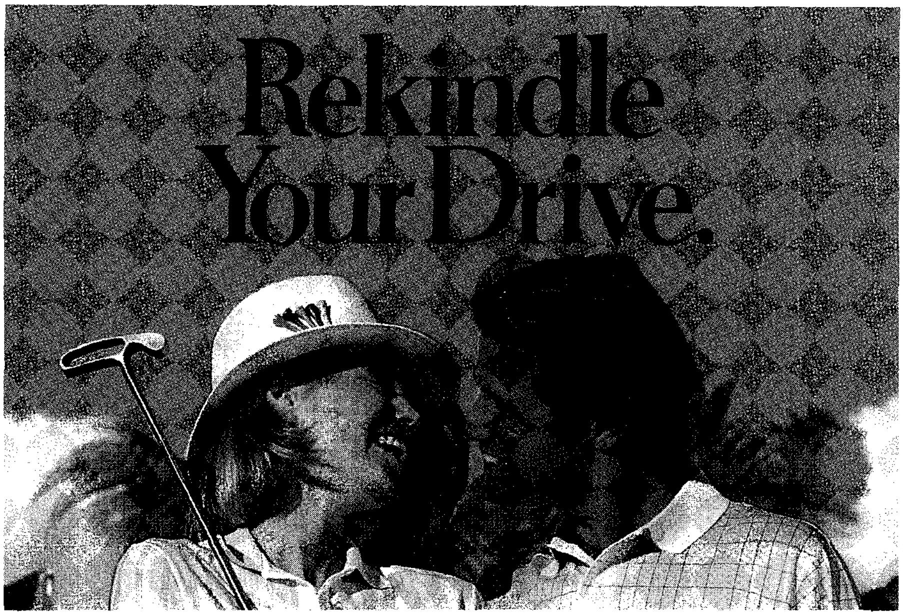

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Hebrew and English. The Israeli policemen don't even pretend that they are there to protect the local people. West Bank crime is growing, and becoming more serious, but Israel is doing nothing to prevent it. It doesn't affect the occupation. What has happened to you is what Professor Yeshayahu Leibowitz, of the Hebrew University, predicted immediately after the '67 war. He said then that it is impossible to be occupiers and remain moral. Even people with moral intentions are led slowly into an immoral situation. The situation turns into a sort of monster, which has a life of its own and can no longer be controlled. An unjust and immoral monster. You have two kinds of people in Israel. There are those you called the *samadin* of ignorance. They simply disconnect themselves from what is going on. The others use every means to achieve their goal."

Shehadeh smiles sadly. He is a small man, of delicate appearance, but he projects a strong presence. And exactly because he is so fragile-looking it is clear that it would be hard to frighten him with any sort of physical threat: he has already come to terms with that.

He tells me of the Jordanian occupation. Those are his words: the Jordanian occupation. Of the intentional Jordanian effort to rewrite Palestinian history and obliterate Palestinian identity. Of the breaking of the Palestinians and the destruction of their society. "Imagine it: whenever King Hussein came to Ramallah, we were all required to go out and stand along the roads, waiting for him for hours—he never came on time—and to applaud when he arrived. Yes, there was oppression then, and today, too. You ask why it is easy to rule us. Check how many people have been exiled." More than twelve hundred Palestinians have been expelled from the area since 1967, according to data collected by Dr. Meron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem and an authority on the Israeli occupation of the West Bank.

"Whenever someone has expressed an opinion about anything, he has found himself on the other side of the Jordan," Shehadeh goes on. "Today, there are far fewer expulsions, because there are fewer left to exile. You have not allowed any leadership of any kind to remain here. You have ripped our society apart."

"What do you do with your emotions about the occupation?" I ask. "How do you take out such constant frustration?"

"I write. I work against injustices inflicted on Palestinians by the administration. I established the organization called Law in the Service of Man, which does human-rights work and provides legal representation for Palestinians in the West Bank. I do things so as not to fall silent. Whom do I hate? I am filled with repulsion when I meet some of the fools who manage our affairs. An instance: The authorities were going to destroy a house in the neighborhood where I grew up. A house full of memories and emotions for me. I stood there and I saw how the soldiers measured the thickness of the walls in order to decide where to lay the explosives and in what quantity. They did it with such matter-of-factness! We stood there, the owner of the house and I, and we saw how they measured, and it was horrible. It was like seeing someone measure a live person for a coffin. I looked at the soldiers. So young! It is a challenge for me: to understand how they can do it."

"Have you ever tried to put yourself in their place? How would you act if you were in a similar situation?"

"I certainly understand the dilemma that Israelis find themselves in. I don't mean to imply that Arabs are angels. Not at all. I understand the importance of military service for Israelis. But if you serve in the Army you support something that is out of your control. On the other hand, as an Israeli you cannot decide to serve and yet not serve. I think that if I were an Israeli I would devote as much energy to attempts to make peace as I devoted to military service. That would perhaps be one way to deal with the contradiction."

I ask him what he feels about the settlers. For the first time, Shehadeh loses his sense of humor, and abandons the low voice he has been using.

"In my eyes, they are criminals. Criminals and lunatics. Sometimes I have to meet them. They are racists. Look, racism is hard to diagnose precisely. There are many things that seem to be racism but are not. Real racism is when you don't see another person as human. They ask—with deep inner conviction—why the Arabs don't accept what they want to do here. They don't understand that, as human beings, the Arabs desire everything that any human being desires. They simply are not willing to understand that."

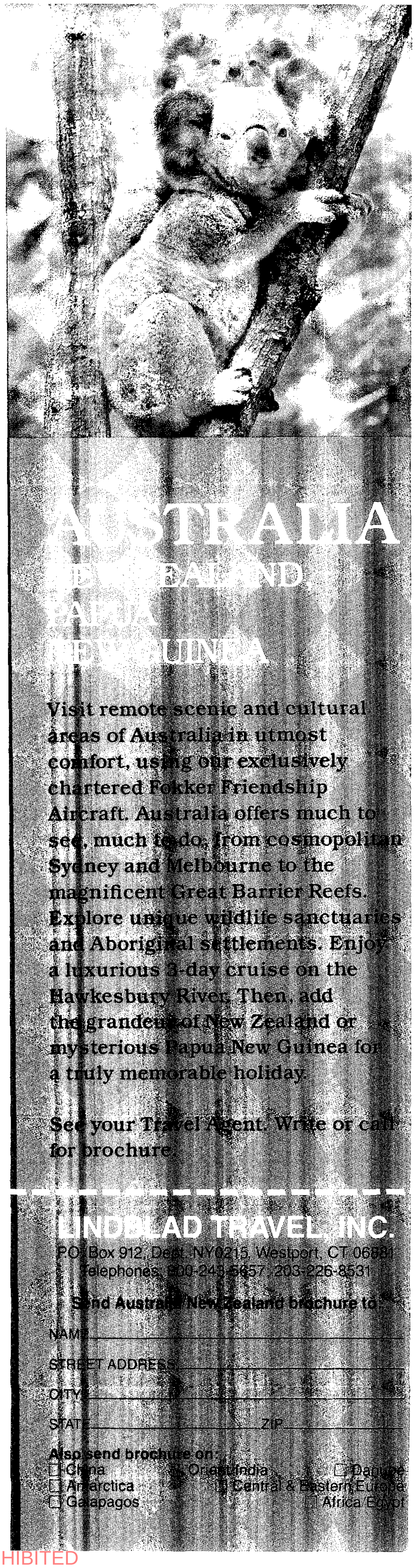
"After so many years of contact and mutual acquaintance, don't you see something positive in Israel's effect on the Arabs?"

"At the beginning, I believed that the Israelis really were a sort of new race. And there are some good things about you: friendship, frankness, the strong feeling of mutual responsibility. That impressed me. You definitely have created something new in liberating yourselves from the past and attempting to create a new life. The problem is that when it clashes with my freedom, in the West Bank, it is a little difficult for me to be enthusiastic about it."

Shehadeh pauses, and then says, "And I have proof that for you the occupation is not successful, and that we have not surrendered completely. You would think that if the Hebrew language is part of a higher culture it would be a strong influence on Arabic, right? But the only Hebrew words that have been absorbed into Palestinian Arabic are 'checkpoint,' 'traffic light,' and—oh, yes—'walkie-talkie.' And what has happened to Hebrew during the same period?"

I try to remember. A large number of Arabic words were naturalized by Hebrew even before 1967, probably as a result of our acquaintance with another group of Arabs—those who live in and are citizens of Israel. But today you hear many more Arabic words in daily conversation, in many different contexts.

Raja Shehadeh is a Christian, thirty-five years old, single, the son of a family of the Arab aristocracy. His father, also a lawyer, was murdered, and the murderers have yet to be found. Raja Shehadeh himself has many connections in the United States and Europe, and he has many Israeli friends. In the twilight region between the conqueror and the conquered, Shehadeh stands out as a man sensitive to nuances; it seems to me that for him the occupation threatens his personal sense of individuality, rather than his Arab or national identity. For this reason, perhaps, he keeps his head above water, exposing himself (sometimes dangerously) to critical Israeli eyes, challenging Arab society as well,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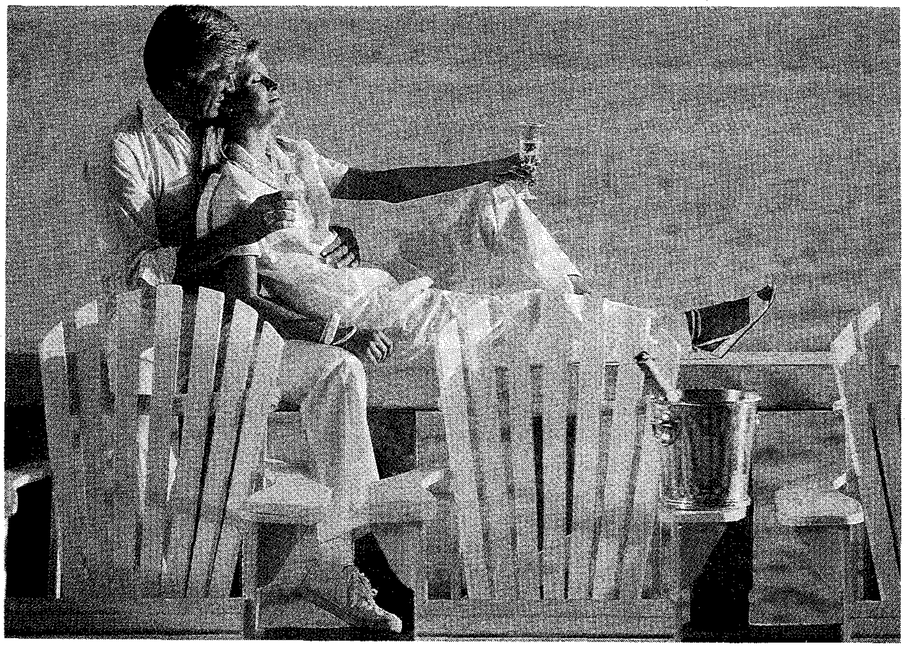
I GO one morning to see the Allenby Bridge, which links the east and west banks of the River Jordan. A hot wind blows north from Arabia. Far off, Jericho shimmers behind a veil of dust. On the way: the absurd refugee camps, ruins of ruins; a bicycle path alongside the road, as in Europe, and young people walking along it reciting their lessons, not because they like studying outside that much but because it is too crowded at home. An energetic boy sails along on his bike, carrying behind him a box with a few chicks in it, some of them already dying in the heat. Closer up, it is a different Jericho, a shady, slightly unruly resort city, set out around its squares amid the whispers of springs and trees, and the red splashes of bougainvilleas, and the scandalous winter houses of the West Bank wealthy. Capricious Jericho.

I stop briefly to talk with the military governor of Jericho ("A governor must be a father to the inhabitants," he says self-importantly) and continue on by way of the plain, choking under layers of dusty air, past the banana and date groves and abandoned monasteries, and arrive at the Allenby Bridge.

There is nothing like the open bridges that span the Jordan for illustrating Israeli policy with regard to the territories. After the 1967 war, Moshe Dayan, then Minister of Defense, decided to allow people and merchandise to pass over the bridges; he wanted to break down psychological barriers, create a way for Jews and Arabs to become acquainted with each other, and establish a degree of economic dependence and a sort of de-facto coexistence. The open-bridges policy was also meant to demonstrate that Israel allowed freedom of access to holy sites in Jerusalem and freedom of worship to all religions. Another goal of Dayan's, also very important, was to turn the open bridges into a safety valve for releasing the tension that he expected would build up among the West Bank people as a result of the occupation. The knowledge that it is possible "to go out and get some air"—to enter, for a time, the Arab world, to study there, to do business there, to visit relatives—has a huge influence on the people of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

The bottom line of Israeli policy in the conquered territories, says



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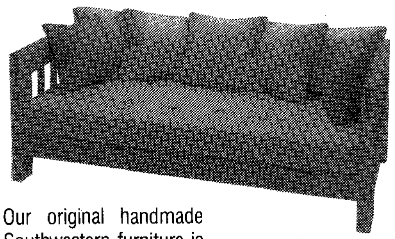

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Shlomo Gazit—who was Israel's Coördinator of Activities in the territories for seven years following the Six-Day War—in his book "The Stick and the Carrot," has been to create a situation in which the Arabs "have something to lose." And, in fact, Israel's ability to close and open the bridges has become a powerful tool. There have been cases in which residents of Nablus or Ramallah arrived at the bridge only to find their crossing prohibited because of some crime that had taken place in one of those cities, while the bridge remained open for all others. On the other hand, Gazit notes, the open-bridges policy has been an obstacle to progress toward a comprehensive political solution. This safety valve has made it easier for Israel to control the territories, and in doing so has dulled the urgent need to find a long-range political solution.

"That's him. The one I told you about. The one I'm married to."

At the entrance to the waiting area, some distance from the bridge, sprawl a group of Israeli soldiers, reservists. I had already noticed that the reservists who police the West Bank have a special posture and a special expression—something that projects an unconscious detachment of the man from himself. Reservists are always good at suppressing their individuality, but in the West Bank they become exceptionally talented at it.

A surprising silence reigns in the waiting area. Dozens of Arabs, waiting their turn to be examined by the soldiers, sit motionless on plastic benches until their names are trumpeted over a loudspeaker. When your name is called, you must get up, approach the soldier, holding your belongings, and answer questions while he examines them. The soldier empties suitcases onto a counter, examines everything, confiscates anything with writing on it (including plastic bags with store logos, and T-shirts) and also all electrical appliances, wooden items, and cosmetics—in short, anything that might conceivably be a security threat or might contain explosives. Toys must be confiscated, because in the past they have served as containers for detonators. That is the reason you often hear children crying here. Afterward, your shoes are sent to be X-rayed, and you yourself enter a small cell for a body check. A woman soldier performs the examination on women and children. Even a baby's disposable diaper must be removed, because not long ago a young woman was caught trying to smuggle explosives in one of those all-absorbent Pampers.

I have come on an easy day. Relatively few visitors, and the examinations go quickly. It takes only three hours from the moment you arrive from Jordan until you exit from the waiting room. It is not always like this; an average of four hundred thousand people cross the bridges every year. During the summer visiting months, the place is intolerable: flies fill the air, the heat is oppressive, children scream, and people are stuck here for as long as ten hours.

A reservist serving as a bag-searcher says, "On a busy day, you can't be judicious and polite. I've seen soldiers who throw away clothes and other belongings of Arabs out of spite and in order to hurt them. More than once, I've seen a young, angry soldier use his position to humiliate a venerable elderly man, making him run all over the place in his socks, jeering at him and degrading him in front of people from his village. You can guess what that man feels about Israel after such treatment."

The shoes of the travellers return in a single crate, which the travellers then storm. You can often see an Arab who from his dress is clearly poverty-stricken make his way out of the mob with shiny patent-leather shoes in his hands, while a wealthy-looking lawyer is left disappointedly holding a pair of battered sandals from the bottom of the crate.

Porters and janitors, Arabs from Jericho, who undergo a security examination at the hands of the soldiers when they arrive every morning, also work in the waiting area. The bag-searcher says, "An odd system of masters and slaves is developing with these Arabs. They work with us—but they are always suspect. It is an unclear and unpleasant situation."

One can see the authorities' efforts to make things easier for the incoming travellers. The reserve units sent to serve at the bridge consist of top-flight soldiers; there is air-conditioning (but in the summer you would not know it); and recently five young women from Jericho were added to the staff, with the job of mediating between perplexed travellers and the authorities in charge of the passage point, and explaining to the travellers what the process is and what they are expected to do.

There can be no doubt that under

present conditions the discomfort suffered by travellers at the bridge is unavoidable. That is, as long as Israel oversees the passage of Palestinians from Jordan to the West Bank. The damage done to Israel here is, however, very great. Even on an easy day, I can feel immediately how enmity toward Israel grows in this place. Today, the travellers over the bridge accept their right to cross as self-evident. They are not aware of all the political considerations behind it. They know only that an Israeli soldier fingers their personal belongings and the hair on their heads; that he makes their old mothers wait five hours in the heat to be examined; that he steals their children's Teddy bears.

"Once," the reservist tells me, "a traveller under examination thanked me, in English, for refolding his clothes, which had been disturbed during the examination. He was amazed by that—he had never encountered such treatment before. Another time, a woman came to me with a three-year-old girl. The girl held a plastic doll, and, according to orders, toys are to be confiscated. Since it was a quiet, unpressured day, I decided to take the doll apart, in order to make sure that it was 'clean,' and to allow the girl to take it with her. I carefully took apart the mechanism that says 'Mama,' the hands and the feet, the stomach and the head. The soldiers around me made fun of me. They called me a peacenik. There was nothing in the doll. I put the doll together again and was about to give it back to the girl. Then the bridge commander came and told me to confiscate it. I explained that the doll was no danger. He refused to let it through. The girl cried, and her mother pleaded. The commander said, 'We cannot make exceptions.' The doll was confiscated."

Most of the Arabs display no emotion. From the minute they disembark from the buses that have brought them back from their visit in Jordan, they place an impenetrable mask on their faces. I see them as they come. Their expressions remind me of what I used to feel when I came back to basic training after a short furlough. Even during the examination, they do not change their expression. From a very early age the children learn to put on that expression when faced with a soldier. Sometimes at the end of the procedure you can see a quick glance of hate or pain, or a calming hug—so tight as to hurt—given by a father to the crying child on his shoulder.

On my way to the bridge from the waiting area, I pass the great red bridge trucks. Merchandise—it is mainly agricultural, dairy, and wood products—can be transported across the bridges only in these trucks. They are special trucks, with most of their parts visible to the examining eye, and every part bearing a special seal, the absence of which immediately alerts the examiner that a change has been made in the vehicle. Each truck carries hundreds of such seals. A transparent window has been added to the gas tank, to allow examination of its contents. The authorities seem to have thought of everything here, but, even so, terrorists manage to smuggle weapons into the area from time to time.

And, finally, the bridge itself, over the Jordan, flowing lazy and brown around clumps of reeds. An Israeli position opposite a Jordanian position. Two machine guns yawning at each other. Jordanian soldiers in blue uniforms and blue berets stare at me from behind torn sandbags. Once each day, the Israeli and the Jordanian commanders of the bridge meet, exactly halfway across, in order to make necessary technical arrangements. Each day, they also trade newspapers. I stride to the middle of the bridge—as far as an Israeli is allowed to go—and halt, and then I return.

Muhammad Ali Al-Kal‘ilah is a man of forty-nine, tall and of aristocratic bearing. He was born in Samu‘a, a village twenty kilometres south of Hebron. The village has a population of about four thousand, Muslims, who earn their livelihoods from farming and from large stone quarries next to the village. They send the cut stones to Jordan, and someone has said that this, too, is a way of returning the territories to that country.

The security forces arrested Muhammad Ali Al-Kal‘ilah in July, 1985. He had been working as a room attendant in a Dead Sea hotel, and was taken from there to a prison in Hebron and put in a cell. He told me his story in Hebrew.

"A few guys came to me as if they wanted to beat me up, and said, 'You are a dog and a son of a dog,' and I said, 'Why?' They said, 'You don't know why we brought you here? Where is your son?' I said, 'My son was home with me about three weeks ago, and afterward he went back to his house in Ramallah. He has a house there, where he lives with his wife and children.' They said, 'No, no. Tell us where he is now.' They said, 'We want your son, and only you know where he is.' I said, 'I don't know.' They said, 'You are a whore and a son of a whore and a dog.' They came to beat me, and someone said, 'Don't beat him, he'll tell everything soon.' I said, 'I don't know anything.' This went on for almost a week—only talk, without beatings at all.

"After that, they said suddenly, 'Now go, bring your wife and your son's wife, and sit here, in the office of the *mukhabarat* in Hebron, every day from seven in the morning to seven in the evening.' So I brought them, and also my son's baby, and officers would pass us the whole time and spit on us and say, 'Tfui, you are dogs and the sons of dogs,' and every day they would leave us there until seven at night, or even later, and every day we had to take a taxi, and after we got home at night the *mukhabarat* would come again, at four in the morning, and enter the house, and pull everything out of the closets, and wake up the children, and they would bring big dogs with them and say, 'We want your children to see the dogs and go crazy with fear of them.'

"After forty days, the daily detention in Hebron ended, but the *mukhabarat* still came to search the house every night. And after about three months I went again to the hotel at the Dead Sea to work, and I heard on television that the Army had a battle with some people near Hebron, killed four, and captured one wounded, and my wife called me on the telephone and said to come back, and I came, and I saw that my house had been bulldozed, not one stone left on another."

"Why were they searching for your son? What had he done?"

"They say he killed Israelis. I don't know. He never said anything."

"You really don't know? Even now you don't know?"

"I don't know! I didn't even get along with him. He never spoke to me."

This is the story: The son, Ali Muhammad Al-Shehadeh Al-Kal'ilah, left his father's house in Samu'a when he was eighteen years old, and rented a house in Ramallah. He lived there with his wife—a teacher—and their three children. In April of 1978, he was arrested. He confessed to membership in the Fatah—one of the guerrilla groups fighting for an Arab Palestine—and was released. He claimed that he had been freed on the basis of a certain bargain, and he apparently did not live up to it. In 1979, he was arrested again, accused of the original crime, and sentenced to four months in prison with another half year suspended. From the moment he was released, he was a marked man: on the one hand, the security forces watched his every step, and, on the other, his former friends tormented him, accusing him of collaborating with the enemy. No one spoke to him. He was a pariah. A person who met him during that time testified that it seemed as if he had gone mad.

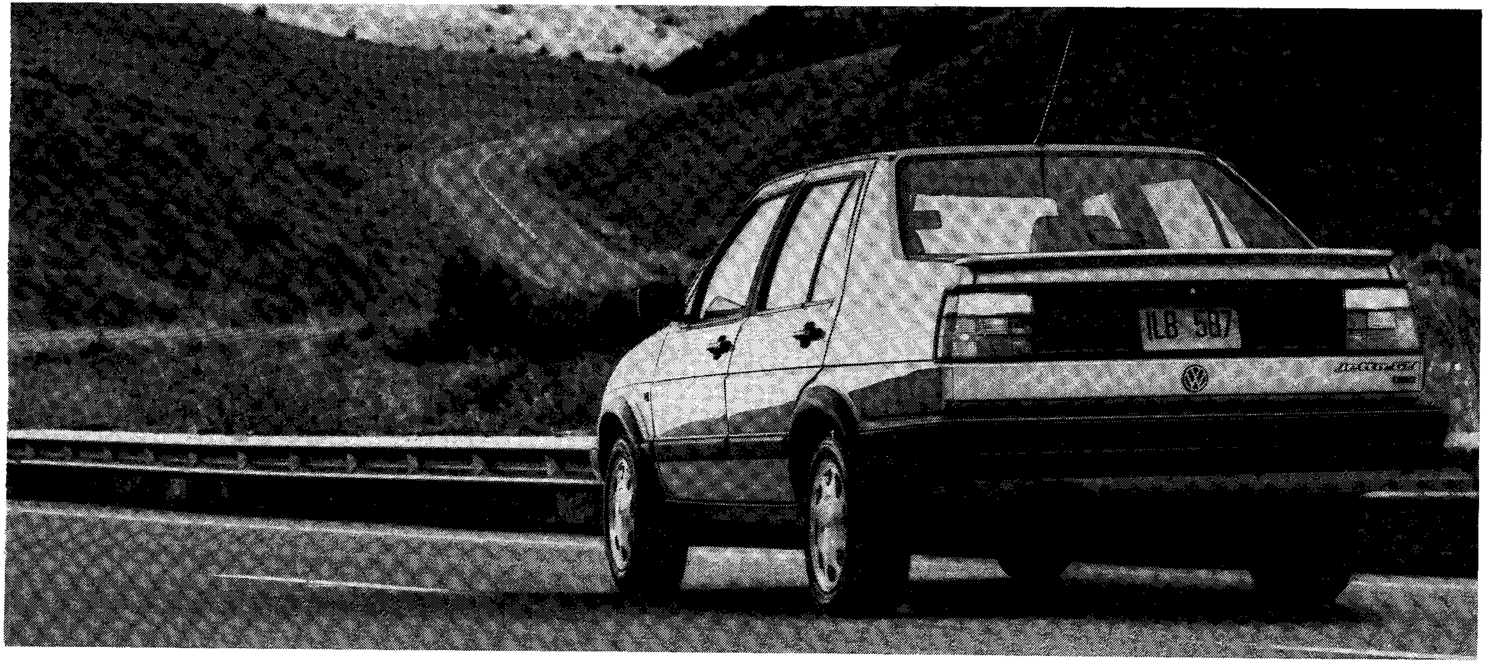
Finally, in 1985, in order to counter the accusations of his friends, the young man went out to the mountains and made contact with a particularly deadly gang of terrorists, a gang that the year before had murdered a Jewish couple. To prove to members of the gang that he was not a collaborator, he killed a settler in the market in Ramallah.

When I learned, a week after my conversation with the father, what his son had actually done, I felt that I didn't want to hear any more of the story from the father. I could not find in myself any sympathy at all for him. I thought, I reserve my sympathy for the real victim, for his son's victim. I refused to go back to see him.

BUT after three weeks I came to understand that, precisely because of the repugnance I felt, I had to go back to Muhammad Ali Al-Kal'ilah and hear his story to the end.

Muhammad Ali Al-Kal'ilah's house in Samu'a had four rooms and a large garden. In the garden he grew figs, grapes, olives, and vegetables. The rooms were carpeted with rugs his wife had woven with her own hands. It had taken her four months to make each rug.

One morning, soldiers came to the house and notified her that she had fifteen minutes to get her daughters and all her belongings out of the house, after which the house would be levelled. In that quarter hour, Al-Kal'ilah's wife took mattresses and blankets, plates and a gas burner, and a suitcase full of clothes, into which she had had the presence of mind to shove the family photograph album. She and her two daughters stood there and cried, while the soldiers knocked down the house and spread its stones over the entire garden. Muhammad Ali Al-Kal'ilah arrived after the destruction. A neighbor offered the family accommodations in a room of his house. As Muhammad Ali Al-Kal'ilah stood by the ruins of his house, security personnel approached him once more: "They told me, 'Come, you son of a bitch, come with us now.' I said, 'What more do you want from me?' They said, 'We killed your son.' I



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said, 'Fine, you're strong, you can kill us all. I'm only one man and you are a government.' They handcuffed me and took me for interrogation to Hebron. I said, 'I don't have anything to tell you, I haven't seen my son for a long time.' They showed me my son's identity card covered with blood, and said, 'Look, this is his blood. Now tell us where he was during the months when we didn't know where he was.' I said, 'I don't know.' They didn't believe me. And I was like a dead man, because my son had been killed, my house had been destroyed, and at work they told me not to come back. What do I have left, what?

"They interrogated me. Beat me all over my body and threw me hard against the wall. Afterward I would sit in a chair—and they would come suddenly from behind and throw me over. The interrogator would sit across from me in a high chair. He would present the sole of his Army boot to me, and press it down on my testicles hard and harder, and spit on me from above, from head to foot, and when he had no more spit he would go drink a cup of coffee and come back and spit some more.

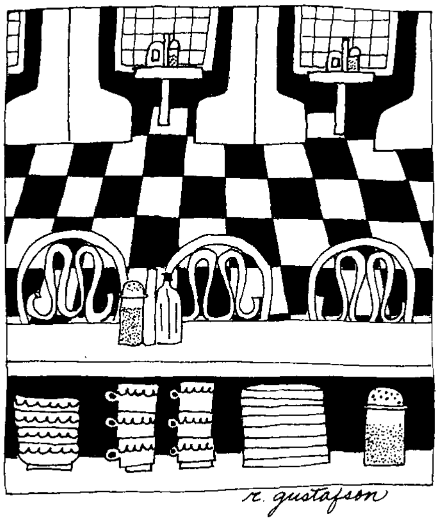
"Afterward, they put me on trial and gave me four months in jail, because they said I had helped my son hide in my house. But I didn't help him, he didn't hide in my house. He had his own house in Ramallah, and even the *mukhabarat* knew that he had not been with me for years, and even if he murdered all the Israelis he is the only one responsible for what he did. Why did they knock down my house? Why did they destroy my body in the interrogation after he died? Whom does it help that they kill me, too? Why do they have to do that?"

In Part XII, Section 119 of the British Emergency Defense Regulations of 1945, which have been adopted by Israel, it says, "A Military Commander may by order direct the forfeiture to the government of Israel of any house, structure, or land, from which he has reason to suspect that any firearm has been illegally discharged, or any bomb, grenade, or explosive or incendiary article illegally thrown, or of any house, structure, or land situated in any area, town, village, quarter, or street, the inhabitants or some of the inhabitants of which he is satisfied have committed, or attempted to commit, or abetted the commission of, any offense against these regulations, involving violence or intimidation or any Military Court offense; and when any house, structure, or land is forfeited as aforesaid, the Military Commander may destroy the house or the structure or anything growing on the land."

The wording of the regulations allows, in fact, the destruction of any structure, in any village or city, in which one resident has committed any security violation; the commander may order that the house be confiscated, and then destroyed or sealed, without having to give any notification, and without charging the owner of the house with any crime.

"Now they won't allow me to build myself a new house," Al-Kal'ilah says. "They say, 'Someone like you can't get a permit.' We live in a rented house—two rooms, without a kitchen and without a bathroom. Eight people, together with my wife and my son's children, and we cook everything in the bedroom. They have made us into animals. Now, tell me what law you have that doesn't let a man build a house for himself. And not only that. You killed a man, why don't you give him to his parents? Why don't you tell them where he is buried? Let us know at least that he has a grave. Even if he is a murderer, he is still our son."

The attorney Lea Tsemel, who took on Al-Kal'ilah's case in 1985, has submitted innumerable petitions to the authorities asking why his house was destroyed. On January 12, 1987, the answer arrived: "The petitioner's son resided in the destroyed house." In March, Tsemel lodged a claim with the Supreme Court of Justice. (Administrative actions in the occupied territories, unlike judicial decisions, are subject to review.) The hearing on the claim has not yet taken place. Tsemel is also still trying to get the son's body. "I have a few bodies like that that I haven't got yet," she tells me. There is a cemetery near Jericho for terrorists and for prisoners who died in hunger strikes from improper forced feedings.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Muhammad Ali Al-Kal'ilah goes every day to see the ruins of his house. I ask him how he supports his family now. At first, he does not want to answer. Finally, he says that he has become a beggar. He goes from village to village and pleads for money. Not to Samu'a. He is ashamed to go there. Sometimes he goes to a village and sits in the street and someone he knows passes. Both of them turn their heads.

THE West Bank was a storm during the entire month before the attack at Alfei Menashe. There were daily demonstrations and arrests, stone-throwings and tire-burnings. Three thousand security prisoners were in the midst of a hunger strike in the military jails, and the strike made the entire population restive. Disaster was in the air, inescapable; whoever travelled the West Bank roads felt it. One Friday, as I left the village of Dura, an explosive device went off there. A week later, as I was returning from Kefar Adummim, stones were thrown at my car. On the way to Nablus, the Israeli cabdriver took a large kaffiyeh out of his glove compartment and spread it conspicuously over his dashboard. To fool the enemy, he said, so that they would stop to think before they started throwing stones.

On the Saturday night before Passover, the Moses family was travelling by car from the settlement of Alfei Menashe to Tel Aviv, about twenty-five minutes away. As the family left the settlement, a Molotov cocktail was thrown at their car. The car burst into flames. The father, his clothes on fire, succeeded in getting the children out of the car. The mother, Ofra, thirty-six years old and five months pregnant, was trapped, and perished. One of the children, a boy five and a half years old, was critically injured and later died. The father, his two older children, and a son of friends who was with them are still suffering from serious burns.

The morning after the attack, three military cars are parked alongside the road to the settlement. Senior officers survey the area through dark glasses. They converse in low, post-disaster voices. On the road is a black stain: the remains of a burned tire with a timid wreath of three flowers in the middle. The businesslike presence of serious-faced security men fills the area: checkpoints, searches, the crackle of walkie-talkies, a patrol plane above. A curfew has been declared in the nearby Arab town of Qalqilya and in the surrounding villages. Two gray Army bulldozers knock down the first rows of trees in the orange groves on both sides of the road. In one of them, apparently, the thrower of the Molotov cocktail lay in wait. In his friends' eyes, he will from this point on be a hero: a freedom fighter.

This morning, the air is perfumed by the flowering orange groves. The pale roots of the orange trees break through the ground, and green oranges drop to the earth, coming to rest on a carpet of wildflowers.

Four hundred and fifty families live in Alfei Menashe. Three and a half years ago, they came to the bald, boulder-crowned hill. Rows of houses are stuck in a semicircle on the side of the hill, and from far off they look, in the glare of the sun, like the sparkling cords of a net thrown over the neck of a huge gray whale. Close up, one sees that the whale has surrendered: there are roads and public parks, playgrounds, houses surrounded by green, a shopping center, a community center for morning chats and cultural evenings, and a schoolyard where boys play soccer.

Alfei Menashe looks much like one of the suburbs of private houses which surround, for instance, Jerusalem. "We are, after all, included in the Allon Plan," some of the residents of Alfei Menashe say, referring to the compromise borders proposed in 1976 by Yigal Allon, then the Foreign Minister, under which Israel would absorb parts of the West Bank. "We aren't settlers at all!" They seem to be asking how the terrorists could mistake them for such—why they did not understand that Alfei Menashe is included within the consensus. Alfei Menashe is, as the residents say, within the area about which there is general agreement. They are among tens of thousands of Israelis who now live over the Green Line for reasons of convenience and quality of life, rather than as a matter of ideology. Another practical nibble at the moral problem.

Within hours of the attack, people from Alfei Menashe and from other settlements gathered to take revenge. First, they cut down two trees in the orange grove, "to symbolize the cutting down of an Israeli family," and afterward, while the smoking car was still lying on the road, they entered Qalqilya. In their words, they "burned

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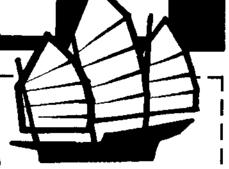

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four piles of weeds." The press reported burning fields, broken windows in dozens of cars and homes, and the frightening of the inhabitants of Qalqilya and a nearby village, Habla.

Shaul Hai, from Alfei Menashe, who took part in the actions, says to me, "What's the big deal? Did we kill anyone? Did we take an eye for an eye? Did we even slap an Arab in the face? If you were to go to Qalqilya today, you would see the truth. I'm a moderate type, I swear, but when I see something like that—a whole family . . ." He is silent for a moment, then goes on, "I ask the bleeding hearts, those who are now shouting that we took the law into our own hands, what have they done to prevent this situation? What have you done, what?"

"What happened in Qalqilya?" I ask.

"Settlers from Karnei Shomron and Kdummim went there. The Army—which always fights us instead of the terrorists—stopped their cars, so they got out and went on by foot, over the fields. They only went into the town and into Habla and burned piles of weeds, and afterward I read in the newspaper about burning fields in Qalqilya! What would they do to those Arabs in a case like that in Russia? Bang bang bang bang bang! To the wall, no questions asked! No one would open his mouth! I'm telling you, good for those guys who gave it to the Arabs—they really know how to put things straight. You can't put out a fire with polite talk!" He leaves me, boiling with anger.

I try to imagine those moments last night in Kdummim. The telephone in the settlement's office rings: "There has been an attack. Have to do something." The news passes from person to person. From settlement to settlement. The men get in their cars. At the gate, someone ducks his head into a car and says in a hushed voice that he just now talked with a leading figure in Gush Emunim and he will be there, too. Gush Emunim is a group of militant young men and women who are bent on colonizing the West Bank in the belief that it is an integral part of the Promised Land. Their participation grants an unspoken official seal of approval. I imagine that the men in the cars do not talk much about what is about to happen. The people already know that there will be an investigation, because that's how the authorities work, so no one here will actually give the order—so that no one person will be culpable. In this way, a sort of collective, agreed-upon distance from the decision is created.

I ENTER Qalqilya. It is my first time in a city under curfew. It is strange to walk through complete stillness, when every step sounds as if it were breaking the surface of a frozen puddle. Everything is locked up—the stores and the houses.

A pretty city, Qalqilya. Well kept. Roses flower in enclosures along the main street. There are no signs of violence. I do not see broken windows or the remains of a fire, even though the settlers themselves said that they came here as a great and angry group.

Suddenly, a child leaps from the doorway of a house in a narrow alley and runs to the road. "Hey, boy, don't you know there's a curfew?"

"Yes, yes, I know, but I slept last night at my aunt's house, and I want to go home, and I'm not a boy, I'm a girl!"

"You're a girl?"

"Yes!" She is truly insulted.

"Fine, fine. Excuse me that I didn't notice. But your hair is very short."

"Yes, but I'm wearing earrings!" And she presents the tiny earrings, sparkling in her earlobes, for my inspection. No doubt about it—a girl.

I apologize once more. Her name is Saman, and she is nine years old. She is not afraid to run, because the Army isn't in this side street, and it won't do anything to her, because she is little.

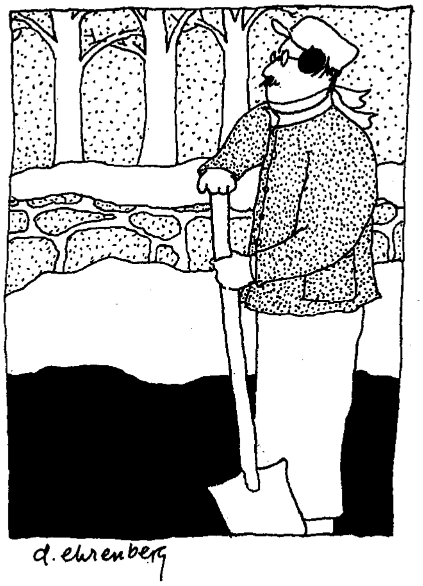
"Do you know what happened here last night?"

Her mischievous face locks. Doesn't know. Didn't hear anything.

"Were you afraid?"

Yes, but only because her aunt cried all night. Now she has to run.

I follow her with my eyes as she crosses the street. She looks both ways, and speedily, like a trained fighter, she runs, slightly bent over, and disappears.



Now I begin to make out heads peeking from roofs, from balcony railings, from behind half-closed blinds. The alley next to the Shalom Café is closed, and I exchange a few words with a family hiding behind a slightly open iron gate. At night, there were cries and shots and they smelled smoke. The Jews' cars sped past, honking. Then the Army came, and the inhabitants calmed down, because the Army is less dangerous than the *mustawtinin*—the settlers. Soldiers passed and announced over loudspeakers that there would be a curfew. Until when? Don't know. Maybe one day, maybe two. Until further notice. They didn't sleep all night, out of fear. There is also a problem. Grandmother is in bed upstairs, and she has pains in her chest—maybe it's her heart. She is crying from the pain, and they cannot bring a doctor.

I ask if they know what happened yesterday on the road near Alfei Menashe.

No. They don't know. They heard only that the Jews tore things apart.

"Someone burned a family with small children on the road. They killed a woman," I say.

Once again, I find myself before an expression emptying itself of all emotion, like a door slamming in my face. "We don't know anything. We haven't heard anything."

On the main street, I am surprised to see television sets, refrigerators, and ovens on the sidewalk, outside a closed store. Across the street is furniture: armchairs, beds, mattresses. Two soldiers call me over and ask who I am. In those places where the storekeepers did not manage to get their merchandise into the store before having to lock up, the Army has stationed guards to prevent looting. This mixture of violence and consideration, of brutality and humanity, is what makes everything so hard to deal with and hard to understand. It is even harder for those who are doing the work. Is this an army of occupation or a police force protecting people from their fellow-citizens? What does a young soldier—maybe a farmer's son—feel when he has to cut down young trees? What does an Arab feel as he builds a house for an Israeli family in a new settlement on the hill overlooking his village? What does the student reservist, who studies together with Arabs at the Hebrew University, feel when he suddenly has to shoot into a crowd of demonstrators at An-Najah University, in Nablus?

LEADERS of Gush Emunim and the heads of the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip meet in the gymnasium of the school in Alfei Menashe. They are all here. They damn the Army, the Chief of Staff, the Minister of Defense, and the entire government. They sit around tables in the gym, among ladders and vaulting horses, hands on their pistols, their faces furious. They know that at such moments it is easy for an unsure government, overwhelmed with guilt, to give in to their demands. You can understand their motives, but those motives are repellent. Most of the residents of Alfei Menashe whom I spoke to wanted nothing to do with this political convention, exploiting their sorrow for its own purposes; most of them boycotted it.

Rabbi Moshe Levinger, the leader of the Jewish settlement in Hebron and a major figure in Gush Emunim, his beard stiff and wiry, his face red, calls the Minister of Defense a murderer. Levinger hints that another Jewish underground will arise. It will arise because of the government's failures. "They decided that there would not be another underground, and I accepted the decision," he declares, hinting that he accepted but did not agree. "But today we once again face a situation in which the Ministry of Defense has made us fair game, and the Ministry of Defense bears, after all, the major share of the guilt for the last underground."

Maybe one of the young people of Gush Emunim understands the hint that the Rabbi has dangled before them, and afterward the people of Gush Emunim will be shocked and say that their entire system of education opposes violence.

"If we allow ourselves to get used to stone-throwing, we will get used to funerals," Levinger says. "One funeral and another and another. Blood and more blood and more blood!"

Beside Levinger, Daniella Weiss, the Secretary-General of Gush Emunim, nods in agreement.

Elyakim Ha-Etzni, also from the Jewish settlement in Hebron, stands and shouts to the assembly, but his voice is so loud that the echoes bouncing off the walls of the gymnasium make it very hard to grasp what he is saying. It is almost certainly fascinating. It seems that he has prepared a list of steps the authorities must take against P.L.O. activists in the territories, and maybe against anyone who has ambitions that clash with his. I make out the words "expulsion," "closing," "imprisonment."

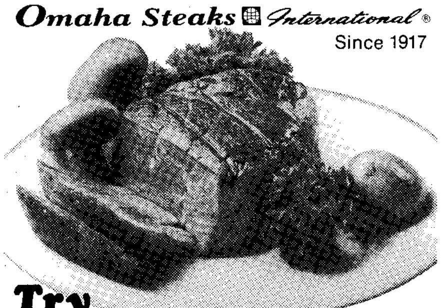
Someone else rises to speak. A resident of Alfei Menashe, a lieutenant colonel in the Army, large-bodied and with a sympathetic face. But as his speech takes off, his face becomes more serious and harsh, and he concludes by promising that he himself, and all residents of the settlement, will deal with the Arab villages in the area, using "all the means at our disposal." He cries, "We will go in there like commandos!" The journalists take it all down.

THEN the funeral. Ofra Moses is buried in the nearby town of Petach Tikva. Sombre and bitter, the crowd treads silently. The husband and the children are still in the hospital. Meir Kahane, an ultra-right-wing politician, is just outside the cemetery. He frequents funerals. He strides, surrounded by a few strange, tense young men, both drawing and repelling everyone's glances.

We walk along the cemetery paths, and the government's representative, Haim Corfu, the Minister of Transport, drives among us in his Volvo. To my left I hear Ha-Etzni explaining to someone how Israeli peace initiatives of the past and present have only caused more Jewish deaths: "When I heard [Foreign Minister Shimon] Peres's idea of an international peace conference, I immediately knew there would be more victims." I try to figure out how he allows himself to make such logical contortions—and wonder whether the problem is mine.

The government's representative speaks beside the grave: "Just as the two soldiers who fell yesterday died in defense of the safety of the Galilee, you, Ofra, fell in defense of the safety of Jerusalem." I find it hard to believe my ears: "You, Ofra, are our soldier. . . . We established settlements in order to make Judea and Samaria safer." These words seem so foreign to the pain, and to the facts. "The settlements are a guarantee against the Palestinian state of those who hate us," Corfu declares, and someone shouts at him, "You are Peres's whores, all of you!" He is silenced by those who stand around him.

Relatives sob. They almost certainly do not take in Corfu's words. What can they feel when their dead loved



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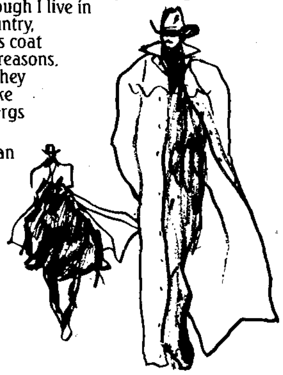

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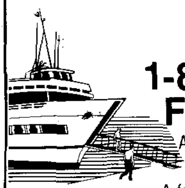

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one becomes the instrument of a cynical political game? Why does there have to be a government representative at such a tragic event? Is death also the government's domain?

As I listen to the government representative, I begin to understand. There is no guarantee that what has to be done here to prevent more and more suffering will actually be done. There is a kind of no man's land dividing a man and his feelings from the place in which things are decided and agreements and party manifestos are drafted. "The P.L.O. wants to cut us off at the roots, but we will do the same to them," Corfu says, concluding the official prayer of the government representative at the cemetery.

The funeral has ended, it is announced. Now there is total stillness. The crowd waits as if for some sign, for an event that could carry off all its emotions. The air is filled for a moment with the whisper "Kahane." Then the tension subsides. The crowd begins to disperse. Corfu goes off in his car, and the television crew folds up its equipment.

Ofra Moses' friends and relatives quietly approach the grave. Now they are alone, without politicians and functionaries. The friends gather into a close group, embracing and solid, tightening their circle around the small, long mound of earth.

BY the end of the century, there will be two million Arabs under Israeli rule in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. By 2010, there will be as many Arabs—counting both those in the occupied territories and those in Israel—as there are Jews. There are those who say that it is possible to continue in this way—that over the years the "fabric of life" (mutual acquaintance, economic links, and so on) will overcome enmity. That is idiocy, and the reality proves it even now. It is an argument that may seem sober, pragmatic, almost businesslike, but it is a dangerous one for us, the Israelis. It turns the matter of the territories from an immoral matter into an amoral matter. It corrupts and anesthetizes us. One day, we will wake up to a bitter shock.

I want to tell a little story about this "fabric of life": An Arab woman cleans the stairwell in the housing project where I live. Her name is Amuna, and she lives in Ramallah. I talk to her from time to time. A three-year-old boy, the son of one of the neighbors, used to seeing her bent over a pail of water, heard us talking, and was surprised—I saw it in his face. He asked her name, and I told him. Afterward, he asked what we had talked about in Arabic, and I explained. He thought a minute, and said, "Amuna is a little bit a person and a little bit a dog, right?" I asked him why he said that. He explained, "She is a little bit a dog, because she always walks on all fours. And she is a little bit a person because she knows how to talk."

What will happen?

It is not a question of who is right, we or they, right or left. It is a question of facts and numbers, and of a few other things, beyond facts and numbers. Whoever does not want to speculate in this way about the future need only glance backward. The history of the world proves that the situation we are preserving here cannot last for long. And if it does last it will exact a deadly penalty. I remember what Abu Harb, the village elder of Wadi Fukin, told me: about the yellow wind that will come soon—a terrible east wind that sets the world on fire, destroying those who have performed cruel and unjust deeds.

When I left on this journey, I decided not to talk with Jewish or Arab politicians or officials. Their positions are well known. I wanted to meet the people who are the real players in the drama, those who pay the price of the actions and failures of the politicians. I quickly came to understand that we all pay the price but not all of us know it.

—DAVID GROSSMAN

(*Translated, from the Hebrew, by Haim Watzman. This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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If you're dead-set against a cash-only system, make sure your collections are in tip-top shape. During tough times, some patients will delay in paying their bills. They'll assume that you, as a health care provider, are wealthy enough to carry them, says management expert Allan Barker, O.D.

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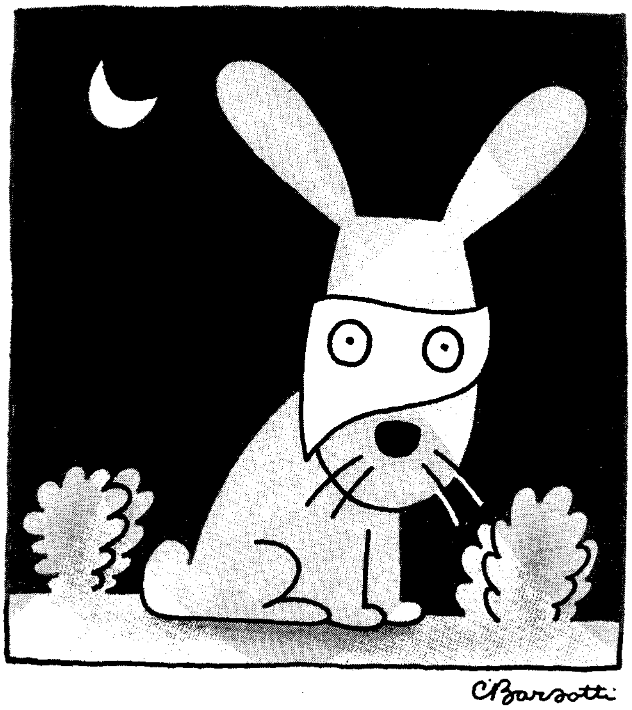
BUDGE AND THE GRAND SLAM

WHENEVER ardent tennis fans gather for a symposium, one of the subjects they invariably discuss is who the top five players in the history of the game are, and then whom they would choose to fill out a list of the top ten. A good deal of the time, there is fairly general agreement about four of the players whom they would place in the top five: Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Richard (Pancho) Gonzales, and Rod Laver. There is a fairly wide difference of opinion, however, about the fifth man. Jack Kramer has always had a great deal of support, but some students of the game are partial to Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Ken Rosewall, or Lew Hoad. Curiously, Björn Borg's name is seldom brought up. There seems to be an implicit understanding that as long as a player is young enough and fit enough to stand a chance of winning one of the four major championships—the Open at Wimbledon, the United States Open, the French Open, and the Australian Open, to list them in the order of their importance—it is too early to assess his place in history. Borg, who was only eighteen when he first captured the French Open, in 1974, went on to win that championship five more times and had won Wimbledon a record five straight years when, in the spring of 1983, at the age of twenty-six, he decided to retire from tournament play and to content himself with informal exhibition matches. (It should be added that Borg failed in nine attempts to capture the U.S. Open, on three different surfaces: two times on grass and three times on Har-Tru, at the West Side Tennis Club, at Forest Hills, Queens, and four times on the cementlike DecoTurf II courts of the National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadow, a few miles away, which has been the home of our championships since 1978.) In the on-hold category along with Borg are Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe, both of whom are still on the tournament tour, trying to add to their impressive credentials. Connors, who is now thirty-five, has carried off one Australian Open, two Wimbledons, and five U.S. Opens. McEnroe, who is twenty-eight, has won Wimbledon three times and our Open four times.

While a tennis player's record is of primary significance in rating his ability, it is imperative that his court personality, his style of play, and his performance on the big occasions also be taken into account. A frustrated playwright and actor, Tilden had such a striking manner on the tennis court that you could hardly take your eyes off him, even momentarily. In 1920, at twenty-seven, he won his first Wimbledon championship and his first United States championship. His longevity was amazing. He won our national championship for the seventh time in 1929, and in 1930, at thirty-seven, he won Wimbledon for the third time. When he was in his fifties, he could hold his own for one or two sets against any of the rising young hot shots, and sometimes beat them.

Many old tennis hands believe that, except for Tilden, Budge at his best may have been the top tennis player of all time. Those fans will be aglow this year, for 1988 marks the fiftieth anniversary of Budge's crowning achievement: in 1938, he became the first player to pull off a Grand Slam, winning the game's four major championships. What makes the anniversary of this exploit an even happier occasion is that Budge, who is seventy-two, is still in fine fettle, a trim, lively, recognizable gray-haired version of the youthful champion. Nowadays, if he has other things to do, he may let two or three weeks go by without picking up a racquet; but when he is in the company of tennis players, he loves to get out on the court four or five times a week. He and his wife, Lori, live in Dingmans Ferry, in the Delaware Water Gap region of northeastern Pennsylvania, and their house overlooks the Delaware River, some sixty yards away. Originally, it was a log cabin, which Mrs. Budge's parents used as a summer place. When the parents decided to move to Florida, in 1984, the Budges bought the cabin from them, renovated it completely, and added about half a dozen rooms and a guest cottage. The walls of several of the rooms are covered with photographs of Budge and the players of his era, in action on the court or gathered in a group, and with program covers and other mementos of the tournaments he played in and the friends he made during his career. He and Lori travel a good deal, for he is in demand as a guest speaker at tennis functions across the country. Very much at ease on his feet, he has a bright sense of humor and an extraordinarily good memory. Sometimes the Budges fly to the cities in which those luncheons and dinners take place, and sometimes they drive to them in a 1976 Cadillac Fleetwood, on which Budge has put more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles. Its Pennsylvania number plate reads "G SLAM." On many of their trips, the Budges also arrange to see old friends. When they visit Los Angeles, they stay in the penthouse apartment, in Hollywood, of Budge's old doubles partner and best friend, Gene Mako. On those occasions, Mako shifts to his second apartment, in Los Angeles proper, which is filled with a valuable collection of paintings. When Mako's playing career came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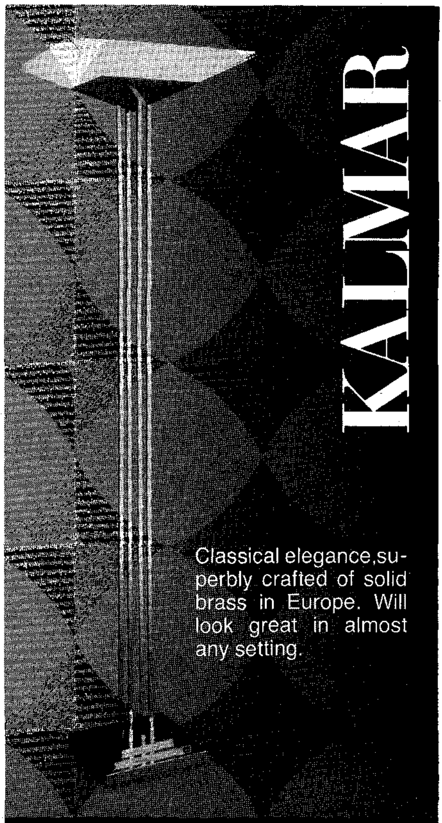

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to an end, he went into the business of building tennis courts, and worked at it for several years. These days, he will find the time to build a court for a friend he really likes, but Mako, the son of an artist, has been a successful art dealer for some time now.

Budge has always kept in close touch with the international tennis scene. During the last ten years, he has been on hand at nearly every Wimbledon, French, or U.S. Open. In 1978, Philippe Chatrier, the president of both the French Tennis Federation and the International Tennis Federation, asked Budge to become a charter member of the I.T.F. World Champions Panel, which is made up of three former champions who are invited each year to attend the Opens in France, England, and the United States. At the end of each season, the panel picks the world champion. "This past year, since I had been on the panel from the start, I stepped down, and Frank Sedgman joined Fred Perry and Tony Trabert," Budge told me last autumn when I visited him in Dingmans Ferry. "I'm hoping that in 1988, the fiftieth anniversary of the Grand Slam, I'll be on hand for all four championships." He made the first, all right. In mid-January, he participated in the Parade of Champions at the Australian Open, which was held at the new Australian National Tennis Centre, in Melbourne. He expects to be at Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil, near Paris, in the late spring; at the All England Club, in Wimbledon, in early summer; and at Flushing Meadow at summer's end.

JOHN DONALD BUDGE was born in Oakland, California, on June 13, 1915, the son of John and Pearl Kincaid Budge. His father came from Wick, one of the most northerly towns in Scotland. His mother was born in San Francisco, but the Kincaid family is strongly identified with Scotland. Jack Budge and his younger brother, Donald, left Wick when they were in their late teens, and sought to make their living as professional soccer players. Jack, a chunky, thorny young fellow, became a star on the famous Glasgow Rangers. His career came to a bleak and sudden end, when he came down one winter with severe pneumonia and bronchitis. His lungs were so seriously affected that his doctor ordered him to some friendlier climate. In 1905, he made his way to California. There he found a job in the composing room of the San Francisco

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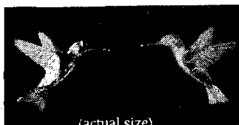

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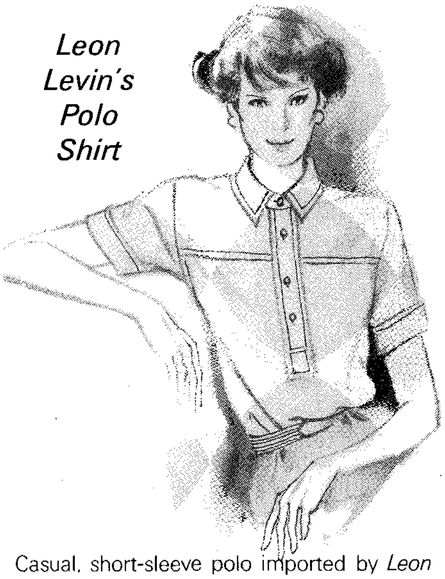
Chronicle, and, in due course, met and married Pearl Kincaid, one of the paper's Linotype operators. They settled in a frame house on Sixtieth Street in Oakland, and had three children. Lloyd, their eldest child, was four years older than his sister, Jean, and six years older than John Donald, who was named for his father and his uncle. All three of them had flaming red hair, inherited from their mother. (During the San Francisco earthquake, however, she had been terrified when her bed was thrown from one wall of her room to another; she thought the world was coming to an end. Within a few weeks, her hair had turned from red to snow white.)

The Budges' home was only two blocks from Bushrod Park, a superior public playground, with swings, jungle gyms, basketball courts, softball and baseball diamonds, and three gravel tennis courts. Lloyd was smitten with tennis, and quickly became a good player. Don preferred to play football, baseball, and basketball, and he played all of them well. The son of a right-handed father and a left-handed mother, he was ambidextrous to an unusual degree. He punted a football with his left foot. It was natural for him to throw a ball with his right hand. In basketball, he was a better shot with his right hand than with his left, but when he went up for a rebound he was more skillful at tapping it in with his left hand. He was a left-handed batter in baseball, the game he played best and liked most. Lloyd played all the team sports, but none of them as well as tennis. At the University of California at Berkeley, he became the No. 1 player on the tennis team. When Don was approaching his fifteenth birthday, Lloyd got after him at the dinner table a couple of weeks before the state tennis championship for players fifteen and under was to be held. If Don wasn't so lazy, Lloyd said, he would have a good chance to win the tournament. At the time, Don was only five feet six, and, because of his small size, the strong point of his tennis game was his ability to cover the court and get the ball back over the net. Piqued by Lloyd's attack, Don entered the fifteen-and-under championship. In the first round of the tournament, he chased down and got back everything that his opponent sent over the net to him, and only when the match was over was he informed that he had defeated the No. 1 seed. He went on to win the championship, and from that day on he devoted more of his time to tennis than to baseball. A pragmatic person by nature, he decided that he probably had a better future in tennis. As for Lloyd, he became a teaching professional after graduating from college, and he has spent his life teaching the game, except for a few periods when he went into the business of building tennis courts.

Budge's years as a junior player were one long learning process, in which he improved by fits and starts. The summer he was fifteen he met Frank Parker, who was six months younger but was already being talked about as a coming champion. They played in a tournament at the Berkeley Tennis Club. Mercer Beasley, Parker's coach, didn't think that the Budge boy would be much of a problem for Frank, so he left them and went off to scout the next opponent his charge would face. When he made his way back to the Parker-Budge match, Budge had won the first set and was leading 3-1 in the second. "Word had got to Beasley that I was beating Parker," Budge recalls. "He stood behind the fence watching us play for a minute or so, and when we changed sides he motioned to Frank to come over and whispered a few words to him. What he told Frank was to drop-shot me and draw me in to net, because I couldn't play net. Then Frank could either lob me or pass me. That's the only time he ever beat me."

In 1931, when Budge was sixteen, he journeyed to Los Angeles to play in the state junior round-robin. His play attracted the attention of Perry Jones, the longtime president of the Southern California Tennis Association, who dressed him down for wearing unacceptably dirty sneakers. This confrontation was of benefit to Budge, because it caused him to ponder the chances of a player from a middle-class family in the world of tournament tennis. He concluded that the situation was an encouraging one. After all, such national champions as George Lott and Johnny Doeg had got their start on public courts, as had Ellsworth Vines, who won our national championship that summer. The following year, when he was seventeen, Budge was a member of a group of young players whom the Northern California Tennis Associa-



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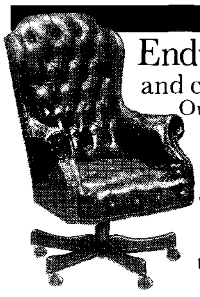

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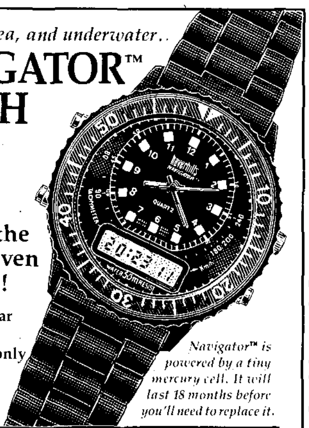

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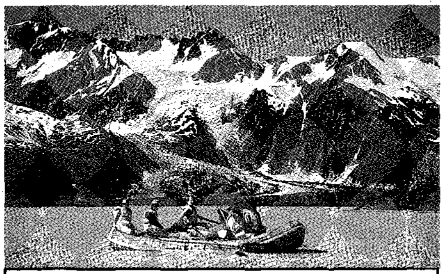

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tion sent on a tour of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. In Vancouver, he won his first international tournament, the Western Canada Juniors. The summer of 1933, when he was eighteen, he was sent east to play in the United States national junior championship, which was held at the Culver Military Academy, in Culver, Indiana. He won it by coming from 3–5 in the fifth set of the final to defeat Gene Mako, the golden boy of Southern California tennis, 8–6. It was a fortunate meeting. Mako and Budge got along very well, and the foundation was laid for their future partnership in doubles.

A much more important thing took place in the fall of 1933, however. Budge, who had been five feet six inches tall when he graduated from high school that June, started to grow. During the next twelve months, he shot up six inches, and the following year he grew an inch and a half more. That made all the difference in the world for an aspiring tennis player.

In retrospect, Budge's critical year was 1934, when he became nineteen. That spring, he dropped out of the University of California at Berkeley, never to return. He was invited to join the Davis Cup auxiliary team, and this meant having the opportunity to play a string of grass-court tournaments on the famous Eastern summer circuit. He also played in the United States Clay Court championship, and got to the final, where he was defeated by Bryan (Bitsy) Grant, a tireless retriever from Atlanta. His first appearance in our national championships, at Forest Hills, was somewhat disappointing. He was dispatched in the fourth round by a fairly good player from South Africa, Vernon Kirby.

Budge subsequently made a decision that changed the course of his career. He turned down a chance to be a member of American teams that would be touring in South America and on the Riviera the next winter and spring in favor of working on his game with Tom Stow. A graduate of Berkeley, who, with Edward (Bud) Chandler, had won the national intercollegiate doubles championship in 1926, Stow had become the professional at the Claremont Country Club, close to Oakland, and was starting a long and distinguished career as the coach of Berkeley's tennis team. Among the many outstanding players who sought him out were Sarah Palfrey Danzig, Margaret Osborne duPont, Elwood Cooke, Dorothy Head Knode, and Frank Kovacs. An intense man, Stow was a perfectionist, but this quality was balanced by ready humor, the ability to get to know his pupils as individuals, and a notable skill at transmitting to them the mechanics that they had to master in order to play the various strokes properly. He was of the opinion that golf instruction was far more advanced than tennis instruction. In keeping with this, for example, he didn't tell his pupils to prepare to hit a forehand by first taking the racquet back but, instead, told them to turn their shoulders away from the net. Having watched Budge play on several occasions, Stow appreciated that his backhand was a superlative stroke, and he never meddled with it. When Budge started to play baseball as a boy, it had been natural for him to bat left-handed, and he had been a solid hitter. When he started to play tennis, he had picked up the racquet with his right hand, and his backhand, which was by far his best stroke from the start, was the tennis version of his left-handed batting swing. He simply released his left hand from the racquet the instant before impact, he hit up on the ball and over it with topspin, and he finished his swing with the racquet high. Stow, in his first season with Budge, worked on changing his forehand grip from the Western to the Eastern. The Western, though it is effective on a surface like cement, which produces a high bounce, is a severe handicap on grass or clay or any other surface on which the ball takes many low bounces. That first year, when Budge was trying to get used to his new grip, Stow worked with him mainly on how to get to net behind a deep ground stroke and how to play the basic volleys once he had got there. Right at the start, Stow made it clear that he realized that Budge was in no position to pay him for their sessions together, and that all he expected to derive from their relationship was the satisfaction of working with him and whatever publicity might accrue if Budge went on to become a champion.

BUDGE made vast strides in 1935. At the beginning of the year, he was ranked ninth nationally, but he saw a great deal of action in Davis Cup matches. Walter Pate, who captained the American team in two early-round matches it played in the spring in Mexico City, liked Budge as a player and as a person. In this period, Pate was looking for younger players to succeed such veteran stars as Frank

Shields, John Van Ryn, and Wilmer Allison. In the first match in Mexico City, against China, Pate chose Grant and Budge to play the singles and Budge and Mako to play the doubles. The United States defeated China, 5–0, with a loss of only two sets. Pate went with the same players in the match against Mexico, and the team won again, 4–1. In the interim between these two victories and the Interzone Final of the Davis Cup, to be held at Wimbledon in late July, the members of the American squad played in the Wimbledon championships. Budge really distinguished himself in his first Wimbledon. In an early round, he eliminated the third-seeded player, Adrian Quist, of Australia. He followed this by ousting Christian Boussus, the French star, and Henry (Bunny) Austin, who was second only to Fred Perry among the British players. In the semifinal round, his rush was at last stopped, by Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the German star. (The Baron preferred not to use his title or the "von.") Cramm eliminated Budge, 4–6, 6–4, 6–3, 6–2, and went on to lose to Perry in a disappointingly tame final, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4.

The high standard of Budge's play on the grass at Wimbledon and his form in practice matches against Allison and Sidney Wood led Joseph Wear, who captained the American team in the Interzone Final against Germany, to consider selecting Budge to replace one of them in the singles. Wood went to Wear on his own and told him that he wasn't playing as well as Budge. Wear decided to go with Allison and Budge in the singles and with Allison and Van Ryn in the doubles. Budge performed well. He defeated Henner Henkel, the No. 2 German player, 7–5, 11–9, 6–8, 6–1. Cramm evened matters by beating Allison in the other singles. The next afternoon, Allison and Van Ryn won the doubles from Cramm and Kay Lund. On the third day, Allison defeated Henkel in straight sets in the first singles, and the United States had won the team match. "I can understand how Cramm may not have had his heart in our singles, since Germany had already lost," Budge told me. As it turned out, Cramm took the first set, 6–0, and then went rather quietly, losing the next three sets, 7–9, 6–8, 3–6. Budge had earned one of the singles spots in the Challenge Round against the holder, Great Britain, at Wimbledon. The British whitewashed the challengers: Budge lost his singles

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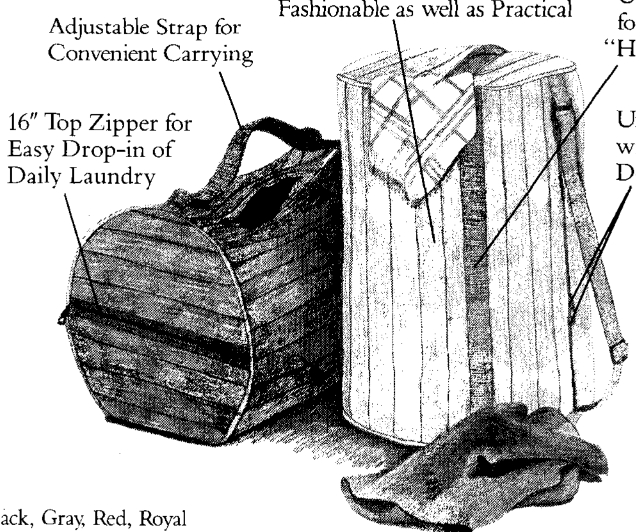
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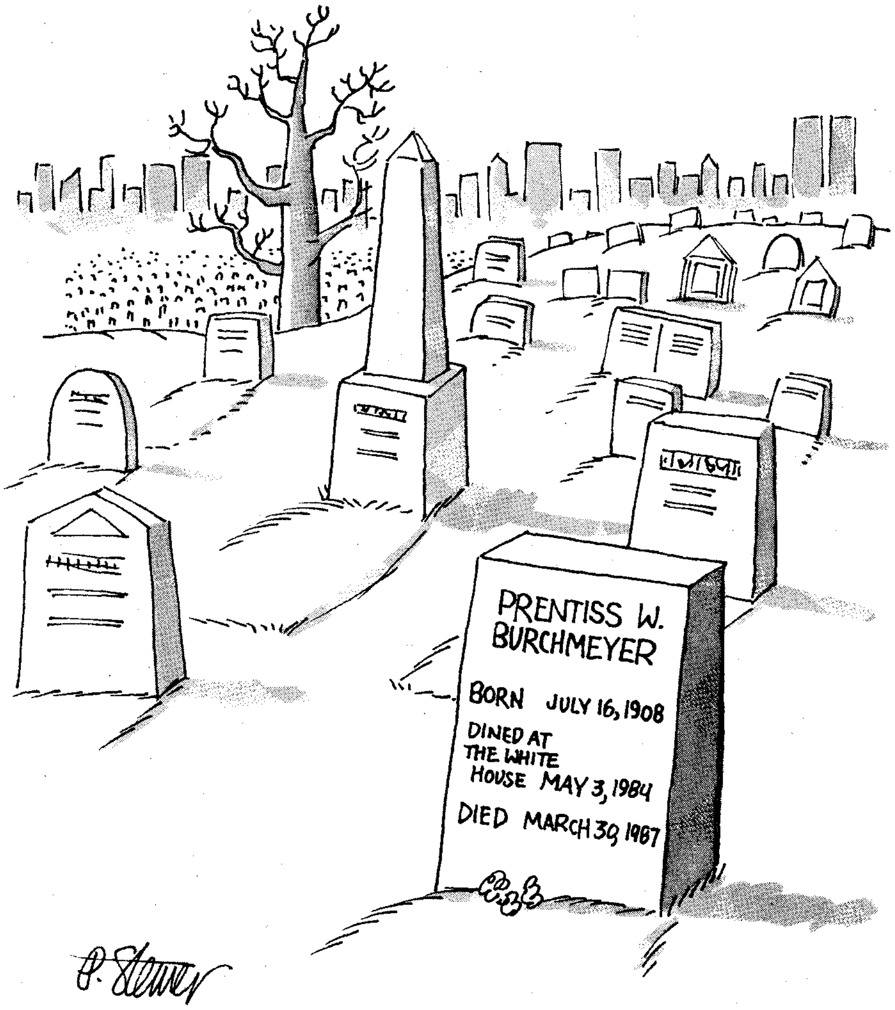


to Perry in four sets and to Austin in four.

In our championships later that summer, Budge was eliminated in the quarter-finals by Bitsy Grant. In the 1936 rankings, he was placed in the second spot, behind Allison. Budge had just the right point of view after his breakthrough season. He realized that there were many things he had to do to improve his game. He worked out diligently with Stow in the late fall of 1935 and during the following winter and spring. Every morning, he drove the four miles between his family's house in Oakland and the Claremont Country Club, spent three hours practicing with Stow, and then either lunched with him or drove home. "Tom could analyze what you were doing wrong quicker than any other coach I've ever seen," Budge told me. "He could point out exactly why your forehand or your serve, for example, was inconsistent. Also, he made practice sessions fun. He had the gift of exaggerating in a comical way whatever particular thing you were doing wrong, and that was a big help. In working with me on my forehand, he explained that I could either take the racquet back on a circular swing or take it straight back—the way Chris Evert does, for instance—and then hit straight into the ball. I used the straight-back method. When I did, my forehand got infinitely stronger. Stow began to work with me on my serve and my overhand. As a short kid, I had got into the habit of going forward too quickly on my service motion in order to get more weight behind it. He tried to get me to hold my weight back until I could shove it forward off my back leg. 'It's a question of balance,' Tom explained. 'Let's take Vines' serve. That's the perfect motion. When he throws the ball up, his weight is on his rear foot, and as he cocks his elbow and goes to hit he thrusts off his rear leg and gets that body snap and the hips going into it.' "

Before Budge realized it, it was April, and time for an American Zone Davis Cup match against Mexico—this time at the River Oaks Country Club, in Houston: United States 5, Mexico 0. On May 30th, the first day's play in the Interzone Final against Australia took place at the Germantown Cricket Club, on the edge of Philadelphia. Pate was again the captain of the American team. In the opening singles, Quist defeated Allison in four sets. Budge, two weeks away from his twenty-first birthday, then came out on court to face twenty-eight-year-old Jack Crawford, a stylist of the old school. Crawford had a definite strategy mapped out on this hot, humid afternoon, with the thermometer registering over a hundred degrees. To shut down Budge's powerful drives, especially off the backhand, Crawford patiently sliced one soft, high, undercut backhand after another that floated down close to the baseline. By doing this, he forced Budge to generate his own power on his returns. On certain rallies, Budge stepped into the slowly rising ball and ripped backhand placements down the line. Sometimes he followed his backhand and forehand drives in to net and volleyed Crawford's returns for winners. He took the first two sets, 6–2 and 6–3. In the third set, he was the victim of his inexperience. As he recounts in his book "Don Budge: A Tennis Memoir," which he wrote with Frank Deford in 1969, "my greatest error was my failure to continue to charge the net. I let the match lapse into more of a baseline game, and Crawford, who possessed a marvelous forehand, was given the chance to crank it up and force me onto the defensive." Crawford won the next two sets comfortably. At 5–3 in the fifth set he held two match points, but Budge hung in there and won the set, 13–11. The Australians eventually won the Interzone Final, 3–2. The decisive match was the doubles. Budge and Mako took the first two sets easily from Quist and Crawford, and were leading in the third set when they simply fell apart.

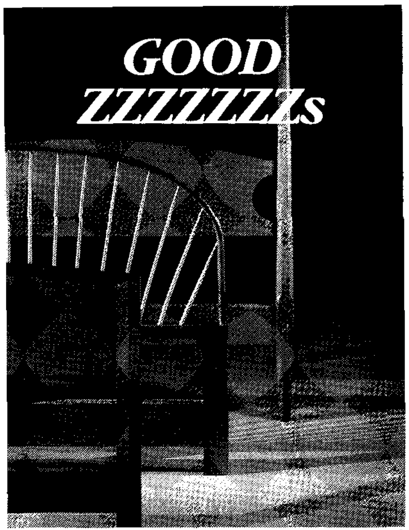
Budge again gave a good account of himself at Wimbledon. He reached the semifinals, where he met Perry. After Budge had taken the opening set, Perry's speed of foot and the quickness with which he took the ball on the rise were too much for him to cope with. It was Perry, 5–7, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4. Everyone looked forward eagerly to the final between Perry and Cramm, the second-best player in the world. In the second game of the first set, however, the Baron pulled a hamstring muscle. Sportsman that he was, he said nothing about it, but after the injury he could only go through the motions, and Perry won the match with the loss of only two games. Perry and Budge met again that summer in the final at Forest Hills. In a wearing five-setter that was interrupted several times by rain, Budge served for the match at 5–3 in the fifth and again at 8–7, but Perry, with his extraordinary persistence, at length pulled out the set, 10–8. It hardly came as a surprise when Perry announced that autumn that he was turning professional.

As was his habit at the end of the tennis season, Budge didn't touch a racquet for six weeks. Then, on resuming his sessions with Stow, he set out to get himself into the best physical shape of his life. He wanted to be able to play aggressive tennis in the fifth set of a demanding match, and he worked hard on exercises that would build up his stamina. He also devoted a good deal of time each day to exercises that would strengthen the abdominal muscles, which have so much to do with maintaining a vigorous service action. To give his stomach an easier time, he stopped eating sweets and fried food and cut out chocolate milkshakes, a weakness of his. He began to do more running than he had ever done before. He would park his car, a new Packard, at the foot of the Berkeley Hills, which overlook San Francisco Bay. "I would go there about eight o'clock, and I would walk up the hills, get my breath, and run down to the car," Budge recalls. "In time, I was fit enough to run up the hills and down them. From then on, I never lost a match because I was tired." In Budge's practices with Stow, they devoted more time than in previous years to serving and returning serve. His first serve wasn't as fast as Vines' or Gonzales's, but it wasn't far behind. It travelled at about a hundred and ten miles an hour—about the same speed as Tilden's. He hit his second serve only a shade less hard than his first. In both the deuce and the ad courts, he could spin in his second serve high to his opponents' backhand, so that they couldn't follow their return in to net. Sometimes, on his second serve into the ad court he used a kick serve that broke quickly to the right on its bounce, but it wasn't a big American twist serve, like Cramm's second, which darted fast and high to the right at a surprisingly sharp angle. Budge had tremendous confidence in his naturally rhythmic serve: "I always felt that if I served a couple of double faults in a five-set match I wasn't serving well."

At the start of the 1937 season, Budge, a slim young man who weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds, was in an assured, enthusiastic frame of mind. "By this time, Budge knew how to get to net when he wanted to," I was told recently by Hank Quinn, the veteran professional at the Birchwood Club, in Westchester, and an old friend of Stow's. "One of the most valuable things that Stow taught Budge was how to move forward instinctively on any short ball, play a forcing shot deep, then move in to the net to put the return away. In a Budge match, there were no extended rallies, with the ball crossing the net twenty times or more." Stow last worked with Budge in the winter and spring of 1937. During one of those workouts, he told Budge, "I am convinced that you are the best player in the world. Now you go out and prove that I'm right."

Budge saw his first competitive action of 1937 as a member of our Davis Cup team when it met Japan at the Lakeside Country Club, in San Francisco, and lost only one set en route to a 5–0 victory. The team's next test came in the final round of the American Zone against Australia, at Forest Hills. Pate, with whom Budge enjoyed a wonderful relationship, took over as the American team's captain in this match, in which the Australians managed to win only one set.

As he had done the previous year, Budge prepared himself for Wimbledon by playing in the annual tournament at the Queen's Club, in London, where the grass is quite similar to Wimbledon's. In winning Queen's handily, he found his best form, and he maintained it at Wimbledon. On his way to the semifinals, he didn't lose a set. In the semis, he dropped the opening set to Frank Parker but swept the next three. In the final, he met Cramm. A sound, stylish player, Cramm was a great favorite with the crowds at Wimbledon. So was Budge. His natural modest manner complemented his well-rounded game, with its stretches of prodigiously powerful hitting. Throughout the final, Budge had to battle the nervousness that overtook him as he found himself closing in on the most highly prized championship in tennis. He handled it well. At the start of the first set, he had his troubles with Cramm's famed second serve, the high kicker to the backhand, but he solved the problem by hitting the ball on the rise before it had a chance to take off. He won the set, 6–3, when he broke Cramm's



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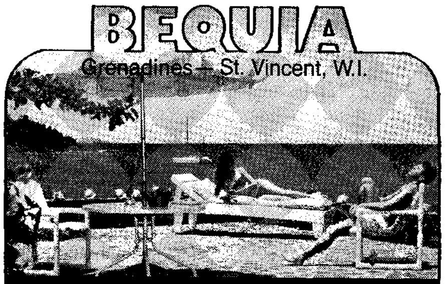

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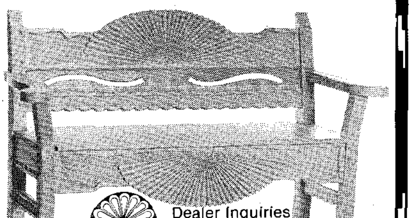

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serve twice in a row. After trailing 3–4 in the second set, he rallied to win it, 6–4. The third came quickly, 6–2. Budge had won his first major title. To make the 1937 Wimbledon an even more festive occasion, Budge and Mako won the doubles, and Budge teamed with Alice Marble to win the mixed doubles. A month later, still on the crest of this wave, Budge outplayed Cramm in the deciding match of the Davis Cup Interzone Final, at Wimbledon, which many sports connoisseurs regard as the greatest match in tennis history.

It had a good deal going for it. The Baron, a tall, handsome, blond man of twenty-eight, was held in high regard not only for his classic strokes but also for his sportsmanship. In 1937, he was the best player in Europe. He and Budge were good friends. Not that numbers can evoke the quality of the play, but Budge, in winning the match, 6–8, 5–7, 6–4, 6–2, 8–6, and Cramm, in losing it, both happened to be at the very peak of their game. "In most matches, you make more errors than placements," Budge said when we talked about this clash. "Let's say you make sixty placements in a match. You might also have made ninety-five or a hundred errors, and that's still considered a good statistic. Because I've talked about this match so much, I remember the figures. Gottfried made sixty-five errors and a hundred and five placements. I made fifty-five errors and a hundred and fifteen placements. He served seventeen aces, and I served nineteen." A good instance of the standard of play came in the first set when Budge, serving for the set at 5–4, put in four tremendous first serves, and Cramm replied with four flashing returns that Budge couldn't touch. An identical sequence took place in the third set, when Budge was serving at 2–1. The last game of the match went to eighteen points. Cramm had held two break points and had fought off four match points before Budge got to match point again and won a thrilling rally by flinging himself at a hard-hit crosscourt forehand by Cramm and belting a low forehand down the line which was just out of Cramm's reach when it crossed the net.

The match had had an implausible prelude. It was impossible for any fan to ignore the political overtones of that Interzone Final. Hitler had come to power in Germany, and with him came the threat of war. Cramm was known to be outspokenly anti-Nazi,

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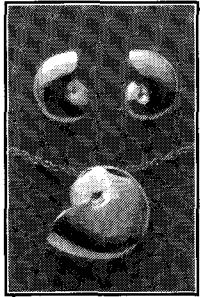

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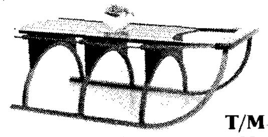

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but there could be no doubt at all how much a victory by Cramm in this crucial match would mean to a Hitler hopeful of having a dramatic example of an Aryan superman to thrust before the world. During this Interzone Final, Ted Tinling, of the All England Club, was responsible for seeing to it that the players in the coming match were standing by in the changing room ready to move onto the Centre Court at the appropriate moment. Shortly before four o'clock, as Tinling was about to escort Budge and Cramm onto the court, there was an interruption. Budge recalled the scene vividly during our talk at Dingmans Ferry: "We were in the changing room, and Ted was leading us out quickly, because Queen Mary was already seated and waiting. At that moment, the telephone on the table by the doorway rang. Ellis, the locker-room man, was right there. A second later, he told the caller, 'One moment, please.' Then he turned and said, 'Baron von Cramm, Germany is calling you.' Cramm told Tinling, 'I'd better get it.' Ted replied, 'We've got Queen Mary waiting. We'd better go.' Cramm then said, 'It may be important. Just a minute.' With that, he picked up the phone and said, 'This is Gottfried Cramm.' The next thing we heard him say was '*Ja, mein Führer*.' Then he spoke in German. He said, '*Ja, mein Führer*' several times. After Cramm put the phone down, Tinling asked him if there was anything wrong. Cramm said, 'No. Hitler was just calling to wish me luck. Let's go.' " Cramm and Budge then followed Tinling onto the Centre Court.

In the summer of 1937, Budge also played commanding tennis in the United States' 4–1 victory over Great Britain in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, winning his singles matches from Charles Hare and Bunny Austin and teaming with Mako to win the doubles. In September, Budge and Cramm met for the third time that year, in the final of our national singles championship at Forest Hills, and Budge won a rather strange match, 6–1, 7–9, 6–1, 3–6, 6–1.

At the end of that season, Budge turned a deaf ear to offers to turn professional, in favor of staying amateur and helping the United States to defend the Davis Cup, which it had at last regained after a decade of frustration. He made the next year an epochal one, for, in addition to leading our Davis Cup team to victory, he became the first player in history to win the four major championships in one season. Since capturing the Grand Slam was the crowning achievement of Budge's career, perhaps it would be best to save it for last, to bring this remembrance of Budge to a suitable climax.

BUDGE became a professional, late in 1938, at the age of twenty-three. Jack Harris, who had taken over in 1934 as the promoter of the professional tour, agreed to pay him a seventy-five-thousand-dollar guarantee against percentage—a record high. Budge signed with Harris in the Manhattan law office of his old friend Walter Pate, who negotiated the contract for him. In 1939, Budge made his professional début by playing a series of matches in a cross-country tour with Vines. Budge won twenty-two of the matches, and Vines won seventeen. Budge then went off on a similar tour with Perry. In excellent form, he won twenty-eight of their thirty-six matches. In the summer of 1939, a group made up of Budge, Vines, Lester Stoefen, and Tilden set off for England on the first leg of a projected world tour. While they were in London, the Second World War began. The tour had to be abandoned, of course, and the players returned to New York. At that point, Vines, a phenomenal athlete and a first-class fellow, felt that he had had his fill of tennis, and decided to become a professional golfer. (Though he never won a major championship, he became an impressive performer at his new sport. Beginning in 1946, he made the thirty-six-hole cut in the United States Open four successive years. In 1948 and 1949, he finished in a tie for fourteenth place. In 1951, he was a semifinalist in the Professional Golfers' Association championship.)

In 1941, Budge toured the United States with Tilden, who was then forty-eight. Thousands of tennis fans who had never seen Tilden turned out to watch that mythical hero, and he didn't let them down. Budge won all but a handful of their matches, but there were periods in nearly every set when Tilden played beautiful, powerful tennis. In the following year, Budge and Perry toured the country in a round-robin format with Bobby Riggs and Frank Kovacs, both of whom had turned professional in 1941. At Forest Hills, on the Fourth of July, 1942, Budge defeated Riggs,

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6–2, 6–2, 6–2, in the final of the United States Professional championship, which is generally referred to as the U.S. Pro. Early in 1943, Budge entered the Army. While he was stationed at Wichita Falls, Texas, waiting to be sent to the Army Air Forces Officer Candidate School, in Miami, he was severely injured in a freak accident. On a bitterly cold morning, Budge and the rest of the men in his company were lined up waiting for dental inspection. To help the men to get warm, the sergeant in charge ordered them to run through an obstacle course that happened to be nearby. The first obstacle that Budge tackled called for scaling a high wall. You jumped up and caught hold of a rope, swung yourself up to the top of the wall, and cleared a small water hazard as you jumped down on the far side. Still shivering from the cold, Budge jumped up and grabbed the rope. In trying to hoist himself to the top of the wall, he tore a muscle in his right shoulder. The tear never did heal completely, but in 1945, when he was again able to play fairly good tennis, the Special Services branch of the Army arranged for Budge and Parker, a sergeant in the Army, to entertain servicemen stationed on Hawaii, Guam, Saipan, Tinian, and other islands in the Pacific by playing a series of matches against the team of Riggs and Wayne Sabin, representing the Navy.

“*Call me when you’ve stopped growing.*”

In 1946, after Budge and Riggs were out of the service, they arranged to go on a coast-to-coast tour. Because Riggs is remembered today primarily as a fantastic hustler, most people have forgotten what a proficient player he was in his best years after the war. A clever defensive artist, he was very much at home in the backcourt, and when he had an opening he could count on his fast-topspin forehand drive and his angled volleys to win points. He didn’t have a particularly big serve, but he spotted it effectively. Riggs won the first twelve matches in his tour with Budge and ended up winning their tour, twenty-four matches to twenty-two. He also beat Budge in straight sets in the final of the 1946 U.S. Pro, at Forest Hills. It was evident that Budge, because of his shoulder injury, had lost his old service motion and was jittery on his overhead smashes. He worked hard to construct a better serve, and he did, but Riggs outsteadied him in the final of the 1947 U.S. Pro, and won a long, draining match, 3–6, 6–3, 10–8, 4–6, 6–3. The fact is that Budge never managed to regain his prewar form. For one thing, he wasn’t able to get into the superb physical condition that underlay his successes when he was in his early twenties. He was a good step slower. His eyesight was less sharp, and he took to wearing glasses on the court. Naturally, the wondrous confidence that had enabled him to do so much had withered. The telltale match was the semifinal of the 1948 U.S. Pro, against Jack Kramer, who had replaced Riggs as the best player in the world. Budge, playing brilliantly, had come back after losing the first set, 6–4, to take the next two sets, 10–8 and 6–3. In the fourth set, he broke Kramer’s serve in the seventh game to move out in front, 4–3. If he could hold his serve twice, he would take the set and the match. At this juncture, Budge’s legs began to cramp. There was nothing he could do about it. Kramer won the next nine games, to take the fourth set, 6–4, and the fifth set, 6–0. The wonder is that Budge, after enduring such a shattering experience, not only continued to compete but from time to time played some glittering tennis. In 1954, when Kramer, who had been running the tour and playing the top match since 1950, was having trouble with arthritis, he settled for promoting a round-robin of four players: Gonzales; Frank Sedgman, of Australia; Francisco (Pancho) Segura, of Ecuador, who had become a first-class player; and Budge. Gonzales won that tour, but Budge amazed everybody by the solid tennis he produced. As late as the winter of 1957, when he was forty-one, he had his moments. One night, he played Gonzales, then the game’s undisputed king, in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, Gonzales’s home town, and dispatched him, 6–4, 6–4. Budge’s career as an active player came to an end at about that time. While there had been only a few moments after the war when he looked as formidable as the young Budge, he had made one point clear: his backhand still had to be respected. In serving to Budge’s backhand, no one—not Kramer, not Gonzales—dared to follow his serve in to net, for he knew that if he did Budge would whistle the ball past him.

When his playing days were over, Budge never got far from tennis. He was fortunate in that L. B. Icely, the president of the Wilson Sporting Goods Company, had taken an avuncular interest in him when he was entering the professional ranks and had personally set up a sound investment program for him. In 1960, Norton Mailman, the New York entrepreneur, and Marvin Levy, of Lehman Brothers, founded the popular Montego Bay Racquet Club, in Jamaica. Budge and two other champions, Bill Talbert and Dick Savitt, became junior partners in the venture, as did two other men who love tennis, Kirk Douglas and Charlton Heston. During the summers of 1964 and 1965, Budge started a tennis camp for girls and boys at the club. He moved the camp in 1966 to Chatham Hall, a girls' prep school in Chatham, Virginia. In the summer of 1967, he found the ideal spot for it at the McDonogh School, a coed prep school in the Green Spring Valley, near Baltimore. He ran his tennis camp there for the next seventeen summers. Early in 1984, when Budge was going on sixty-nine, he decided that twenty years of running tennis camps was enough.

As far as anyone knows, no player had ever set out to win the four major championships in one tennis season until Budge formulated such a plan in the autumn of 1937. Crawford had come within one set of achieving the Grand Slam in 1933. He had started off by winning the Australian singles title, taking the final from Keith Gledhill, a tall Californian who was better known for his prowess in doubles. In the final of the French championship, he met Henri Cochet, who was then a little past his prime, and defeated him in straight sets. Crawford was in top form at Wimbledon, too, and he had to be when he met the youthful defending champion, Vines, in the final and won a great five-set match. At Forest Hills, Crawford met Perry in the final. The match was played on a sweltering day. After three sets, Crawford led, 3–6, 13–11, 6–4. In the ten-minute interval between the third and fourth sets, Perry went to the locker room, and, after removing his sweat-soaked clothes and towelling himself down, changed into a clean shirt and trousers. Crawford spent the interval in a courtside box chatting with his wife and some friends. Perry has always thought that Crawford's failure to change into fresh clothes before the last two sets was the reason he lost the match: Perry raced through the last two sets, 6–0, 6–1. Some people believe that Crawford, an asthmatic, was so worn down after the first three sets that he chose to rest during the interval. Others think that Crawford probably had a little brandy with his tea, and that instead of picking him up it deepened his fatigue.

In late October, 1937, Budge started to work out some of the details of his assault on the four major championships the following year. As the holder of the Davis Cup, the American team would not be busied with zone and interzone matches before the Challenge Round, on American soil, so Budge would be free to do as he pleased in the winter, spring, and early summer. The more he thought about taking a shot at winning the four majors, the more it appealed to him, especially since no one had ever done it. The one person he got in touch with when his plans were beginning to take shape was Mako. He confided to him that he was going to play in the Australian championship, in January, and that if he won in Australia he would go to Europe in May and play in the French championship. He would, of course, defend his titles at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. He told Mako that having an old friend like him to travel with would make all the difference. Besides, they could take a shot at seeing whether they could win the four major doubles championships.

Late in November of 1937, Budge and Mako sailed from San Francisco bound for Sydney. Before they embarked, Vines, who had been to Australia in the winter of 1933, gave Budge some sound advice: he cautioned him to be sure that the Australian Lawn Tennis Association didn't make him play so many tournaments that he was worn out before the national championships started. In those days, when aviation was still in a primitive stage, few American or European tennis stars made the long trip to Australia. After a twenty-one-day voyage, Budge and Mako arrived in Sydney in mid-December, a full week before the Victorian championships, and so had ample time to get their land legs back. After winning the Victorian at the Kooyong courts, in Melbourne, Budge agreed to enter a number of events the Australian officials asked him to, but he was careful to pace himself intelligently and played them as if they were exhibitions. In fact, he lost a few of these matches, but he was in tip-top condition for the national

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championships, which were held that year at the Memorial Drive Tennis Club, in Adelaide. He was never in trouble on his way to the final. He did drop the first set of his semifinal to Quist, 5–7, but he rattled off the next three sets, 6–4, 6–1, 6–2. He dominated the final, allowing the ambidextrous John Bromwich, who had recently turned nineteen, only seven games in three sets. Budge and Mako didn't win the doubles, however; Quist and Bromwich did. As it turned out, the one worrisome feature of Budge's visit to Australia was his coming down with a mysterious infection that resulted in his total loss of voice for a few days. It was necessary for him to carry a pencil and a pad with him and write down whatever he wanted to say. His voice came back just before the start of the championships.

Budge and Mako sailed for home almost immediately after Budge's victory in the final. It was at about this time, when Budge's intention of trying to win all four major championships had become apparent, that sportswriters started to refer to his quest as the Grand Slam—the term in contract bridge for winning every trick in a game. In 1930, sportswriters had used it to describe Bobby Jones' unprecedented achievement of winning the four major championships that an amateur golfer could enter—the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur, in that order. Back home in Oakland, Budge passed the late winter and early spring hitting balls with friends and taking things easy. At the beginning of May, he and Mako came to New York. They spent a week or so practicing on the clay courts at Forest Hills, in preparation for the slow red clay they would be playing on at Roland Garros. Budge had played relatively few tournaments on clay, but he was a sound technician, and he had just the right attitude: he liked the challenge of playing on the different surfaces, and was prepared to be more patient than usual on clay. At that time, no American had won the French championship, which had been closed to foreign players until 1925. Tilden had twice reached the final, but in 1927 he had been beaten in a terrific five-set battle by René Lacoste, 6–4, 4–6, 5–7, 6–3, 11–9, and in 1930 he had lost in four sets to Cochet. Budge was fortunate in one respect: in 1938, the field at Roland Garros was a relatively weak one. There was no Perry to worry about, and no Cramm, either. (On returning to Germany after the Australian championships, Cramm had been arrested by the Nazis and jailed on a trumped-up charge.) Budge had no trouble with his first-round opponent, Antoine Gentien, of France, but in the second round he lost the third set, 7–5, to Ghaus Muhammad, of India; he dropped only two games in the three other sets, though. In the third round, he was pushed to five sets by Franjo Kukuljevich, of Yugoslavia, a tall, left-handed player, whose effort against Budge was the highlight of his career. From that point on, Budge didn't lose a set: he breezed through Bernard Destremeau, of France; Josip Pallada, another Yugoslavian; and, in the final, Roderich Menzel, a huge Czechoslovakian, whom he beat, 6–3, 6–2, 6–4, in fifty-eight minutes. By the quarter-finals, Budge felt so much at home on Roland Garros's red clay that he began coming to net after returning serve. Before the final, Suzanne Lenglen told him there was no way he could beat Menzel if he persisted in these hazardous tactics. He persisted nevertheless, and after the match she congratulated him and said, "I had to see it to believe it."

Budge's erratic play in his matches with Muhammad and Kukuljevich resulted from diarrhea, which bothered him throughout the tournament. Except for that discomfort, Budge looks back on the 1938 French championships as one of the most enjoyable two weeks of his career. Early in the tournament, Russell Kingman, a New Jersey industrialist, who was the treasurer of the U.S.L.T.A., introduced Budge to a good friend of his—Pablo Casals, the Spanish cellist. Kingman, who played the cello himself, handled Casals' investments in the United States. Casals came out to the tournament every day. After Budge's first match, he and Casals had tea together, and they arranged to meet daily for tea. Midway through the tournament, Casals said he wanted to give a concert in Budge's honor if he won. The evening after the final, a group of sixteen or so friends of Casals' gathered in his apartment in Paris, which overlooked the city. Following dinner, the guests sat on cushions in the living room while Casals tuned his cello. Casals then said, "This concert is for my good friend Don Budge." No more and no less. He then played for two hours.

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Budge again prepared for Wimbledon on the grass courts of the Queen's Club, and won that tournament for the third straight year. He was in excellent health throughout the Wimbledon fortnight, and marched through his first five opponents—Kenneth Gandar-Dower, of Great Britain; Henry Billington, of Great Britain; George Lyttleton Rogers, of Ireland; Ronald Shayes, of Great Britain; and Franz Cejnar, of Czechoslovakia—in straight sets. He defeated Ferenc Puncec, of Yugoslavia, in the semifinals, 6–2, 6–1, 6–4. In the final, he was in majestic form and dominated Austin, 6–1, 6–0, 6–3. Budge and Mako, who had lost the doubles final in Auteuil to the French team of Destremeau and Yvon Petra, snapped back in the Wimbledon doubles and, in the final, defeated the German team of Henkel and Georg von Metaxa in four sets. Budge and Alice Marble again won the mixed doubles.

After Budge and Mako returned home, they captured the national doubles championship, at Longwood, by defeating Quist and Bromwich. Shortly after this, the United States met Australia in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup at Germantown. On the first day of play, Riggs won his singles with Quist, and then Budge was able to stand off Bromwich, 6–2, 6–3, 4–6, 7–5. He felt very lucky to have done so, for the day before the match he had come down with a sore throat and a racking case of the flu. In the doubles, Quist and Bromwich beat Budge and Mako in four sets. On the third day, Riggs lost to Bromwich, but Budge won the critical third point by overpowering Quist, 8–6, 6–1, 6–2.

Between the successful defense of the Davis Cup and the commencement of our national championships at Forest Hills, Budge shook off the flu, but a tooth that had flared up several times that year started to ache again, and he was beginning to lose his voice. He wondered if the two ailments might be connected, and went to see a New

York dentist whom Pate had recommended. He learned that he had an abscessed tooth, which had to be extracted immediately, and that there was no doubt at all that the infected tooth had been the reason for his recurrent loss of voice. With these worries behind him, Budge was ready to go at Forest Hills. His round-by-round progress to the final went like this: he defeated Welby Van Horn, 6–0, 6–0, 6–1; Robert Kamrath, 6–3, 7–5, 9–7, in the only match in which he was even slightly extended; Charles Hare, 6–3, 6–4, 6–0; Harry Hopman, 6–3, 6–1, 6–3; and Sidney Wood, 6–3, 6–3, 6–3. And then he met Mako, the first unseeded player ever to get to the final. In 1938, Mako had played some of the best singles of his career. At Wimbledon, he had been only two points away from beating Austin, and he had played exceedingly well at Forest Hills. On his way to the final, he had eliminated Kovacs, Puncec, and Bromwich. The meeting between Budge and Mako had to be postponed, because a hurricane whipped up the East Coast and caused considerable damage on Long Island. With the courts and some of the other facilities at Forest Hills in extremely bad shape, it was eventually decided to postpone the final until the coming Saturday. Mako played well. After Budge won the opening set, 6–3, Mako won the second, 8–6. Budge then took command, and galloped through the next two sets, 6–2 and 6–1. He had brought it off. He had won the Grand Slam.

WITH the arrival of long-distance air travel after the Second World War, some of the new champions gave serious thought to trying to duplicate Budge's Grand Slam. Maureen Connolly, a devastating baseliner from Southern California, was a week or so short of her seventeenth birthday when she won our national championship for the first time, in 1951. In 1953, she set out to try to win the four major championships. There was no one in her class. She lost only one set—to Susan Partridge, of England, in the third round of the French championship—on the way to her sweep of the four titles. Her one true test came in the Wimbledon final, when Doris Hart, an experienced American player, forced her to two deuced sets before going down, 8–6, 7–5.

In 1956, Lew Hoad, of Australia, came within two sets of a Grand Slam. After taking the Australian, French,

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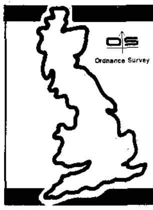

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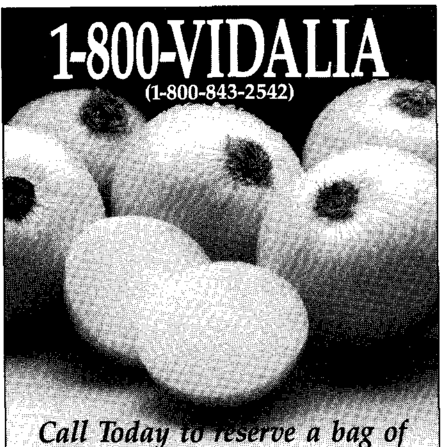

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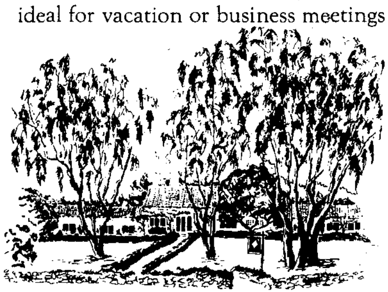

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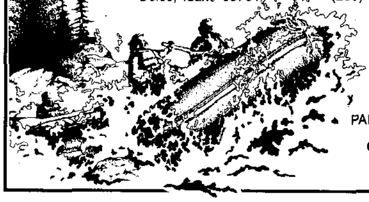

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and Wimbledon championships and reaching the final at Forest Hills, he won the first set, 6–4, from Ken Rosewall, his old doubles partner, but lost the next three sets, 6–2, 6–3, 6–3.

In 1962, Rod (Rocket) Laver, a hard-hitting young Australian left-hander from Queensland, captured the Grand Slam, and showed a good deal of both talent and courage in doing so. In winning the Australian championship, he survived three rugged four-set matches, the last of them against his countryman Roy Emerson. In the quarter-finals of the French championship, Marty Mulligan, of Australia, held one match point against Laver in the fourth set of their five-set match. Laver was also forced to five sets in his semifinal, with Neale Fraser, still another Australian, and again in the final, with Emerson. Back on grass at Wimbledon, Laver found that things went more easily. Only in his quarter-final match, with Manolo Santana, of Spain, was he pushed to four sets. In our championship, he had two four-set matches, one of them in the final, against Emerson, but Laver, with his strong left arm and supple wrist, was in control all the way.

Laver turned professional following his Grand Slam. In 1969, the year after the arrival of open tennis, he pulled off a second Grand Slam. It hung precariously in the balance on several occasions, but his resolution and staying power enabled him to get safely through a total of five five-set matches and seven pressure-filled four-set matches. In this great era of Australian tennis, Laver defeated John Newcombe, from Sydney, in a hard-fought Wimbledon final, 6–4, 5–7, 6–4, 6–4, and won the final at Forest Hills from Tony Roche, from Tarcutta, a town near Canberra, 7–9, 6–1, 6–2, 6–2.

In 1970, Margaret Smith Court, of Perth, Australia, who was up against stronger competition than Miss Connolly had faced in 1953, displayed a forceful all-around game, which enabled her to bring off an emphatic Grand Slam. She started by winning the Australian championship with the loss of only twelve games in the five rounds. In the French championship, she lost only one set—to Olga Morozova, of Russia, in the second round. At Wimbledon, she lost a set to Helga Niessen, of Germany, in making her way to a fiercely waged final, in which she outlasted Billie Jean King, already a three-time winner at Wimbledon, 14–12, 11–9. At Forest Hills, Mrs. Court lost only one set—

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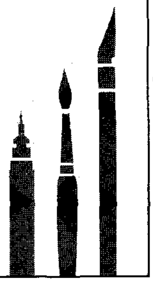

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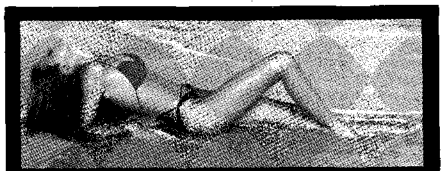

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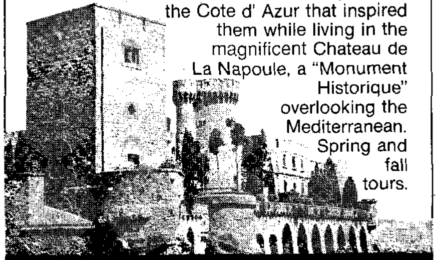

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this came in the final, in which she defeated Rosemary Casals, a young Californian, 6–2, 2–6, 6–1.

IN the opinion of many students of the sport, the sustained character of Budge's game in 1937 and 1938, his last two years as an amateur, is what is unforgettable, and accounts for his high ranking among the players of all time. During those two years, Budge played in six major championships and won them all; in addition, he won all ten of his Davis Cup singles matches. He could produce under pressure. Allison Danzig, who covered tennis for more than four decades for the New York *Times*, has written, "The feats of Budge on the court are sufficient to leave no doubt that he stands with the greatest, regardless of who rates the No. 1 spot." Al Laney, who was for years the tennis writer for both the Paris *Herald* and the New York *Herald Tribune*, was of the opinion that "Tilden was our greatest athlete in any sport," but he placed no other tennis player higher than Budge at his best. Julius D. Heldman, whose critical essays in *World Tennis* magazine constitute some of the most discerning writing on the game, spoke for countless observers when he stated, "Budge's backhand is the most famous ground stroke in tennis. . . . It had that extra flair, that great freedom of motion, which made it the envy of every player who ever lived." He went on to note that Budge "could hit a placement from any spot on the court to any other spot on the court." Finally, there is the opinion of Jack Kramer, one of the world's shrewdest judges of tennis players. In his autobiography, "The Game," Kramer has this to say about Budge: "He owned the most perfect set of mechanics and he was the most consistent," and "Day in and day out, Budge played at the highest level."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

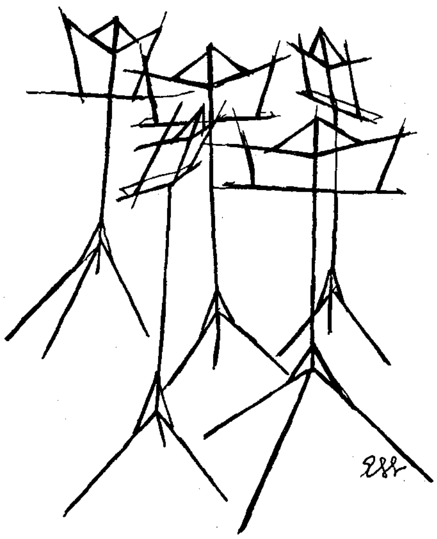
A Miscellany of Operatic Manners

GLUCK is one of the six great composers whose names were blazoned on the proscenium arch of the old Met. (The others were Mozart, Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, and Beethoven.) In the new house, the bicentenary of Gluck's death, last year, passed unnoticed. We read about revivals elsewhere of "Le Nozze d'Ercole e d'Ebe," "Le Cinesi," "Don Juan," "Il Parnaso Confuso," "Telemaco," "Semiramis," "Paride ed Elena," and "Echo et Narcisse" as well as of works more familiar—"Alceste," "Armide," the two "Iphigénie" operas—and about the first staging ever of "La Corona" (1765, three years after "Orfeo"), the little court opera whose production was cancelled when Francis I died. Those were in Europe. They rounded out understanding of a composer who is remembered chiefly as an austere reformer but who worked successfully and prolifically in the theatres of Italy and London before, in Vienna, he embarked on his famous reforms. In Paris—like Cherubini, Rossini, Donizetti, Verdi—he then courted popular success with minimum compromise of his ideals, by seeking to turn the conventions of French grand opera to his own high purposes. America's main contribution to the Gluck bicentenary has been the Seattle Opera production, last month, of "Orphée" (1774), the Paris grand opera that Gluck concocted from his swift, tense musical drama "Orfeo" (Vienna, 1762), a half-dozen numbers borrowed from earlier works, and two numbers—Amour's "Si les doux accords" and Eurydice's lovely "Cet asile"—that seem to have been newly composed. He rescored the work for a larger, but more conventional, orchestra, without the chalumeaux and cornetti of the original.

The first Orfeo was an alto, Gaetano Guadagni—a Garrick pupil who offended audiences by his refusal to step out of character, acknowledge applause, and grant encores. The first Orphée was an exceptional tenor, Joseph Le Gros, whose role was written so high that his successors, from Louis Nourrit (in 1809) onward, have introduced downward transpositions. (Moreover, pitch has climbed by a semitone—some say by a whole tone—since Gluck's day, and this makes the role as written, up to high D, even less accessible.) In 1859, Berlioz arranged "Orphée" at the "Orfeo" pitches for a mezzo-soprano protagonist, Pauline Viardot; since then, the opera has been most often performed in bastard editions—represented by the "standard" Peters, Novello, and Ricordi vocal scores—in which the Vienna-Paris blend involves transpositions effected by vocal lines that Gluck did *not* compose. In recent years, however, there has been a return—aided by the publication of two distinct, accurate modern scores—to either "Orfeo" or "Orphée." In the latter, the tenor's task is eased when—as at a Covent Garden production last week, part of the English Bach Festival—period instruments are employed.

After dull, unimpassioned performances, Gluck is accused of monotony. Inspired productions of his great operas prompt ardent advocacy. I have declared before that they touch the heart of a listener's being; reveal music's power to sound every string of a psyche; make the theatre what it should be, a place of, at once, ecstasy, entertainment, and moral and political enlightenment; and join the spectators with all those who through twenty-five centuries have discovered in contemporary stage enactments of the ancient myths new ways of understanding the world they live in. The Seattle "Orphée"—directed by Stephen Wadsworth, designed by Thomas Lynch (sets) and Martin Pakledinaz (costumes), choreographed by Mark Morris, lit by Peter Kaczorowski, and conducted by George Manahan—was such a production. It made the absurd extravagances of opera, all that it costs in public and private money and personal, hardworking devotion, seem worthwhile. Max Loppert, paying tribute to Gluck in the November *Opera*, catalogued some of the issues that Gluck confronted and modern listeners respond to:

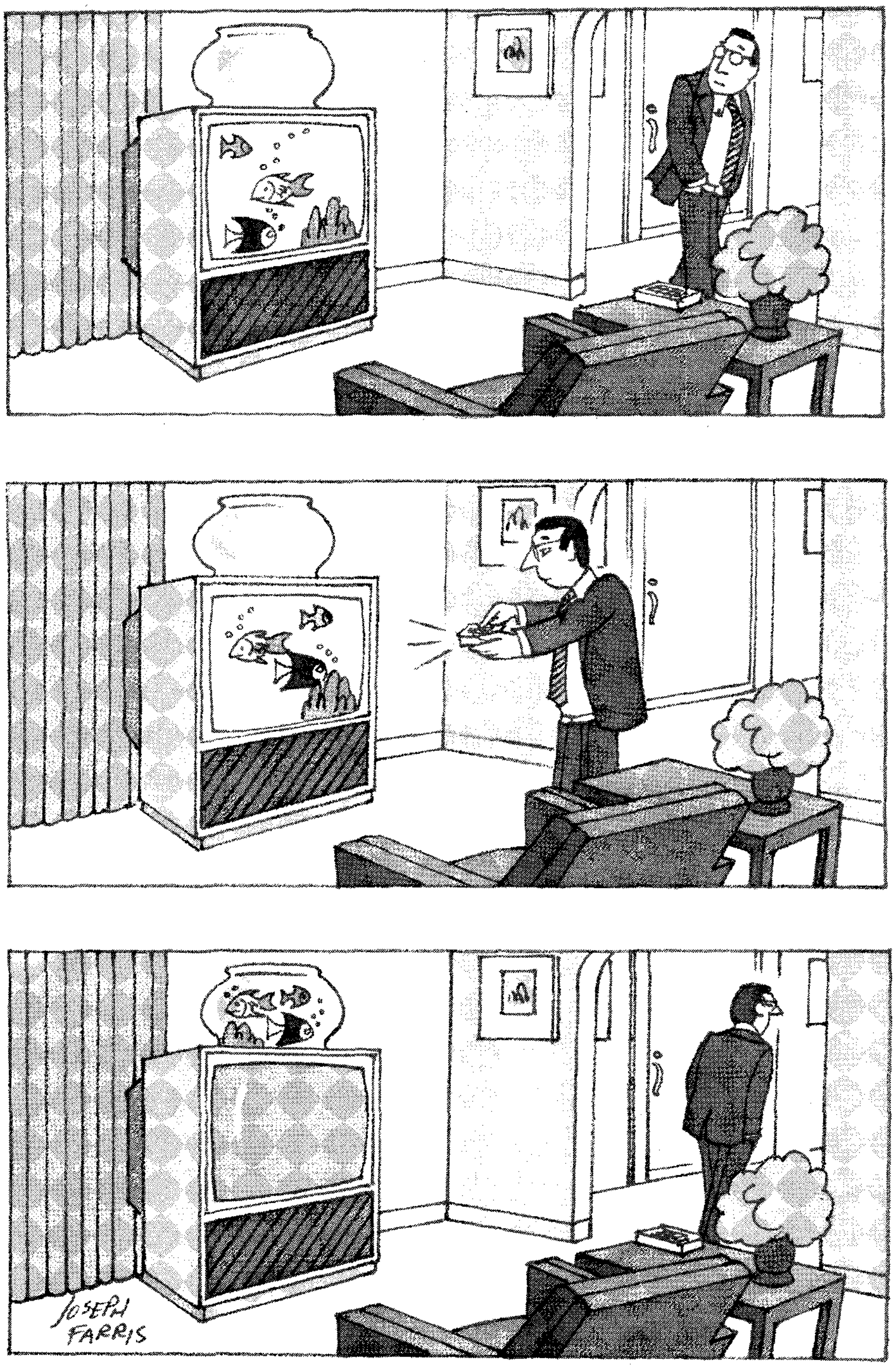
> Death—loss of loved ones, fear of facing one's own death ("Alceste," "Orfeo"); the power that parents have to bring terrible harm upon their children ("Iphigénie en Aulide," "Iphigénie en Tauride"); deep-rooted psychological guilt, the power of painful past memory to impinge on present behaviour ("Iphigénie en Tauride"); the power, sublime but also destructive, of sexual love ("Paride ed Elena," "Armide"); the violence, fury, and self-hatred that accompany rejection ("Armide"); the psychological consequences of selfishness and self-absorption ("Echo et Narcisse"); the power of art and the artist to transform society ("Orfeo").



Mr. Wadsworth gave us a modern Orpheus who moved without jar from his Village studio apartment, once shared with Eurydice, through the metaphors of Hades and the Elysian Fields and back into the modern world. The scenes were poignant and beautiful, composed with a sure eye. Elysium was a radiant vision of some two hundred people—chorus, dancers, and extras—ranged in a calm, lovely tableau. In successive performances, there were alternate protagonists; between them they compassed the role. Gran Wilson was the more poetic actor, embodying the pain, the hope, the resolution of the widowered young hero, but his somewhat twangy tones were less pleasing than Vinson Cole's rounded, cultivated tenor. Whether Furies would yield more readily before Mr. Wilson's keenness of emotion or Mr. Cole's dulcet entreaties is a moot point; by both performers their hearts were melted, and so was mine. (Mr. Cole must be careful about legato; sometimes he cried the syllables of Eurydice's name on four separated notes.) The Eurydice was Sheri Greenawald—intense, passionate, intelligent, but a little peaky of tone. I thought her slow to embrace the narcotic enchantments of Elysium. Even when singing "Cet asile" she maintained an anxious, unrelaxed expression, while Gluck's music told of blissful, almost drugged serenity, a glad shedding of all responsibility: the state of uncaring happiness that Orpheus challenges. The Amour, Karen Hall, was at once playful and authoritative, apt emblem of ways that Love at once frivolous and determinant can alter the course of lives.

"Orphée" calls for even more dancing than "Orfeo." In Vienna, Gluck's choreographic collaborator was Gasparo Angiolini, another reform artist, intent on making ballet dramatic. In Paris, divertissements were expected; they were provided by Pierre Gabriel Gardel (the funeral scene and Hades) and Gaetano Vestris (Elysium and the ballet-finale). In Seattle, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Morris strove to integrate dancing and drama, dancers, singers, and chorus, and they were largely successful. Some difficulties they encountered were of Gluck's making: the Furies' Dance, a Paris insertion at a point where it makes no dramatic sense, defeated them; it was treated as a solo and supertitled "Orpheus' spirit urges him to press on." Some of Mr. Morris's imagery—dancers bounding across the stage, hunched, with arms awhirl—looked like any old modern-dance "Orfeo," but his final sequence, especially the great chaconne, crowned the drama in a surprisingly satisfactory way.

Mr. Manahan conducted with a sure sense of pace, flow, and contrast. He handled the accompanied recitatives—a striking feature of Gluck's revision—with sensitivity and eloquence. The score was given almost uncut: only three dances (fewer than usual) were missing from the final ballet; Orpheus' parade air "L'espoir renaît dans mon âme," omitted in most productions, was sung, at written pitch. (Its authorship remains undecided between Gluck and Ferdinando Bertoni.) Orpheus' appeal to the Furies was dropped by a minor third, and the trio, "Tendre Amour," by a tone. The opera was given with just one intermission, dividing the Hades and Elysium scenes. Since these constitute what Romain Rolland described as "the most moving act in all opera," their separation would be unforgivable in "Orfeo;" but in "Orphée" the proportions and integrity of the original act were already compromised.



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SZYMANOWSKI'S "Król Roger," "King Roger," is an opera that awaits wide discovery. It was first performed in Warsaw, in 1926. Since then, there have been only seven productions: in Duisburg (1928), Prague (1932), Palermo (1949), Warsaw again (1965), London (1975), and (last month) Bremen and Long Beach, California. It is a rich and beautiful work: a "Bacchae" brought forward into the modern, Christian world. Roger II of Sicily, twelfth-century Norman king of an island where for centuries Africa and Europe, Byzantium and Rome, Islam and Christendom, Pope and Emperor, Northerners and Italians have struggled for supremacy, rules a kingdom where tolerance, enlightenment, and reason now prevail—until they are challenged by the arrival of "the Shepherd," Dionysus. I would like to write about the opera at length. I hope another opportunity arises soon. Any account now of its splendors—musical, scenic, and intellectual—would have to end with regrets that in Long Beach they were almost entirely obscured.

The Long Beach Opera has acquired a reputation for adventurous "modern" productions. David Alden's presentation of "King Roger" was a ragbag of contemporary European clichés: dark glasses, mackintoshes, suitcases, a television monitor screen, naked light bulbs, a stage littered with discarded shoes, much rolling about. (Only a row of beds was missing.) They were applied in slapdash fashion to some notion of the Shepherd as a contemporary cult preacher; at the close, everyone except Roger and his Arab counsellor entered a flying saucer —headed for Jonestown? The settings were hideous. Three loud, unalluring voices glared in the principal roles: Roger (James Johnson), his queen,

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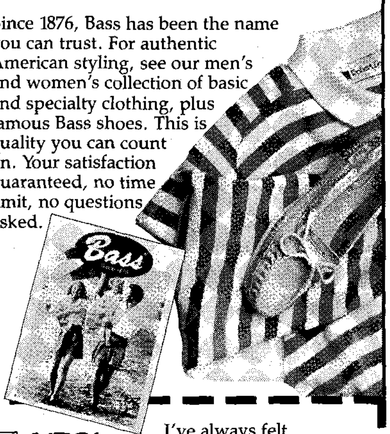

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Roxana (Nancy Shade), and the Shepherd (Jon Frederic West). The orchestra, conducted by Murry Sidlin, provided some idea of what the opera might be.

Citizen Cherubini's "Médée," first produced in Paris in the year 5 (or 1797), is an operatic landmark: admired by Beethoven, called by Brahms a work "that we musicians regard among ourselves as the summit of dramatic music" and by Puccini "a real masterpiece." It is not exactly neglected: most years, *Opera* reviews a production or two. Maria Callas sang the title role for nearly a decade (1953-62), in four countries. Eileen Farrell, Maralin Niska, Marisa Galvany, Grace Bumbry, and Shirley Verrett are among the American sopranos who have tackled a part that, Henry Chorley once wrote, requires

> a Catalani with a voice, as it were, like a clarion, and a frame of adamant and gold, capable of undergoing the strain and fatigue of such a long display of unmeasured emotion. And, after the compass and lungs of a Catalani are found, we must then ask for Pasta's grandeur of expression, and statuesque bearing, and withering scorn and fearful vengeance, and maternal remorse, ere the creation of the composer can be rightly filled up.

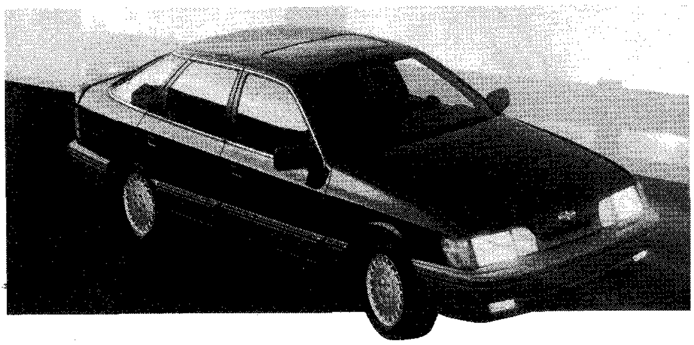
For well over a century, "Médée" has been most often performed in corrupt texts, with the great musical spans abridged, and introduced not by the heroic spoken verse of the original but by recitatives that Franz Lachner composed for a Frankfurt production in 1855. In Italy, England, and America, Lachner's recitatives have been sung—along with the rest of the opera—in Italian translation; at the Paris Opera two years ago (for an American Medea and a German Jason), they were translated into French and reorchestrated. Vito Frazzi, Tullio Serafin, Leonard Bernstein, and Flavio Testi are among those who have tinkered with the score. Since few international stars sing French well, and fewer could effectively declaim neoclassical Alexandrines, it is easy to understand why "Médée" is usually modified. Translation into the language of an audience makes sense. (Beethoven admired "Médée" in a German version by G. F. Treitschke, later the librettist of his revised "Fidelio;" there is an English version by Arthur Jacobs with the spoken passages in blank verse.) It did not make sense for the casts of the City Opera's 1974 and 1982 productions to learn Cherubini's opera in an Italian translation—upholstered with mid-nineteenth-century German recitatives, also translated into Italian. Reviewing the 1982 show, I wondered whether it would not be wiser, when speech is unwanted, to commission new recitatives in either a nineteen-eighties (rather than eighteen-fifties) mock-Cherubini idiom or, boldly, a modern manner that kept the new matter distinct from the original. Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston last month presented a "Médée" along the latter lines but went much farther down them: the spoken passages were assigned to different performers. Translated into ancient Greek (while the rest was left in French), they were spoken (on tape) by Greek actors, while onstage another troupe of Greek actors, masked and buskined, mimed them. The scenes became melodramas, accompanied, punctuated, and slowed down by incidental music (also on tape) that Michalis Christodoulides had composed for an ensemble including ancient Greek instruments and electronics.

The effect was something like that of the electronically accompanied dance episodes that punctuate Harrison Birtwistle's opera "The Mask of Orpheus"—with the difference that those scenes were part of Birtwistle's scheme, while these intruded on Cherubini's. Cherubini composed his tremendous central role for an actress onstage from her first entrance until the end, except for a moment when she retires into the temple to kill her children: *Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet*. In Boston, the singing Medea, Josephine Barstow, had to make way again and again for the miming Medea, Aspasia Kralli, and the tape-voice Medea, Antigony Valakou. Christodoulides' powerfully amplified flute, sounding in closeup from loudspeakers inside the house, made Cherubini's live flute, sounding from the pit, seem a weak reed when the orchestra took over from the tape. The recorded actors did not cry their lines but used an intimate microphone technique, lent force by skillful amplification; the singers had to rely on their own prowess.

Had the Medea—the singing Medea—been a dull performer, one might have welcomed the diversions, which were dramatic and were very well executed. But Miss Caldwell had engaged the most vivid of contemporary sopranos, and so one resented each moment when the lights faded on Miss Barstow to come up on her alternate and the sound shifted from the stage to the tape. Miss Barstow's French, it is true, is not particularly good; Cherubini's own passages of melodrama (a few phrases in the second-act finale) were delivered in ferocious Franglais. But she colored, inflected, and timed the music with wonderful intensity; she does have a frame of adamant and gold; she is eloquent in every stance and gesture. Boston must revive the production with Miss Barstow performing the whole role, in English, with spoken scenes of high heroic verse. And the City Opera should acquire it. (New York has still to see and hear Miss Barstow; a Met Musetta eleven years ago was an aberration, and, in any case, that huge gilded barn is no setting for so subtle and intelligent an artist.) In most ways, this Boston "Médée" was the revelation of Cherubini's great opera that we have glimpsed again and again but have waited for decades to discover.

The music was uncut. A first act lasting perhaps ninety minutes seemed to pass in a flash: the proportions were preserved. Miss Caldwell may not have the baton competence of an Ozawa or a Mehta. She has something more important: instinct and understanding that lead listeners to the heart of a score. The power, the inventiveness, and the beauty of the music blazed. Conductor and protagonist dispelled a charge brought against "Médée" even when Callas was its heroine: majestic monotony. The classical settings, by the sculptor Jon Gardella—his first theatre work—were noble and beautiful. So were George Ziakas's costumes. Jon Vickers, often a Jason to Callas's Medea, had withdrawn from the show; Joseph Evans sang the role cleanly, clearly, and fully. It is time he learned to bear himself like a prince, not the boy next door, and trained his pleasant features to express a wider range than from blankness to mildly frowning worry. Markella Hatziano, the Neris, is a young Greek contralto with thrilling sounds in her voice. She will surely have a big career.

A critic notes things he wishes had been different. When Medea runs around Corinth in bare feet, she compromises her majesty; few divas' physical eloquence extends to their big toes. (Footwear may be an expensive item in a costume budget, but nothing else had been skimped.) Midstaircase was an awkward site for the final Medea-



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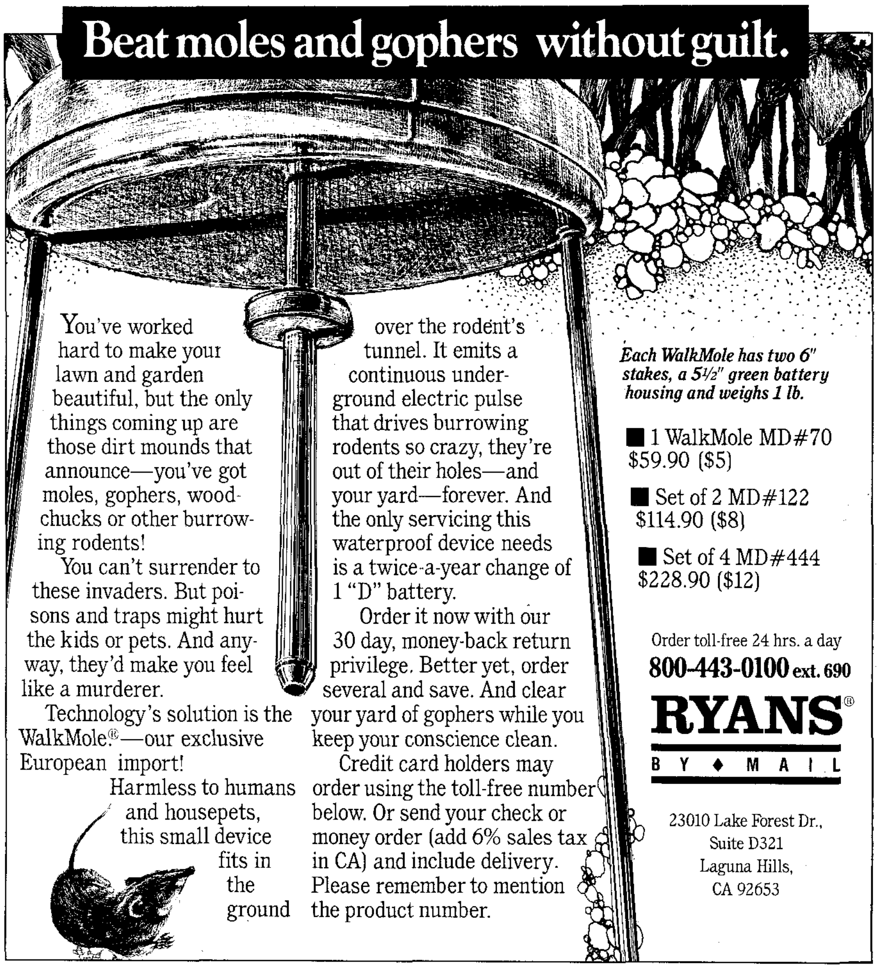

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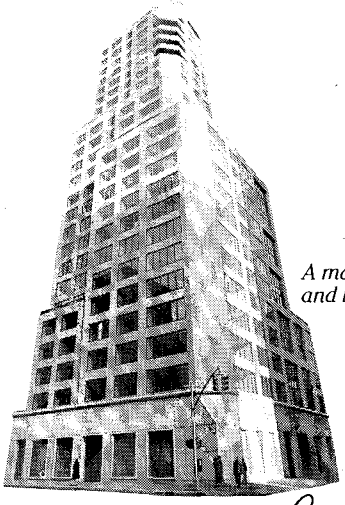

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Jason exchanges. The storm projections of Act III continued to swirl long after Cherubini's musical storm had abated. But these were minor matters in so potent an evening of musical drama.

THE Opera Company of Philadelphia has embarked on a long-term "cycle" of Faust operas. It presented Gounod's "Faust" in 1984, Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust" the following year, and Boito's "Mefistofele" last month. Busoni's "Doktor Faust" is due next, and a new opera dealing with some modern Faust figure is being planned. "Mefistofele" is a miserable piece whose persistence in the repertory is puzzling. When Walter Legge heard it at Covent Garden in 1926, with Chaliapin in the title role, he jotted in his diary, "What an opera!!! Surely *the* worst!!!" Ernest Newman wrote of Boito's "semi-musical gift that rarely rises above the mediocre and generally dips a point or two below it." Bernard Shaw, while admiring many "suggestive strokes and colors," called a good deal of the opera "ingenious tiddy-fol-lol" and its composer a man "without original musical gifts." Three short-breathed arias—Faust's "Dai campi" and "Giunto sul passo estremo" and Margarete's "L'altra notte"—can give pleasure when they are beautifully sung. The libretto is a mess; much of the verse could jingle its way into a Stuffed Owl anthology. Yet "Mefistofele" goes on being done. I know otherwise musically sane people who admire it. And the Philadelphia audience seemed to enjoy it hugely.

The title role was played by Paata Burchuladze as a bulky devil, with a shaven silver pate, dressed unbecomingly in a topless black-and-silver evening gown. There were impressive sounds in his bass, but his phrasing lacked liveliness. Franco Bonanome's tenor had a clean, clear ring; he gave an honest, quite unsubtle performance, presenting each of Faust's loud high notes as if he were scoring a goal and expected cheers. Diana Soviero, the Margarete, has always been a capable soprano; in the prison scene, she was also a moving one. Crisscross metallic slats, designed by Gilbert Lesser, hung down over a largely bare stage, in various arrays. Helen of Troy's ladies reclined on silver air mattresses. Black, white, and silver were almost unrelieved. Bernard Uzan's direction aspired to little more than traffic con-

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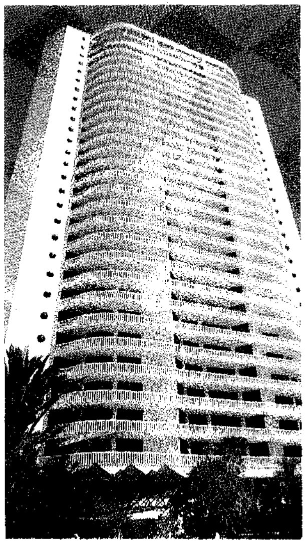

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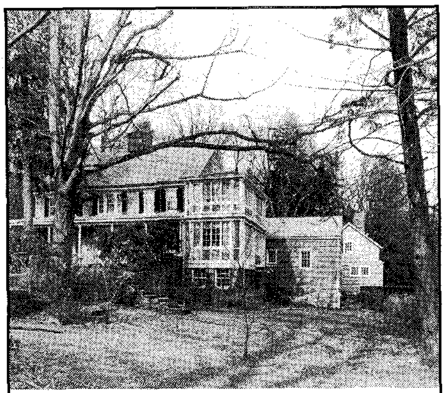

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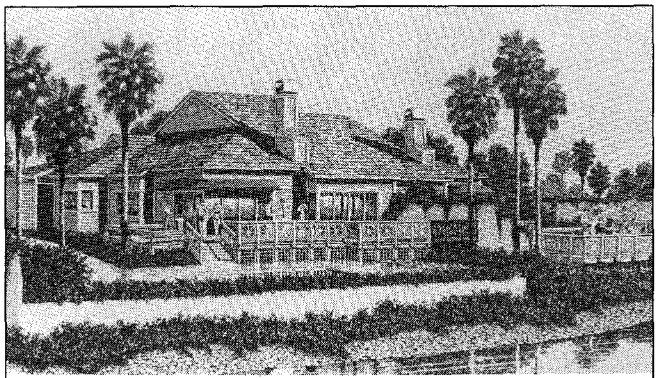

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trol. Thomas Fulton conducted with rude vigor.

THE Met season has picked up, with some revivals that were worth hearing. "Pelléas et Mélisande" plays in the remains of a poorly designed 1972 production but is lent distinction by the new heroine and by the conductor. "Pelléas" is a protean opera. What moved one in this performance was not the drama (which was given a "neutral," featureless staging, by Fabrizio Melano), not the plights of the characters, not shadowy symbolism, not keen-edged emotional relationships—but, simply, the beauty of the music. James Levine secured orchestral playing of uncommon richness and subtlety. Frederica von Stade (who first sang Mélisande in 1972, in Santa Fe, and has recorded the role for Karajan, but had not sung it before in New York) was candid, delicate, and gentle without ever being wispy. Her French diction was not forward and silvery; few Mélisandes since Irène Joachim, Suzanne Danco, Janine Micheau have provided that particular pleasure. But one can echo Debussy's remarks about his first Mélisande, Mary Garden: "You would have to be wearing earplugs to resist the charm of her voice. . . . I cannot imagine a gentler or more insinuating timbre." Douglas Ahlstedt was an able but not interesting Pelléas. José van Dam was, as ever, a fine Golaud. I enjoyed the revival even more when it was broadcast, two weeks later, and one could just listen, unbothered by lace-doily décor and pallid stage action. Moreover, Miss von Stade's voice, presumably because she had by then sung the role into the huge house several times, flowed more freely, less cautiously, into the higher passages.

The Met, not always swift to engage rising young international artists, has not lost time with Silvia Mosca, a Neapolitan soprano who made her Scala, Genoa (Gluck's Alceste), Hamburg, Hamilton, Ontario, and Newark, New Jersey, débuts last season; and her Met début last month, as the heroine of "Luisa Miller." On the first night, she was not wonderful but was promising and pleasing—increasingly so as, evidently, she gained confidence. Act I was a shade monochrome; she was artificially darkening her tone. By Act III, there was warmth and variety of colors in her voice, tension in her phrasing, and emotion in her acting. She is tall and slim, with a strong, narrow, expressive face and long, dark hair that moves well. True, she spoiled an otherwise poignant "Tu puniscimi" by ending it an octave too high, and screamed the B-flats of the cabaletta. She sang the triplets of "La tomba è un letto" staccato (Verdi marked them with slur over dots, a very different matter) and in the reprise of the duet overlooked the composer's "scarcely audible" indication. These things a sensitive conductor could quickly right. She has a voice that compasses the role, and one powerful enough to carry without any forcing.

Miss Mosca received little help from her conductor, Nello Santi. He began the evening with a fast, neat overture, oblivious of the soft, intense menace of the phrases, and continued to drive unfeelingly through little-note groups, instead of encouraging the singers to take the time needed to make them tell. To the Rodolfo—the veteran stylist Carlo Bergonzi, the last Verdi tenor who sings melting phrases—he was more courteous. Wolfgang Brendel was a poor Miller, ever ready to roar on approximate pitches. He would have looked better in a coat, not shirtsleeves. Sergei Koptchak sang Wurm with a buzzy Slavic resonance that was not ineffective; there was a core of tone within it, and he created a character. Paul Plishka was a passable Count Walter. Isola Jones, stepping in for an ill Mignon Dunn, was not an acceptable Federica.

Nathaniel Merrill's twenty-year-old production has been remounted by Lesley Koenig. It looked like moves by the book. There was a comic moment when the chorus, which should run on in confusion to discover the cause of a sudden shot, emerged from the wings in well-drilled formation. Attilio Colonnello's décor is not well matched to the opera: Miller's "modest dwelling" takes on baronial proportions; "Quando le sere" is sung in a cluttered cloister, not the hanging gardens of the castle. But at least Miss Koenig has got rid of the absurd stage boxes, packed with supers pretending to be a nineteenth-century audience, that used to distance the drama.

The "Pelléas" and the "Miller" are survivors of the Bing years. "La Bohème," one of the more recent Zeffirelli supershows, was first seen seven years ago. An overwrought staging, it has not worn well. David Kneuss directed the latest revival, which was conducted by Carlos Kleiber, making his belated Met début. Kleiber *fils* is a conductor well worth both hearing and watching. More picturesque in action than his great father—whose "Wozzeck," "Rosenkavalier," "Magic Flute," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," and "Elektra" set new standards for Covent Garden during my early years as a critic—he stood high in the pit, visible from the waist up, and embodied a bewitching account of Puccini's score. His lyrical left hand sang long legato melodies more smoothly than modern singers do, executed runs of slightly stressed little-note groups (such as Verdi marked with slur over dots) in perfect accentuation, molded phrases that flowered as they rose. He was not flamboyant, not a showoff, but conducted with a natural grace and eloquence that recalled the young Giulini. The fine Met players responded at the top of their form: colors, balances, exchanges of statement and response were exquisite. The scherzo scenes had Haydnesque felicity. (Mr. Kleiber should add "Falstaff" and "Gianni Schicchi" to the short list of operas he is prepared to conduct.) As an accompanist—which an opera conductor must be, once it comes to the performance—he still falls short of his father, Beecham, or Karajan. In the first edition of this Zeffirelli "Bohème," which appeared at La Scala a quarter-century ago, Karajan accompanied Mirella Freni's Mimì as if breathing with her breaths, feeling every word with her emotions. At the Met "Bohème," the night I attended, there were sometimes differences of interpretation between Miss Freni and her conductor. For example, her instinct, it seemed, was to treat the scene at the start of Act III in veristic conversational fashion (including some impassioned outbursts), while his approach was slow, emphatic, and overtly tragic. Elsewhere the quirks of Mr. Zeffirelli's revised, American edition, which places the studio of Acts I and IV far upstage, should probably be held responsible for singing less precisely timed, less confident in its flow than the orchestral playing was.

I may not be an unprejudiced assessor of the principals, Miss Freni and Luciano Pavarotti. I first heard Miss Freni's Mimì in that 1963 Scala production and Mr. Pavarotti's Rodolfo the same year, at his Covent Garden début. The bloom has now gone from voices I remember well. (Recordings survive to prove that memory is not playing gilded tricks.) Not so much the years—many sopranos and tenors have remained fresh and youthful of timbre at ages greater than those of this pair—as ill-advised ambition has taken a toll. Miss Freni may perhaps be counted among the vocal victims of Karajan and his fondness for light voices in heavy roles. So long as Karajan himself accompanied her Elizabeth of Valois and Aida, all seemed well, but she carried those roles into other productions. Karajan did not choose Mr. Pavarotti as his Don Carlos and Radamès (he used up José Carreras), but Mr. Pavarotti pushed his own way into heavy repertory. Both singers acquired force at the expense of tonal beauty.

In this "Bohème," Miss Freni sounded quite harsh when—needlessly—she pushed, but lovely still in gentle moments. She looked as youthfully attractive as ever and acted with tender, moving intensity. Mr. Pavarotti's singing was firm and sure, and his acting included some pleasant, easy touches of humor. Barbara Daniels (a pretty Musetta), Jonathan Summers (a plain Marcello), Thomas Hampson (a foppish young Schaunard), Gwynne Howell (a Colline who did not ham the Coat Song as if he wished it were a Boris monologue), and Claudio Giombi (an amusing, polished, unexaggerated Benoit and Alcindoro) made up the cast.

The Met audience preferred the sound of its own applause to hearing Mr. Pavarotti's "Nei cieli bigi" (partly the tenor's fault, for delaying his appearance until that moment); drowned Mr. Kleiber's glittering prelude to Act II with noisy rapture at the sight of the crowded stage; and did not care to discover how Puccini and Mr. Kleiber ended the acts.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

QUESTION:

How many of us, if given paper and pencil, could even begin to draw from memory the meeting place of these five nations—the Soviet Union, China, India, Pakistan, and Afghanistan? It is perhaps *the* spot on earth where East meets West and North meets South. The top of the world, altitudinally speaking. Desolate. Terra incognita for most of us. Yet here empires have contended, again and again over the centuries, for gain, authors Robert Cabot and Robert Fuller point out in the article beginning on page 38. They ask, could the Asian vortex now become a focal point for peace? Can the Soviet Union get out of Afghanistan?

Another question. What is the meaning of life? See page 47.—*Harvard Magazine.*

Later. We're still working on that drawing.

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Veracity Unshaken

AT a sixtieth-birthday convocation in 1986, the poet A. R. Ammons was asked, "Do poets have a public responsibility?" He replied, without hesitation, "No." But another question—"Is poetry subversive?"—elicited a longer statement:

> Yes, you have no idea *how* subversive—deeply subversive. Consciousness often reaches a deeply intense level at the edges of things, questioning and undermining accepted ways of doing things. The audience resists change to the last moment, and then is grateful for it.

A moment later, he corrected himself:

> It may not be in the long range subversive. We love our conventions, but are afraid of being locked in by them.

It is clear that Ammons believes both that poetry has a public effect and that the effect does not depend on whether poets consciously assume "public responsibility." His wish to draw a distinction between public responsibility (writing with one eye on the topical) and public effect (in the short run, subversion; in the longer run, perhaps, conservation) is only one proof of his careful and anxious intelligence.

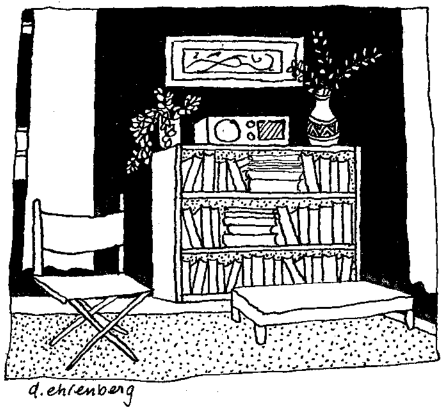
Like Ashbery and Merrill, Ammons is a nonideological writer who takes long views. All three have assumed the thankless cultural task of defining how an adult American mind not committed to any single ideological agenda might exist in a self-respecting and veracious way in the later twentieth century. Ammons differs from Ashbery and Merrill in being trained in the sciences. (He graduated from Wake Forest with a B.S.) Perhaps in consequence, he is not afraid to represent the human presence as it has actually occurred in the universe: not at the center but at the edge of its galaxy, which itself is one temporary and random point in a very long historical continuum. He not only sees our existence in that light; he *feels* it to be so. At the same time, he respects the way in which consciousness must be a center unto itself, no matter what its position in the universe.

The title of Ammons' new book, "Sumerian Vistas" (Norton; $15.95), emphasizes his long view of human existence. In his youth, he first turned to Sumer (where writing was invented) as a vantage point. At twenty-nine, he published in his first book, "Ommateum," several lyrics in which he adopted, as a refuge from acute temporal anxiety, the persona of a prophet who had come to ancient Sumer and had perceived the immense distance between besieged life and calm necessity:

> I have grown a marsh dweller
> subject to floods and high winds . . .
>
> rising with a handful of broken shells
> from sifted underwater mud
> I have come to know how high
> the platform is, beyond approach,
> of serenity and blue temple tiles.

The "Sumerian" dweller in catastrophe of that early poem now writes "Sumerian Vistas." Though Ammons' vistas do not deny age (the grave is mentioned fairly often, and a sequence on inscription is entitled "Tombstones"), his tone has not changed: it still has all the spring and backlash and curiosity of his young voice. His titles still show punning casualness ("Working Out," "Abstinence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder") as well as epigrammatic brevity ("Dominant Margins," "Scaling Desire"). As usual, his borrowings from scientific diction—"Information Density," "Negative Symbiosis," "Red Shift"—are used with high freedom; "Red Shift," for instance, is not about stars but about a winter-pale begonia (and its owner) receiving a new infusion of "bright blood" from the spring sun.

Ammons is a poet of determined factual exactness. In poems as neat as laboratory drawings, he tells the truth about biological life—for example, that everything eats something else in order to live. If a jay stops the song of a cicada, and attacks its eyes as if they were just another set of seeds to crack open for food, that is the nature of existence—a matter for even-toned recognition rather than lament, terror, or indignation. Lament, terror, and indignation nonetheless have their place, as flashes of feeling, in Ammons' poems; but they are components, not determinants, of cognition. Here is "Sight Seed":



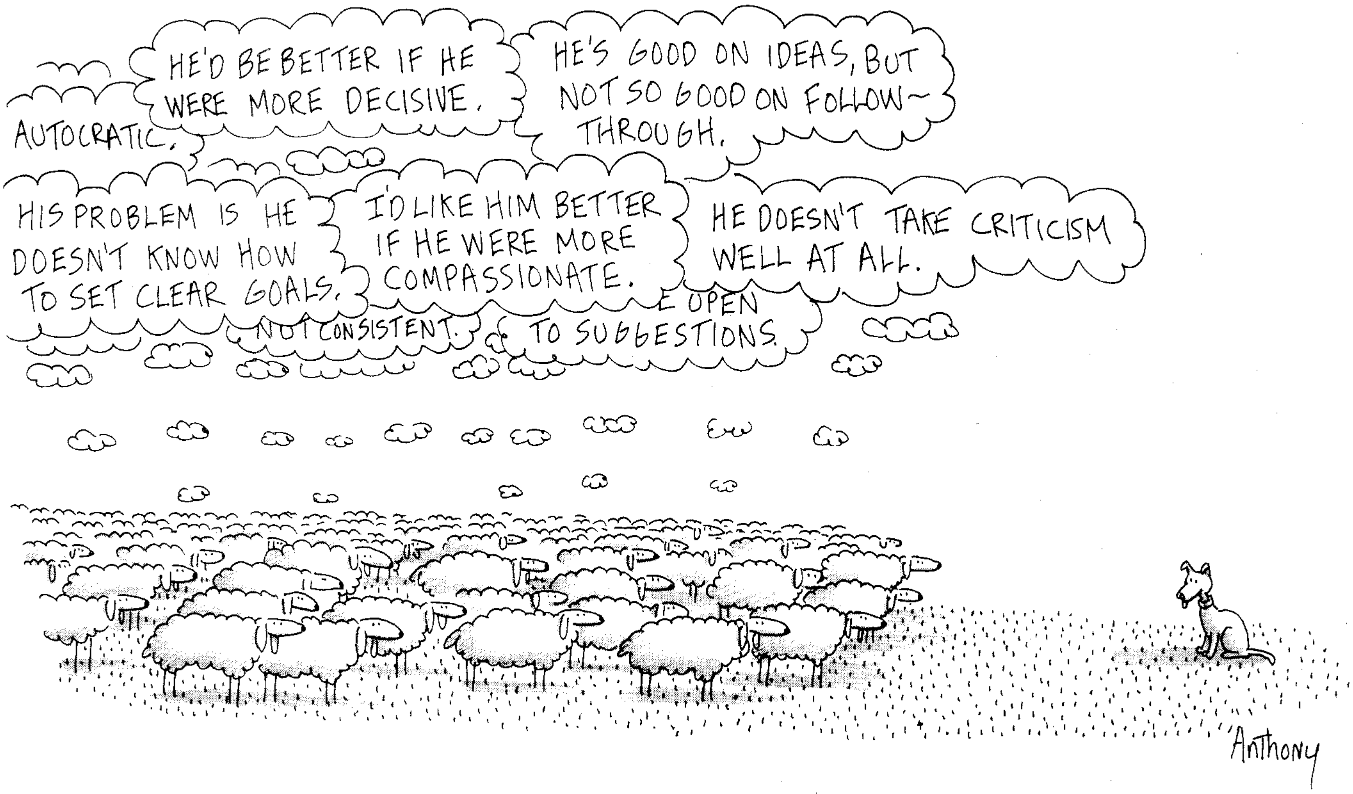
> When the jay caught
> the cicada midair, a fluffy,
> rustling beakful, the
> burr-song flooded dull but
> held low: the jay perched and
> holding the prey to the branch
> as if to halt
> indecorous song pecked
> once, a plink that did it,
> but in the noticeable silence
> proceeded at ease
> and expertly to
> take this, then that eye.

When an eye ("i") is consumed, it becomes part of what follows "i," perhaps a "j." It would not be unlike Ammons to intend the pun.

Ammons is so expert in thinking of himself as a corpse, already dissolved into dust and air, that his own dissolution provides an airy poetics of dispersion, reflecting "genetic material's / extravagant loss along the / edging peripheries of accident." The fact of eventual disappearance also suggests an ethics. Given one's end, how should one live? "Backcasting" answers this way:

> I can tell by
> the way
> gravel will spill
> through me some
>
> day it's
> all right to
> mess around: I can
> tell by the way
>
> light will
> find me transparent I
> can't be gross:
> I drift,
>
> slouch about, spoof:
> I true the
> coming-before
> to the consequence.

One can imagine the demands put by Ammons' muse: "Write a poem on dying that will be as light as the dust and transparency you will become. Then deduce from those motes and air


AUTOCRATIC.
HE'D BE BETTER IF HE WERE MORE DECISIVE.
HE'S GOOD ON IDEAS, BUT NOT SO GOOD ON FOLLOW-THROUGH.
HIS PROBLEM IS HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SET CLEAR GOALS.
I'D LIKE HIM BETTER IF HE WERE MORE COMPASSIONATE.
HE DOESN'T TAKE CRITICISM WELL AT ALL.
NOT CONSISTENT.
E OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.
Anthony

• •

a way of living suitable to that ending. From the consequence of eventual dissolution deduce a premise for existence: true the coming-before to the consequence." The deduced premise, for Ammons, is to lessen ponderousness: the poet can mess around, be airy, drift, slouch, spoof. The poem itself must be full of air spaces, loose siftings, casual rhythms, or it will not be the believable messenger of its entropic message.

Ammons was brought up on the Bible (it was the only book in the house, he has said, in his rural North Carolina boyhood), and the earnestness of a Biblical tone has always been part of his repertoire. In the light of that early Biblical impress, his post-Christian (though reverent) position is all the more original. It is still rare to find poetry of serious intellectual premises that can get along without disabling religious or ideological nostalgia.

Ammons shows us what it's like to live with a natural, internalized sense of biological evolution. His imagination takes it for granted. The haphazard evolutionary process—by which the primal soup produced protoplasm, vegetation, vertebrates, amphibians, and, finally, us—is undone, he recognizes, by the equally dubious process by which in return we grind the greenness out of nature. Ammons sums up both in his twenty-two-line poem "Questionable Procedures":

> A bit of the universe's
> business slopped
> over and, strung
> out of the way,
> cooled and lode-slow
> gave rise
> here and there to
> a quickness like
> shade, protoplasm,
> a see-through
> coming and going of
> dots and pulsing veils
> that soon enough filled
> the bit seas:
> the veils and cauls
> toughened, curled
> into rolls, centralized
> backbone: taking to
> the land and coming up
> into us, our agency,
> they milled the
> green continents white.

Why would anyone *want* to sum up all of evolutionary and human history in seventy-odd words? One answer is that lyric poets have always resented the lay notion that their gamut is smaller than that of epic poets, putting certain grand subjects beyond their reach. A second answer is that if evolutionary history lies in the modern secular mind as a myth of becoming, it must have attracted constellations of feeling to itself, and these must be articulated by contemporary poetry. A third answer is that for the appalled observer an evolutionary history that turns destructively on itself deserves comment, the more epigrammatic and memorable the better. "Such a result so soon—and from such a beginning!" said Whitman, stricken by the appearance of his adult face in a hand mirror; but where Whitman supposes an original moral innocence, and glances only at the span of a single life, Ammons supposes an original moral neutrality and deplores human destruction over the whole span of species life. The power of lyric form to clasp even the aeons of the modern evolutionary imagination is as firmly asserted here as in Lowell's "History."

Ammons' work is post-Christian not only in its marginal positioning of man, and in its acceptance of evolution rather than special creation, but also in the way it emphasizes the inevitably aspectual nature of perception and cognition. Like his predecessor Stevens, he denies the univocal positing of a single attainable truth (of the sort conventionally proposed by Christian theology). The title of Ammons' first book, "Ommateum," refers to the compound eye of an insect, and his prose preface to that collection says, "The poems suggest a many-sided view of reality; an adoption of tentative, provisional attitudes, replacing the partial, unified, prejudicial, and rigid."

Tentative and provisional thoughts

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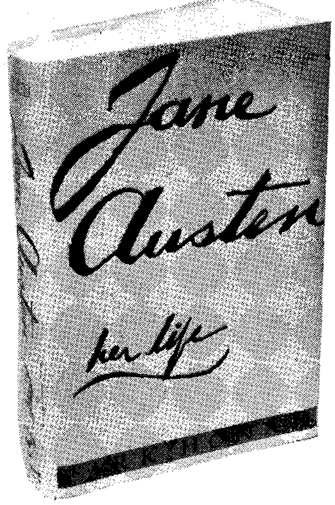

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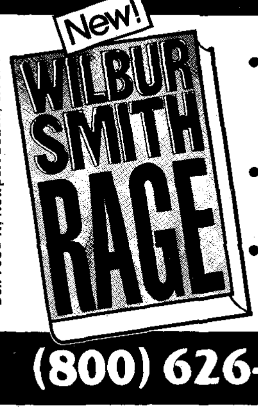

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require discretion and grace in expression. In an interview published in *Pembroke* in 1986 Ammons said:

> To me, the really great poet feels as deeply as anyone these matters, but touches only and controls them lightly with delicate gestures that just merely register they are there. To me, the second- or third-rate poet . . . begins to bushwhack and hack and cut and try to create an artificial fury because he thinks that will give him the gestures of great poetry, but it gives him just the opposite.

Readers unaccustomed to discretion in gesture prefer loud noises. For them, poetry is a matter of violent statement. But for Ammons a poem is a "disposition . . . rather than an exposition." He has said, "It may be made out of words but it's no longer saying anything. It's just complete." The poem has found a system of relational completeness within itself, and a relational completeness in the company of its fellow-poems; both of these are something silent, and they are more complex than statement, though statement is one of the means to them.

Like most of Ammons' other volumes, "Sumerian Vistas" contains long poems as well as short. ("In short poems, I'm on a tightwire, and in long poems, the plain is wide and the direction uncertain," he has said.) Short poems become riddles in which he often deliberately exploits the ambiguous power of words that can serve as several different parts of speech. In the opening of "Earliest Recollection," for instance, the words "thaws," "snow," "clear," "leaves," "touched," "last," "fall," and "gathering" can each act more than one part in the game of syntax: "thaws" could be a verb or a plural noun; "clear" could be a verb or an adjective. We hesitate, placing them, as we read the lines:

Thaws snow-clear the fields
and woods, and leaves
snow's small weight

touched down last fall
crinkle to the breezes
and rise gathering dry.

Ammons' suspension of ambiguous parts of speech in an open field mimics the hovering act of perception itself.

Ammons' shorter poems, like "Earliest Recollection," often recount the vicissitudes of accident or chance, but the longest poem in the new volume, "The Ridge Farm," exemplifies his sense of the sacredness of necessity—

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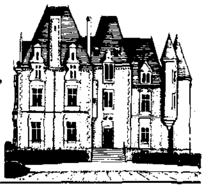

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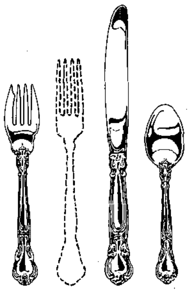

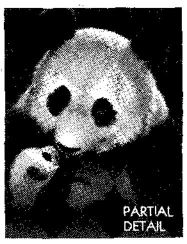

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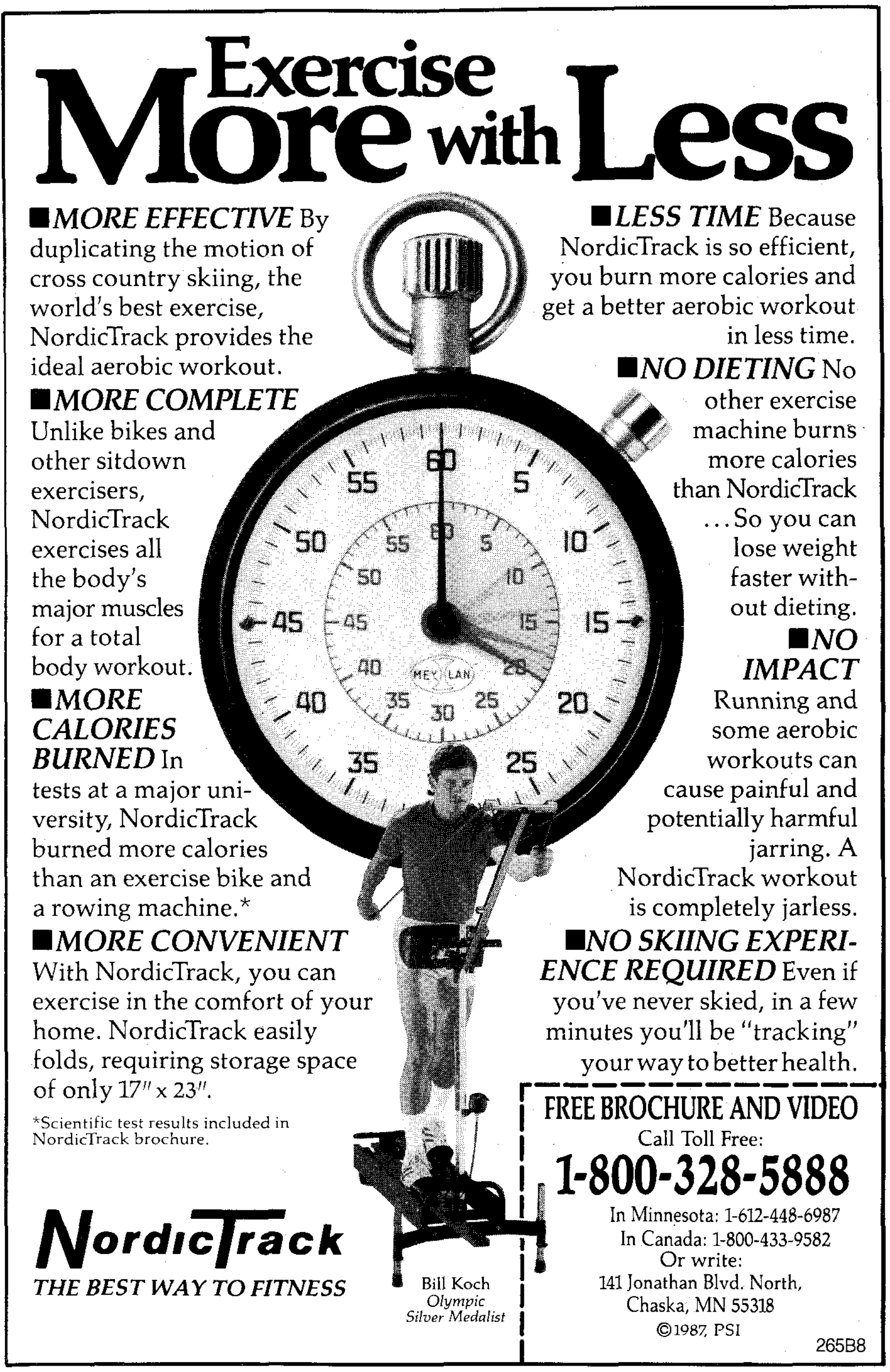
that interaction of all universal motions:

> sap, brook, glacier, spirit
> flowing, these are sacred but
> in a more majestic aloofness
> than we can know or reason with.

Ammons acknowledges the deep human wish for the "easy sacredness" of a personal divine providence ("some band or / quality of concern to / recognize us here"), but he calls us to recognize what he sees as a loftier sacredness—"something / high to realize, recalcitrant, / unyielding to makeshift in / its quality." As Ammons, with sternness and accuracy, makes his reports on high impersonal necessity, his country goes on funding television evangelists and papal visits. This standoff would make one despair of the gulf between a poet and his culture were it not that cultures eventually catch up to their poets. "The Ridge Farm," like Ammons' other long poems, offers us a gift we may be reluctant to receive, the privilege of living for a while inside an original and a querying adult intelligence. This intelligence has three chief registers: it notices with joyful precision the Thoreauvian world of natural fact; it spins fine-grained meditations on the mind's ways of being; and it urges an ethics founded on the possibility of cultural illumination and human concern.

It is Ammons' entrancing Southern storytelling voice that carries us along in his narratives of natural fact. Intent, for instance, on watering a dried-up plant in a jar, Ammons picks up a watering can neglected all winter, and the story begins:

> I noticed last fall's leaves in the
> can and thought well that will improve
> the juice but I thought it did smell
> funny: I poured water into the jar-top
> and most of it, drought-refused, ran over or
> out: so I waited for the soak to take and
> began to think something really
> smelled: I poured some more rich brown
> juice into the jar and then upended
> the can to let the leaves fall out and
> out plunked this animal clothed in
> leaves so I couldn't tell what he was
> except his thick tail looked thicker
> than a rat's: mercy: I'd just had
> lunch: squooshy ice cream: I nearly
> unhad it: I expect the crows will come
> and peck it up, up, and away, the way
> they do squirrels killed on the
> streets: pulling at the long, small



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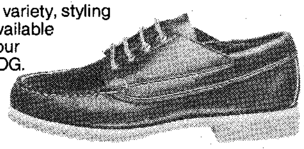

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intestines and getting a toehold on
small limbs to tear off the big flesh

the rat was a mole: the arctic air
yesterday afternoon dried him out and
the freeze last night stiffened him much
reduced in size and scent: so
I broke out the shovel, dug up a
spade, dumped in the mole: there let
him rot, the rat: I can see how
something blind could get into my
wateringcan: but with those feet!
I can hear him scratching up the side:
to get in, or out: but also I can hear him
sloshing, the blind water darkened by
night, till nobody came.

There has been nothing like this in American poetry before Ammons—nothing with this liquidity of folk voice. And this down-to-earth narration sits at home in Ammons' mind next to his riddling intellectual speculativeness, which ranges from creative rummaging ("home is / where the doodle is") to moments of cultural despair:

culture, hardened to shellac's empty
usage, defines in definitions
hoaxdoms of remove from the true life
which
is smaller, leaner than a brook, no
louder, variable as, to the true rain.

Into the hardened hoaxdoms of culture come particles of human veracity and concern, lighting up one partial space. Though he rejects religious superstition, Ammons is still the poet of our Protestant past in his trust in the inner light. That ethical light is intermittent but, he believes, immortal in its recurrence:

a light catches somewhere, finds human
spirit to burn on, shows its magic's
glint lines, attracts, grows, rolls
back space and dark. . . .
                                        it dwells:
it dwells and dwells: slowly the light,
its veracity unshaken, dies but moves
to find a place to break out elsewhere:
this light, tendance, neglect
is human concern working with
what is: one thing is hardly better
or worse than another: the
split hair of possible betterment makes
dedication reasonable and heroic:
the frail butterfly, a slightly
guided piece of trash, the wind takes
ten thousand miles.

The strictly limited extent of light and concern is not lost on Ammons. "All is in an enormous dark," as Hopkins said:

Flesh fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm;/world's wildfire, leave but ash.

Nonetheless, the Psyche-butterfly ("mortal trash" to Hopkins, a "slightly/guided piece of trash" to Ammons) will travel far in space and time. Properly, Ammons' understated ending has the delicacy of haiku; in fact, it almost rewrites itself into haiku:

A frail butterfly,
slightly guided piece of trash,
wind-borne thousand miles.

Ammons' Oriental quietism and Quaker light stand in deliberate, if mild, opposition to the murderous ideological intentions of mankind:

I can in beds of flowers hold
my head up, too: whereas,
the forms of intention, the
faces swept chill-firm with conviction

can assemble and roll down
streets and declare divisions
that save or kill: I go to
nature because man is scary.

By now, Ammons has amassed a lifetime's worth of wayward, experimental, cursive, volatile verse, ranging from the briefness of "Briefings" (1971) to the long unwinding of "Tape for the Turn of the Year" (1965)—to name two characteristic extremes in his practice. His definitive "Collected Poems," when it appears, will be one of the influential American books of this century, notable for its forgoing of dogmatism in a dogmatic time and for its tender, shrewd, and nonchalant charting of a way to live responsibly within natural fact, scientific imagination, and ethical discovery. —HELEN VENDLER

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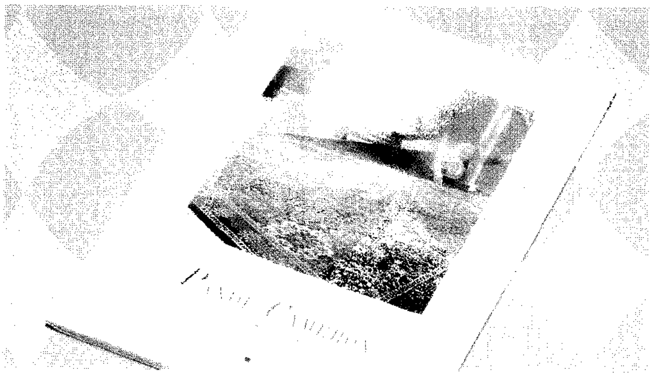

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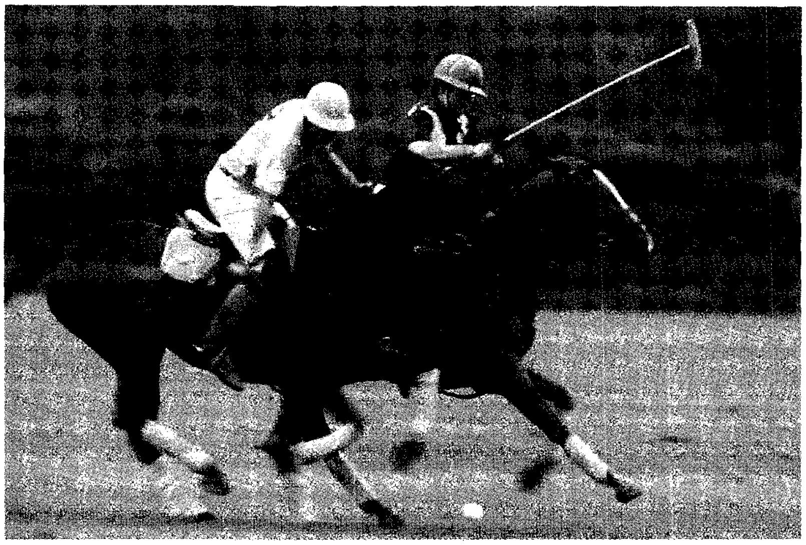

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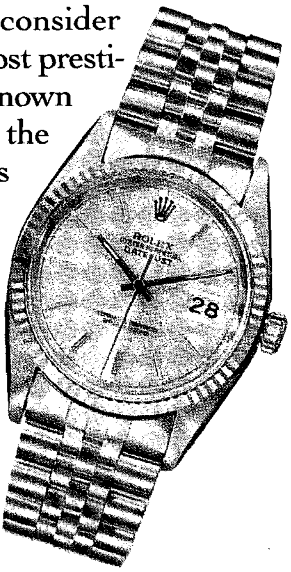

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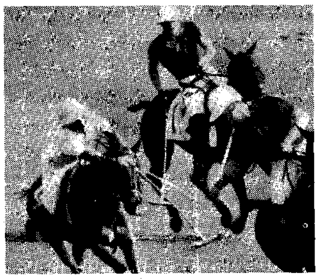

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